



CIVIL WAR

SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS

PAPERS READ BY COMPANIONS OF THE
COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF
NEBRASKA, MILITARY ORDER OF THE
LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES

VOLUME I.



OMAHA:
PUBLISHED BY THE COMMANDERY.
1902.

1. 467
1. 470

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On page 34 read W. H. C. Michael, instead of W. A. C. Michael, as the writer of the article entitled "HOW THE MISSISSIPPI WAS OPENED."

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

This volume was published by the Nebraska Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion, under the supervision of the following-named Committee on Publication: Henry E. Palmer, Lyman Richardson, Horace Ludington and John T. Bell.

THE LOYAL ELEMENT OF NORTH CAROLINA DURING THE WAR.

BY

COL. JAMES W. SAVAGE, 12TH N. Y. CAVALRY.

(Read May 5, 1896.)

Remembering the apparent unanimity with which the people of the south sustained the secession movement after hostilities had actually begun, we are apt to forget how devout was the love for the Union in some sections of the Confederacy. Nowhere, not even in Eastern Tennessee, was this sentiment stronger than in portions of the state of North Carolina.

On the 17th of January, 1861, I was passing through the last named state on my way to Milledgeville, Georgia. The southern heart was fast catching fire, and there were plenty of hot-heads to apply the kindling torch in North Carolina. Georgia had just passed her secession ordinance, and the half-grown, tar-heel boys were shouting for the side which promised relief from the dreary monotony of their lives. At every cross roads, and at every railway station, you were pretty sure to see two or three young men with the blue and white cockade (at that early day the emblem of treason) in their hats. Most of the old men on the train looked grave and troubled, but kept quiet. Ex-Governor Moorhead, however, a frank, plain-spoken old patriot, who had not long before quitted the gubernatorial chair of North Carolina, left no one in doubt as to what his sentiments were. He denounced secession as a crime and secessionists as fools, in language which was not to be mistaken. At one station where the shouting was unusually loud, and the symbols of disloyalty quite numerous, the old governor could keep his patience no longer; and going out to the rear platform of the car, he advised the shouters in terse, nervous and forcible Angle Saxon words, by no means above the comprehension of the crowd, to take the rebel cockades from their

hats, and replace them on more ignoble, even if quite as conspicuous, portions of their bodies.

But persuasion, sarcasm and sneers were alike unavailing against the tide. North Carolina was literally forced out of the Union four months later by a convention possessing neither the legal authority nor moral right to pass such an ordinance; and as the conflagration spread, such men as the ex-governor soon found themselves in a hopeless minority.

As for himself, he did not long survive to witness miseries which he could not alleviate or crimes which he had striven in vain to prevent. But there were many sharers of his sentiments who survived the war, and who could truthfully say at its close, "We have kept the faith." The western part of the state, bordering on Tennessee, was to the full as loyal as West Virginia. Captain Hock of the 12th New York Cavalry, who was captured at Plymouth in April, 1864, after enduring some months of confinement at the camp in Salisbury, made his escape, started westward, and reached, after toilsome wandering and perilous adventures, a force of Union troops in East Tennessee. He found in North Carolina an underground railway, as systematic and as well arranged as that which existed in Ohio before the war. Its objects were twofold: First, to protect or secrete loyal North Carolinians who wished to avoid the rigid conscription of the south; and, second, to aid in the escape of such Yankee prisoners as might choose that precarious route to freedom.

From the time that Captain Hock, by accident, happened upon one of the stations of this road, his sufferings and troubles were, in large measure, over. He found food and resting places, stations in secure spots, guides over intricate mountain paths and a hostility to rebellion which the north, bitter as it was, hardly knew. Sometimes he would spend the night at the house of a prosperous farmer, sometimes in a cave with two or three young fellows who were seeking to baffle conscripting parties, and sometimes alone in the forest. But wherever he was, he was sure to find either explicit and unmistakable directions for the next stage, or a conductor, alert, active and cautious, who accompanied him over the more dangerous part of his way. Nor was this help withdrawn until from a mountain peak near the Tennessee border he was shown the Federal flag floating over an outpost of our army. Without the aid and comfort thus afforded, it would

have been impossible for the Captain, lame and sore from travel, and weak from starvation, to attain his liberty, and he must either have perished on the inhospitable hills or been returned to hopeless captivity.

But fidelity to the Union was not confined to the western or mountainous portions of the state. There were few counties of the interior where the old traditional love for the country, handed down from Guildford and other battle fields of the Revolution, did not assert itself. At Spring Hill, not far from Goldsboro, there was a community of loyal citizens so large that it might be said to embrace the entire village. The fate of their brethren at Kinston, of which I shall presently speak, had kept them quiet while they were under the malevolent eyes of Confederate leaders; but they were well known to be disaffected to what was called the cause of liberty, and as soon as the regiment to which I belonged marched into the place, and they realized that speech was once more free, their unaffected joy at our coming, and their undisguised terror when there was a rumor that we were to be ordered away, were clear proofs that their loyalty to the Union was no pretense. Leaving out a strip of varying but of no great width along the coast, and also the counties bordering South Carolina, and I doubt if one could go ten miles in any direction without finding some family, either openly or secretly, but at all events heartily devoted to the north. Certainly it was so in every portion of the state to which my personal observation extended. On long scouting expeditions, on raids to cut a railroad or destroy a bridge, the places where it was safe to rely on what you heard were as well ascertained as the lighthouses along our coast. There was, of course, much fear among them, and they were excessively cautious, for no reign of terror was ever so despotic as that in the south during the war; but whenever they were assured of safety, they were very free and outspoken.

A planter near Mosely Hill was, in my opinion, as true and honest a patriot—I speak with all due reverence—as Lincoln himself. Nor did he falter in his allegiance when the locusts of Sherman's army afterwards swarmed over his place and left him with literally nothing but the four walls and roof of his house. He visited me a few days after their interview with him, cheerful and happy in the prospect of a speedy victory for the Union arms, careless of his own personal losses, and refusing to accept

anything from me except some trifling commissary stores, and a horn comb which he thought would please his wife, who hadn't been able to comb her head for a week.

The line and non-commissioned officers made many acquaintances, which, if not in the most refined circles, served to make scouting parties successful, and, at all events, to while away the tedium of many a long march. I recall the dawn of a summer morning after an all-night's journey. Just as it became light enough to distinguish faces, the head of the column, marching by twos, approached a log hut by the wayside. A young girl of fifteen, of that exquisite type of beauty only seen at the south, which seems angelic while it lasts, but is so fleeting that it fades utterly away before the coming of womanhood, rushed hurriedly down to the roadside with her hair flying, and her bare, brown feet and ankles twinkling in the grass. Scanning, evidently with a fixed purpose, the face of every soldier that rode by, her pretty, fascinating features lighted up as she caught sight of an officer who a few weeks before had been sent on a reconnoitering expedition over that very road. "Oh, Lieutenant!" she cried, in a voice which was audible far down the line, "Oh, Lieutenant! where's my fine toothed comb? Where's my bladder of snuff?" The story of woman's weakness and man's perfidy could hardly be told in fewer or more eloquent words. The laugh of the men, heard at intervals from the rear as the story was repeated, indicated that the gallant Lieutenant had not heard the last of the appeal.

It was asserted that with a bladder of snuff, after that delicacy became scarce, a Yankee could travel throughout the entire state, and meet everywhere only good treatment and unbounded hospitality. But this fact, perhaps, is hardly to be relied upon as an evidence of loyalty, for the loss of their favorite stimulant was a sad deprivation to the women of the south, to whatever flag they were devoted.

Most of the loyalists of North Carolina would have been contented after the breaking out of hostilities to remain quiet on their plantations or patches and take active service in neither army. But the time soon came when they were obliged to choose their colors. Conscribing officers enrolled every able-bodied man in the Confederacy; and, in anticipation of a speedy muster-in and enforced service in the rebel army, numbers made their way

into our lines as soon as the success of the Burnside expedition had established a foothold at New Bern, and offered themselves to the Federal army. A regiment of these men was formed, to which was given the name of the First North Carolina Union Volunteers. They were mainly employed in manning the fortifications, for it was well understood that if captured these conscripts, rebels against a rebellion, could expect no quarter. The melancholy fate of a detachment of these men forms one of the darkest pages in the history of the war.

About 2 o'clock in the morning of the 1st of February, 1864, a furious assault was made upon the Union outposts near New Bern, which, although stoutly resisted, resulted in the withdrawal of all our forces behind the fortifications of that city. Unhappily, in the suddenness of the rebel advance, a masked battery hidden in the forest, so constructed as to command the Neuse river, and occupied by about forty of these North Carolinians, was cut off and completely isolated from our troops, though from its situation it remained for a long time undiscovered. Attempts were made during the night to communicate with these men. A brave young officer, who did not survive the war, volunteered to carry an order to them, and actually made his way through the rebel forces during the night, but, owing to the darkness and rain, lost his way in the swamp and was obliged to return. The liveliest sympathy was felt for these beleaguered patriots, and as the siege of New Bern was soon abandoned, it was hoped that either the enemy had failed to discover the work, or that the commanding officer had instructed his men to disperse, and seek each to save himself as he might. But the post when visited by us was silent and tenantless, and it was not until weeks afterwards that we learned that their commander, from a mistaken sense of duty, had resisted all their entreaties to allow them to save themselves by individual flight; that they had been captured, and, after a hurried military trial, every one hanged at Kinston. Some months later I was shown the grove in which they were executed. The trees of North Carolina never bore nobler or more spotless fruit.

JACKSON'S ATTACK ON THE RIGHT AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

BY

MAJOR GENERAL OLIVER OTIS HOWARD, U. S. A.

(Read January 1, 1888.)

In order that the student of a battle scene may gather any clear views of the story, he must in some way acquaint himself with the region of country where the battle occurred. But the country around Chancellorsville, being for the most part a wilderness, with but here and there an opening, affords a poor tract for neighborhood descriptions, pencil sketches, or shapely diagrams.

If, however, we consult the recent maps (no good ones existed before the battle), we notice that the two famous rivers, the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, join at a point due north of Chancellorsville; the waters, now in one river bed, the Rappahannock, run easterly four miles till suddenly at the United States ford they turn and flow south for three miles, and then turning, again course to the east and northeast so as to form a handsome horseshoe bend.

Here on the south shore was General Hooker's battle line the morning of the 2nd of May, 1863. Here his five Army Corps, those of Meade, Slocum, Couch, Sickles and Howard, were deployed. The face was toward the south, and the ranks mainly occupied a ridge nearly parallel with the Rapidan. The left touched the high ground just west of the horseshoe bend, while the bristling front, fringed with skirmishers, ran along the Mineral Spring road, bent forward to take in the cross roads of Chancellorsville, and then stretching on westerly through lower levels, retired to Dowdall's Tavern. Just beyond Dowdall's was a slight backward hook in the line, partially encircling Talley's hill, a sunny spot in the forest between the Orange plank road and

the pike. This pike is an old roadway which skirts the western edge of Talley's farm and makes an angle of some forty degrees with the Orange plank road.

At dawn of this eventful day General Hooker was at Chancellorsville; Slocum and Hancock were just in his front; infantry and artillery deployed to the right and left. French's division was in his rear. Meade occupied the extreme left, and my corps, the Eleventh, the right. Sickles connected me with Slocum. Our expansion covered between four and five miles frontage, and Hooker was near the middle point. The main body of our cavalry, under Stoneman, had gone off on a raid upon Lee's communications, and the remainder of the Army of the Potomac was under the sturdy Sedgwick nearer Fredericksburg.

Our opponents, under General Robert E. Lee, the evening before, about two miles distant towards Fredericksburg, were facing us. His army was thus between us and Sedgwick. Lee had immediately with him the divisions of McLaws, Anderson, Rodes, Colston and A. P. Hill, and besides some cavalry under Stuart. He held, for his line of battle, a comparatively short front between the Rappahannock and the Catherine Furnace, not to exceed two miles and a half in extent. His right wing, not far from the river, was behind Mott's Run, which flows due east, and his left was deployed along the Catherine Furnace road.

Could Hooker, the first day of May, have known Lee's exact location, he never could have had a better opportunity for taking the offensive. But he did not know, and had decided not to take the offensive, when he had that day disengaged the few troops which had met the approaching enemy, and ordered all back to the "old position," the Chancellorsville line, which I have just described.

On the preceding Thursday, the last of April, the three Corps which constituted the right wing of the army, Meade's, Slocum's and mine, had crossed from the north to the south side of the Rapidan, and by 4 o'clock in the afternoon reached the vicinity of Chancellorsville, where Slocum, who was the senior commander present, established his headquarters. I halted my divisions at Dowdall's Tavern and encamped them there. Then I rode along the plank road eastward the two miles through the almost continuous forest to the Chancellorsville House. There I reported to Slocum. He said that the orders were for me to

cover the right of the general line, posting my command near Dowdall's Tavern. He pointed to a place on the map marked "Mill" near there, on a branch of Hunting Creek, and said: "Establish your right there." General Slocum promised, with the Twelfth Corps, to occupy the space from his headquarters to Dowdall's clearing; but finding the distance too great, one of his division commanders sent me word that I must take the last three-quarters of a mile of the plank road. This was done by a brigade of General von Steinwehr, the commander of my left division, though with regret on our part, because it required all the Corps reserves to fill up that gap.

The so-called Dowdall's Tavern was at that time the home of Melzie Chancellor. He had a large family, with several grown people. I placed my headquarters at his house. Before us, facing south along a curving ridge, the right of Von Steinwehr's division was located. He had but two brigades, Barlow on the plank road and Bushbeck to my front. With them he covered a mile, leaving but two regiments for a reserve. These he put some two hundred yards to his rear, near the little "Wilderness Church."

Next to Von Steinwehr came General Carl Schurz's division. First was Captain Dilger's battery. Dilger was one of those brave, handsome, hearty, active young men that everybody likes to have near. He aimed his guns to the southwest, and also to the west along the Orange plank road. Next was Krzyzanowski's brigade, about half on the front and half in reserve. Schurz's right brigade was that of Schimmelpfenning, disposed in the same manner, a part deployed and the remainder kept a few yards back for a reserve. Schurz's front line of infantry extended along the old Turnpike and faced to the southwest.

The right division of the Corps was commanded by General Devens, who was our Attorney General in the cabinet of President Hayes. Devens and I together had carefully reconnoitered both the plank road and the old Turnpike for at least three miles toward the west. After this reconnaissance he established his division, the Second brigade, under McLean, next to Schurz's first; and then pushing out on the pike for half a mile, he deployed the other, Von Gilsa's, "at right angles facing west," connecting his two parts by a thin skirmish line. General von Gilsa's brigade was afterward drawn back, still facing west, at right angles to the

main line, drawn back so as to make a more solid connection, and so that, constituting as it did the main right flank, the reserves of the Corps could be brought more properly to its support, by extending its right to the north, should any enemy by any possible contingency get so far around. A section of Dieckman's battery, which looked to the west along the old pike, was located at the angle.

The reserve batteries, twelve guns, were put upon a ridge abreast of the little church and pointed towards the northwest with a view to sweep all approaches to the north of Von Gilsa, firing up a gradually ascending slope. This well-marked ridge, where I stood during the battle, was central and, besides, enabled the artillerymen to enfilade either roadway or meet an attack from south, west or north.

Here on the ridge epaulments for the batteries were constructed, and a long line of cross intrenchments for the battery supports dug, extending from the little church northeasterly across all the open country which stretched away from the Tavern to the right of Devens' line. The lines of my Corps, including the reserves and cross intrenchments, thus formed a fairly good fort of large dimensions, with an opening towards Chancellorsville House, and this covered by a forest.

To my great comfort General Sickles, who loved to do generous things, came up on Friday, and with his Corps took from our left Von Steinwehr's three-quarters of a mile of plank road. Thus he relieved from the front line Barlow's large brigade, giving me, besides the several divisions reserves, General Barlow with 1,500 men in reserve. These were massed near the cross intrenchments and held avowedly to support the reserve batteries and protect General Devens' exposed right flank.

As to pickets, each division had a good line of them. My aide, Major Howard, assisted in connecting them between divisions, and during the 2nd of May that fearless and faithful staff officer, Major E. Whittlesey, rode the entire circuit of their front to stimulate the pickets and skirmishes to special activity. Those of Devens were *"thrown out at a distance from a half mile to a mile and stretching well around covering our right flank," and those picket posts in front on the pike were over two miles beyond the main line.

*See General Devens' report of Chancellorsville.

The nature of the country in the neighborhood of the three adjoining farms, Dowdall's, Taley's and Hawkins', was well known to the Army of the Potomac in subsequent experiences, never to be forgotten. It is the terrible "Wilderness" of Spottsylvania, where, later in the war, so many brave men fell. Here were stunted trees, such as scraggy oaks, bushy firs, cedars and junipers, all entangled with a thick, almost impenetrable, undergrowth and criss-crossed with an abundance of wild vines. In places all along the southwest and west front, the forest appeared impassable, and the skirmishers could only with extreme difficulty work their way through.

To the officers of the Eleventh Corps the position was never a desirable one. It presented a flank in the air. We were more than four miles south from Ely's Ford, where were Hooker's nearest cavalry flankers.

In his report after the battle General Schurz says: "Our right ought to have been drawn back towards the Rapidan, to rest on that river at or near the mouth of Hunting Creek, the Corps abandoning so much of the flank road as to enable it to establish a solid line." Yes, but we were ordered to Dowdall's Tavern and not to the Rapidan, three or four miles to our rear. And our right was fixed for us at the "Mill," which, it is true, no longer existed, but the point required was not doubted. Again, this position, which Schurz recommended in his report subsequent to our battle, was that very one into which Hooker's whole army was finally forced. Hooker was so cramped by it that he did not dare to take the offensive. In that position, "solid" and fortified as it was, our army, more in number than Lee's, was so badly handled by the enemy that Hooker at last decided it safer to take it to the north side of the Rappahannock.

The strength of Hooker's five Corps, and still another, Reynolds', which was not far behind, had on the morning of the 2nd of May about ninety thousand effectives. The right Corps, the Eleventh, had in all, artillery and infantry, 12,000 men. Lee faced us with his five large divisions, having on the spot about 40,000 rifles, with considerable artillery.

When a youth, my brother and I had a favorite spot in an upper field of my father's farm, from which we were accustomed, after the first symptoms of a coming storm, to watch the

operations of the contending winds, the sudden gusts and whirlwinds; the sideling swallows excitedly seeking shelter; the swift and swifter, black and blacker clouds, ever rising higher and pushing their angry fronts toward us. As we listened we heard the low rumbling from afar; as the storm came nearer the woods bent forward and shook fiercely their thick branches, the lightning zig-zagged in flashes, and the deep-bassed thunder echoed more loudly, till there was scarcely an interval between its ominous crashing discharges. In some such manner came on that battle of May 2nd to the watchers at Dowdall's Tavern and Talley's farm house.

The first distant symptom occurred the evening of May 1st. There was the sudden crack of rifle shooting. It began with Von Steinwehr's skirmishers, and then passed on to Schurz. Schimmelpfenning pushed out a brigade straight forward toward the southwest and received a sudden fire of artillery from the intruders. They left him and pushed on.

It was "a rolling reconnaissance" evidently to determine, for Lee's and Jackson's information, the position of our flank. They had, however, some more certain knowledge, gained from one or two of the enterprising residents let loose during that Friday by our general forward movement. We forgot these friends to Lee as we excitedly marched to Friday's battle. When we unexpectedly came back some of these residents, with little baskets of provisions in hand, were gone beyond recall. I suspect that the commander of the "rolling reconnaissance" and the said residents formed part of the famous night conference of Lee and Jackson, where cracker boxes served as seats and chairs. General Lee says: "It was, therefore, resolved to endeavor to turn his (Hooker's) right flank and gain his rear, leaving a force in front to hold him in check and conceal the movement. The execution of this plan was entrusted to Lieutenant General Jackson with his three divisions."

Jackson's movement, a stronger indication of battle, began at sunrise Saturday, May 2nd, Rodes, Colston and A. P. Hill, in order, following the old road by the Catherine Furnace and then shoving off farther south to get beyond sight of our men; and then beginning to sweep around by a crossroad, well known to them, up to the Orange plank; and then on, perhaps a mile farther, through the wild forest till the old Orange pike was found

and crossed. The Catherine Furnace, nearly opposite Sickles' right, and Steinwehr's line, two and a half miles distant, gave an open reach and fully exposed the moving column to view. Except at that point, the entire Confederate force was completely covered by woods and by Stuart's busy and noisy cavalry.

About sunrise at Dowdall's I heard cheering. It was a hearty sound with too much bass in it for that of the enemy's charge. It was occasioned by the coming of General Hooker, with Colonel Comstock and a few staff officers, riding along slowly and inspecting our lines. Sickles says of this: "It is impossible to pass over without mention the irrepressible enthusiasm of the troops for Major General Hooker, which was evinced in hearty and prolonged cheers as he rode along the lines of the Third, Eleventh and Twelfth Corps."

I was ready, mounted, and with my officers joined the ever-increasing cavalcade. Hooker observed the troops in position. Barlow, who joined me and filled the cross trenches an hour later, had not yet come out of the front line, so that my reserves just at that time were small. He noticed the breastworks, unusually well built by Schurz and Devens. He passed to the extreme right and then returned by the shortest route. As he looked over the barricades, while receiving the salutes and cheers of the men, he said to me: "How strong! How strong!"

I still had much extension, so that there were gaps along Schurz's and Devens' front. Colonel Comstock spoke to me in his quiet way: "General, do close in those spaces!" I said that the woods are thick and entangled; will any one come through there?" "Oh, they may." His suggestion was heeded.

During the forenoon General Sickles discovered Jackson's moving column. It was passing toward Orange Court House—so everybody said. Sickles and I forwarded all reports to General Hooker, now returned to Chancellorsville. Hooker seemed to divine Jackson's purpose, but was in error, to-wit: Lee, caught between us and Sedgwick, an upper and nether millstone, was surely retreating.

About 12 mid-day Sickles received General Hooker's orders to advance southward cautiously. Soon after, perhaps by 2 p. m., there was a stronger apprehension of a conflict, for there was a sharp skirmish in the direction of Catherine Furnace. The rattle of musketry followed; then in a little time was heard the

booming of cannon. I sent the news to every division, and said: "Be ready!" Slocum went forward to the aid of Sickles, and Hancock was behind him with support.

Next, the enemy was reported to be in full retreat. General Hooker so telegraphed to Sedgwick, and Captain Moore, of his staff, who had gone out with Birney to see the attack upon Jackson, came hurriedly to me with an order from General Hooker for my general reserve of 1,500 men, Barlow's brigade, which immediately drew out, all being in readiness. Major Howard rode rapidly to Sickles that he might find out exactly where to locate the brigade. He was also to ascertain the nearest route, so as to save time and not to weary the men by a circuitous march.

It was already past 4 p. m. There was much excitement among the groups of officers at the different points of observation. We, who were at Dowdall's, had been watching the enemy's cavalry, which kept pushing through the woods just far enough to receive a fire and then withdrawing. Devens and his brigade and regimental commanders gathered, in various ways, all the information possible, while from a high point they obtained glimpses of a moving column crossing the plank road and apparently making off. I sent out scouts, who returned with reports that the enemy was not more than three or four miles off and in motion. Schurz was anxious, and, with my approval, moved a part of his reserves to the north on Hawkins' farm into good position to cover Devens' flank. Devens held at least two regiments well in hand for the same purpose, and Von Steinwehr's whole division I knew could just face about and defend the same point. A few companies of cavalry came from Pleasanton. I sent them to the woods. "Go out beyond my right; go far, and let me know if an assault is coming." All my staff—Asmussen, Meysenburgh, Whittlesey, C. H. Howard, Captain Skofield, Dessauer, Stinson, Schierer and Hoffman—were keenly on the alert. We had not a very good position, it is true, but we did expect to make a strong fight should the enemy come.

General Hooker's "joint order to Slocum and Howard" neither reached me nor, to my knowledge, did it come to Meysenburgh, my Adjutant General. From some confused notion, it was issued to "Slocum and Howard," when General Slocum was no longer within two miles, and had not been in command of my

corps at all after Hooker's arrival at Chancellorsville on the preceding Thursday. Slocum, naturally supposing that I had a copy, would not think of forwarding a joint order to me after that, and certainly no such order came to me. But yet General Devens, Schurz and Steinwehr, my division commanders, and myself did precisely what we would have done had that order come. The three reserve batteries were put in position and the infantry reserves held well in hand for the possible emergency.

My aide-de-camp had now returned from Sickles near the Furnace and reported in substance that he (Sickles) was glad to receive the help; that he was about to make a more general attack, having been for some time driving the enemy and expected soon a brilliant result; that he desired to place my reinforcement upon his right flank in the forward movement.

Such was the state of things when, through Captain Moore, his aide-de-camp, General Hooker directed to Sickles' attack at the Furnace all of my general infantry reserves, consisting of Barlow's staunch brigade. General von Steinwehr and I, with Major Howard as guide, went far enough southward to see what was to be done with our men, and to see if Steinwehr's whole division, as was probable, must not swing up to the right in support of Sickles' promised attack. There was no real battle away out there at the Furnace, and General Steinwehr and I returned rapidly to our posts at the Tavern and dismounted.

Meanwhile the Confederate General Rodes, masked by the thick woods, had been reaching his point in the wilderness. At 4 p. m. his men were in position; the line of battle of his own brigade touched the pike west of us with its right and stretched to the north; beyond his brigade came Iverson's in the same line. On the right of the pike was Doles brigade, and to his right Colquitt's. One hundred yards to the rear was Trimble's division (Colston commanding), with Ramseur on the right following Colquitt. After another interval followed the division of A. P. Hill. The advance Confederate division had more men in it than there were in the whole Eleventh corps, now in position. Counting the ranks deep of this formidable column, beginning with the enveloping skirmish line, we find seven ranks, besides the three of file-closers. The majority were brought into a solid mass by the entanglements of the forest, and gave our men the

idea that battalions were formed in close columns doubled on the center.

With as little noise as possible, a little after 5 p. m., the steady advance of the enemy began. Its first lively effects, like a cloud of dust driven before a coming shower, appeared in the startled rabbits, squirrels, quail and other game flying wildly hither and thither in evident terror, and escaping where possible into adjacent clearings.

The foremost men of Doles' brigade took about half an hour to strike our advanced picket on the pike. This picket, of course, created no delay. Fifteen minutes later Doles reached our skirmishers, who seem to have resisted effectively for a few minutes, for it required a main line to dislodge them. Doles, concerning the next check he received, says: "After a resistance of about ten minutes, we drove him (Devens) from his position on the left and carried his battery of two guns, caissons and horses." This was the fire which Von Steinwehr and I heard at Dowdall's Tavern after our return from Barlow. Somebody's guns thundered away for a few short minutes, and then came the fitful rattle of musketry; and before I could again get into the saddle there arose the ceaseless roar of the terrible storm.

I sent out my chief of staff, Colonel Asmussen, who was the first officer to mount, saying: "The firing is in front of Devens; go and see if all is in order on the extreme right." He instantly turned and galloped away. I mounted and set off for a prominent place in the rear of Schurz's line, so as to change front to the northwest of every brigade southeast of the front of attack, if, perchance, the attack should extend beyond Devens' right flank, for it was divined at once that the enemy was now west of Devens. Very soon I could see numbers of our men—not the few stragglers that always fly like the chaff at the first breeze, but scores of them—rushing into the forest opening, some with arms and some without, running or falling before they got behind the cover of Devens' reserves and before Schurz's waiting masses could deploy at all or charge.

The noise and the smoke thrilled the air with excitement, and to add to it Dieckman's guns and caissons from the extreme right, with battery men scattered, rolled and tumbled like runaway wagons and carts in a thronged city. The guns and the masses of the right brigade struck the second line of Devens be-

fore McLean's front had given way, and, quicker than it could be told, with all the fury of the wildest hail storm, everything, every sort of organization that lay in the path of the mad current of panic-stricken men, as at the close of "Bull Run," had to give way and be broken into fragments.

My own horse seemed to catch the fury; he sprang, he rose high on his hind legs and fell over, throwing me to the ground. My aide-de-camp, Dessauer, was struck by a shot and killed, and for a few moments I was as helpless as any of the men who were speeding without arms to the rear. But faithful orderlies helped me to remount. Schurz was yet doing all he could to face regiments about and sent them to Devens' northern flank to help the few which still held firm. Devens, already badly wounded, and several of his officers were doing similar work.

I rode quickly to the reserve batteries. A staff officer of General Hooker, Lieutenant Colonel Dickerson, joined me there; my own staff gathered around me. I was eager to fill the trenches which Barlow with the absent reserves would have held. Bushbeck's second line was ordered to change front there. His men kept their ranks, but at first, to my impatience, they appeared slow. "Will they never get there?" Dickerson said:

"Oh, General, see those men coming from that hill way off to the right, and there's the enemy after them? Fire, oh, fire at them! You may stop the fight!"

"No, Colonel," I replied, "I will never fire upon my own men!"

As soon as our men were near enough the batteries opened, firing at first shells, and then cannister, over their heads. As the attacking force emerged from the forest and rushed on the enemy's front men would halt and fire, and, while these were reloading, another set ran before them, halted and fired, these in no regular line, but in such multitudes that our men went down before them like trees in a hurricane.

By extraordinary effort we had filled all our long line of cross intrenchments mainly with fragments of organization and individual soldiers. Many officers running away stopped there and did what they could, but others said, "We've done all we can," and ran on. Schierer managed the reserve artillery fairly. Dilger, the battery commander on Schurz's left, rolled his balls along the plank road and shelled the woods. General von Stein-

wehr was at hand, cool, collected and sensible. He had, like Blair at Atlanta, made his men, who were south of Dowdall's, spring to the reverse side of their intrenchments and face north ready to fire the instant it was possible.

Let us pause here a moment and follow Doles, who led the enemy's attack. He states that after his first successful charge: "The command moved forward at the double-quick to assault the enemy, who had taken up a strong position on the crest of a hill in the open field." This position was the one on Hawkins' farm where Devens' and Schurz' reserves began their fight. But wave after wave of Confederate infantry came upon them, and now even their left flank was unprotected the instant the run-aways had passed it by. To our sorrow we, who had eagerly observed their bravery, saw them, too, give way, and the hill and the crest on Hawkins' farm were quickly in the hands of the men in gray.

Doles, who must have been a cool man to see so clearly amid the screeching shells and all the hot excitement of battle, says again: "He" (meaning our forces from Schimmelpfening's and Bushbeck's brigade, and perhaps part of McLean's, who had faced about and had not yet given away) "made a stubborn resistance from behind a watling fence on a hill thick with pine."

Among the stubborn fighters at this place was Major Jeremiah Williams, of the 25th Ohio. The enemy was drawing near him. His men fired with coolness and deliberation. His right rested among scrubby bushes and saplings, while his left was in comparatively open ground. The fire of the enemy as he approached was murderous, and almost whole platoons of our men were falling, but they held their ground. He waited, rapidly firing, till not more than thirty paces intervened and then ordered the retreat. Out of 323 men and sixteen commissioned officers in the regiment (25th Ohio), 130 (including five officers) were killed or wounded. Major Williams brought a part of the living to the breastworks near me; the remainder, he said, were carried off to the rear by another regimental commander.

By the delays we had thus far occasioned to the first division of our enemy all his rear lines had closed up, and the broad mass began to appear even below me on my left front to

the south of von Steinwehr's knoll. Then it was, after we had been fighting an hour, that Sickles' and Pleasanton's guns began to be heard, for they had faced about near the Furnace and moved obliquely toward the northwest, and were hurrying artillery, cavalry and infantry into position to do what they could against the attack of Stonewall Jackson, whose skirmishers were now reaching them.

I had come to my last practicable stand. The Confederates were slowly advancing, firing, at first, with rapidity, but the battery men kept falling from death and wounds. Suddenly, as if by an order, when a sheet of the enemy's fire reached them, a large number of my men in the supporting trenches vacated their position and went off. No officer ever made more strenuous exertions than those which my staff and others about me put forth to stem the tide of retreat and refill those trenches, but the panic was too great. Soon, indeed, our artillery fire became weaker and weaker. I next ordered a retreat to the edge of the forest toward Chancellorsville, so as to uncover von Steinwehr's knoll—the only spot yet firmly held. The batteries, except four pieces, were drawn off and hurried to the rear. The stand at the edge of the forest was made but necessarily a short one.

Von Steinwehr being now exposed from flank and rear, having held his place for over an hour, drew off his small remnants and all moved rapidly through openings and woods, through low grounds and swamps the two miles, to the first high land south of Hooker's headquarters. Dilger steadily kept to our rear along the plank road, firing constantly as he retired. The Confederate masses, partaking of Stonewall's energy, rushed after us in the forest and along all the paths and roads with triumphant shouts and redoubled firing, and so secured much plunder and many prisoners. It was after sundown when I met General Hiram Berry, commanding a brigade, and growing dark as I was ascending the high ground at Chancellorsville. "Well, General, where now?" he asked. I replied: "You take the right of this road and I will take the left and try to defend it."

Our batteries, with numerous others, were on the crest facing to the rear, and as soon as von Steinwehr's troops had cleared the way a terrible cannonade was begun and continued into the night. The battery men fired into the forest, now re-

plete with Confederates, all disorganized in their exciting chase, and every effort of General Jackson to advance in that direction in face of the fire was effectually barred by the artillery and supporting troops.

It was here that the gallant General Berry met his death. Stonewall Jackson also fell that evening from bullet wounds in the forest between Dowdall's Tavern and Berry's position. It was here that officers of the Eleventh corps, though mortified by defeat, successfully rallied the scattered brigades and divisions, and, after sheltering the batteries, went eventually during the night to replace the men of the Fifth corps and thereafter defend the left of the line.

Twenty-seven years ago in my report to General Hooker I wrote substantially:

"Now, as to the causes of this disaster to my corps:

"1st. I was limited by orders to the position to be defended. Though constantly threatened and apprised of the moving of the enemy in a westerly direction, yet the woods were so dense that he was able to mass a large force, whose exact whereabouts neither patrols, reconnoissance nor scouts accurately ascertained. Jackson succeeded in forming a column nearly three times my strength behind the forest opposite to and outflanking my right.

"2nd. By the panic produced by the enemy's reverse fire from flank and rear regiments and artillery were thrown suddenly upon those in position.

"3rd. The absence of General Barlow's brigade, which I had previously located in reserve and in echelon with Colonel von Gilsa, General Devens' right flank, so as to cover that flank. This was the only general reserve I had."

Stonewall Jackson was victorious. Even his enemies praise him, but, fortunately for us, it was the last battle which, under Providence, he waged against the American Union. For, in bold planning, in energy of execution, which he had the power to diffuse in indefatigable activity, and moral ascendancy, Jackson stood head and shoulders above his confreres, and after his death General Lee could not replace him.

Once I was asked: "How can you believe in prayer with two Generals equally sincere both praying, but upon opposite sides?" My response is: "Both were favorably answered." Jack-

son doubtless plead for success, and never for his own life. He attained a wonderful success for himself and for Lee, and that against great odds, and amid the great joy of victory his spark of life went out in a meteoric splendor. As for me, I was beaten, mortified beyond expression till, like Jonah watching Ninevah, I wanted to die; but success followed success from that time to the end of the war, so far as my corps and my men were concerned, and though I went at Chancellorsville through the valley of the shadow of death, I lived to see my petition fully and abundantly answered in the success of the Union cause and the reunion of all the states.

Since preparing the foregoing paper I have had a conversation with General Fitzhugh Lee, who commanded a cavalry brigade at the battle of Chancellorsville. He said that he was reconnoitring when he came upon a wooded knoll opposite von Gilsa's position. Sitting on his horse he could see von Gilsa's men, who appeared to occupy the right of our line, and also the troops of General Schurz in the open field in his rear. He rode back at least a quarter of a mile to where Jackson had intended to start his left when he should advance upon my position. He begged Jackson to ride with him to the wooded knoll, which he did. He says that on reaching the knoll Jackson took a good look through an opening in the trees and, not saying a word, rode rapidly back and moved the left of his command a quarter of a mile farther, resting it near that knoll; then they all made ready and were advanced as I have described. It was that last move which put so many men beyond my right flank.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOTILLA.

BY

W. H. C. MICHAEL, LATE U. S. NAVY.

(Read October 6, 1886.)

In a conversation with the writer in 1880, General Grant remarked that "without the gunboats on the Mississippi and its tributaries any attempt of the army to wrest from the Confederacy the Mississippi valley must have proved futile; indeed, the Confederate states could have prolonged the war indefinitely but for the services of the Mississippi squadron."

It fell to the lot of that gallant officer, Commander John Rogers of the navy, to be assigned to the duty of forming the nucleus of the Mississippi squadron, which, though considered of little significance at first, was destined to become an indispensable force in the prosecution of the war. In May, 1861, he purchased at Cincinnati three river steamers—the Tyler, Lexington and Conestoga. These he immediately had altered into gunboats by raising around them perpendicular bulwarks of oak, five inches thick, that should be proof against musketry and pierced for ports, but without iron plating. The boilers were dropped into the hold and the steam pipes were lowered as much as possible. The heaviest guns carried by these vessels were 64-pounder smooth-bore and 32-pounder rifled Parrott's. When completed they were at once taken to Cairo, Illinois, where they arrived in August, 1861.

A contract for the construction of seven ironclads was awarded to that universal genius, Captain James B. Eads. These were to be 175 feet long, plated with two and one-half inches of iron forward, backed by twenty-four inches of oak. As strange as it may now seem, they were left without plating in the after parts and stern, for the reason that it was intended that they should be fought head-on, and never expose their sides or sterns to the enemy. This circumstance alone shows how crude were

the ideas of even such men as Eads respecting the character of naval service on inland waters. This oversight in the construction of these vessels proved a source of weakness, and, hence, of danger, in almost every instance in which they were engaged with the enemy. The casements of each one of the seven were pierced for thirteen guns. The first armament was of very doubtful character, but the best a plundered and unprepared government could furnish.

The vessels were named after cities on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, namely: Cairo, Carondelet, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Mound City, Pittsburg. It may be said without reflection on other vessels that these, with the Benton, formed the main strength of the Mississippi squadron throughout the war. More pretentious vessels were built, but owing to extreme bad workmanship, or appearing too late upon the scene, bore no proportionate share in the fighting. The Benton had twice the tonnage of either one of the seven, was 202 feet long and well constructed, the latter being explained by the fact that she was not built *by*, but purchased *for*, the government. She was built for a snag boat. Her armament at first consisted of sixteen guns, the heaviest being 9-inch shell guns. Aside from her sluggishness she was without doubt the most formidable boat in the squadron. The Essex was next to the Benton in size, and superior to her in armament, but after the reduction of Fort Henry it was not her fortune to be identified with many of the important achievements of the Mississippi squadron. The ironclads, when finished, were turned over to the Quartermaster's department in December, 1861. It is amusing to reflect that gunboats, at the beginning of the war, were listed among quartermaster's stores. Just imagine a requisition on a Q. M. for one ironclad or one wooden gunboat!

The idea of a river navy in 1861 was so novel that the authorities seemed at a loss to know whether the "auxiliary," as they styled it, belonged to the army or navy. The idea was hooted at as an impracticable one by many of the most prominent officers of both branches of the service. The Secretary of the Navy, referring to the subject in his report as late as 1862, says: "The service was anomalous in its character, and there was with many great credulity as to the utility and practicability of gunboats in carrying on hostilities on the river, where it was be-

lieved batteries on the banks could prevent their passage." Neither department seemed willing to assume the responsibility of caring for and directing the novel force. Confusion and delay resulted from this condition of things. There was lack of interest in the enterprise, lack of money in carrying on the work, lack of men for crews and lack of armament. What men there were knew nothing of the duties aboard a man-of-war. They were of a very heterogeneous description, some being from the lakes, some from the steamboat service on the river and some from the army. An order was issued from Washington to detail 1,100 men from the army to supply the deficiency, but General Halleck would not consent to the detail unless the soldiers were accompanied by their officers, who should command them aboard the vessels.

Luckily at this juncture Captain A. H. Foote, one of the most level-headed men in the navy, succeeded to the command of the embryo squadron. He immediately set about placing the fleet in order, and sought to secure for it the recognition from the Navy Department which it subsequently received. He promptly refused to accept soldiers detailed from the army on terms proposed by General Halleck. The Secretary of War and Secretary of the Navy were both informed that it were far better for the vessels to go into action half manned rather than to have such an endless cause of confusion introduced into the flotilla. It was a fortunate circumstance that Foote was thrown into contact with General Grant as the commanding officer at Cairo just at this critical moment in the formation of the fleet. These two men were of the same general type of mind. They were both intensely practical and as free as possible from red-tape foolishness. Their happy co-operation overcame many obstacles and prepared the way for successes that would have been lost to the Union cause under less favorable circumstances. Neither Grant nor Fremont cared to exercise any control over the flotilla, and all the former asked was co-operation, which Foote gave promptly and heartily. It soon became apparent, however, that the "river navy" rightly belonged to the Navy Department and should be under its direct and absolute control. Accordingly Captain Foote was made a flag officer with the rank of Major General, which relieved him for the time being of a certain class of petty annoyances to which he had been subjected, and a few

months later the flotilla was formally transferred to the navy. Flag Officer Foote was now able to write to the Secretary of the Navy: "If the flotilla does not now accomplish something for the Union cause, it will be the fault of the Navy Department and the officer in command of the flotilla."

At the time Captain Foote took command of the fleet it was composed of three wooden gunboats, nine ironclads and thirty-eight mortar boats. Some of the latter were not yet finished. The mortar boats were rafts of blocks of solid timber, carrying each one 13-inch mortar. This was the beginning of a squadron which, before the war came to a close, numbered more than one hundred vessels.

While preparations were making for more vigorous work, the Tyler, Lexington and Conestoga were by no means inactive. They were constantly employed in reconnoitering up and down the Ohio and Mississippi, the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. In these excursions they were present when Grant seized Paducah and Smithland; covered the advance of troops on the Missouri side in a feint on Columbus; drove a rebel gunboat under the batteries at that place; broke up a rebel camp on the Cumberland, killing several of the enemy and capturing considerable Confederate property, and did much to keep alive attachment to the Union where it existed along these streams.

On November 7, 1861, the Lexington and Tyler convoyed 3,000 troops, under command of General Grant, to Belmont, a point nearly opposite Columbus, where there was a Confederate camp. After a short and sharp fight the enemy were driven from the field and took refuge behind the high bank of the river under cover of the guns on the opposite side. The victory somewhat demoralized our soldiers, who scattered about shaking hands and congratulating each other upon how they had got away with the Johnnies. Some of the officers mounted stumps and delivered eloquent eulogies upon the gallantry of their men and upon the flag. While these remarkable performances were going on the enemy was throwing reinforcements across the river and taking advantageous positions. The cry soon ran through our little army that they were surrounded by the enemy. Unused to such predicaments our men thought the proper and only thing to do by an army thus surrounded was to promptly surrender. But Grant rode among his men and told them that as they had fought

their way in they certainly could fight their way out. Under the inspiration of this, to them, new idea they were ready to follow their leader anywhere. The enemy had succeeded in wedging in between our men and the transports so effectually that it looked very much as if he would gather in a pretty good run of shad. At this crisis the Tyler and Lexington got the range of the rebels, dropped shrapnel and five-second shell among them so recklessly that they fell back in confusion, and before they could reform for a second advance our men succeeded in reaching the transports and embarking. General Grant was the last one of the army to cross the gang-plank. The gunboats covered the retreat of the transports and succeeded in punishing the enemy a good deal. The transports had not gone far when it was discovered that forty men of the 7th Iowa infantry had been left behind. The Tyler returned, shelled the enemy back, made a landing and took the soldiers aboard. They had missed their course in getting back to the transports and found safety in secure hiding places in the jungle on the river bank.

The importance of this little fight centers in the fact that it was the first pitched battle of the war in the Mississippi valley proper; the first battle of the war in which General Grant commanded and the first battle in which the gunboats took part. And it should not be overlooked that the gunboats on this occasion not only rendered a service to the army and to the country in an ordinary sense, but, in the light of General Grant's subsequent career, in a larger and more particular sense. It may be claimed in all fairness that at the very beginning of hostilities on the Mississippi river the gunboats by their great service embalmed their memory in glory and took their place in undying history.

Fort Henry was the next point fixed upon by General Grant and Flag Officer Foote for a combined attack of the army and gunboats. This fort was an earthwork with five bastions, situated on the east bank of the Tennessee river, on low ground, and so favorably located as to command the river below for a distance of three miles. There were mounted in the fort one 10-inch Columbiad, one 60-pounder rifle, two 42 and eight 32-pounders. The flotilla was in position below the fort at the time agreed upon, but the army was detained by heavy rains and mud. After waiting in vain for three days for the army to come up, Foote determined to attack the fort alone. A little after noon

on February 6, 1862, he advanced upon the fort in the following order: The armored vessels formed the first line and the wooden ones the second. Firing began at 1,700 yards, the vessels advancing to within 600 yards of the works. The fighting was sharp and decisive. In one hour and forty minutes after firing began the rebel flag was hauled down and General Tilghman surrendered the fort and garrison to the navy. Upon the arrival of Grant's army, a few hours after, the prisoners and all were turned over to it.

In this fight—the first one in which the ironclads were engaged—these vessels demonstrated their ability to stand the severest battering the enemy was able at that time to give them, provided the boats could fight “head-on.” Some of them were struck fairly over thirty times, sustaining only slight indentures. But for a serious disaster to the Essex the fort would have been captured without loss on our side. A shot penetrated the port bow of the Essex, killing several people, passing through the middle boiler and causing the vessel to fill with scalding water and steam. All who could do so jumped overboard to escape a more horrible death. The fleet lost two killed and nine wounded, besides twenty-eight badly scalded, many of whom died. There were nineteen soldiers on board, nine of whom were scalded, four fatally. The fate of the Essex made fearfully apparent a class of accidents to which high pressure gunboats were liable. This was a handsome fight. The enemy's guns were about on a level with the boats, and hence, in the matter of elevation, neither held the vantage ground. The results were very encouraging to the officers and men of the flotilla, and the experience derived went a long way towards preparing them for the succession of fights in which they were soon to take part.

The Tyler, Lexington and Conestoga pushed on up the Tennessee river for the purpose of destroying a railroad bridge twenty miles up, and capturing some boats that were known to have sought safety in flight. In this they were successful, besides capturing the Eastport, a ram that the rebels were building, and destroying a rebel camp at Savannah. Part of the flotilla went round to Fort Donelson and assisted in the capture of that important point. From here the ironclads returned to Cairo and soon found employment at Island No. 10, while the Tyler and Lexington kept in hailing distance of Grant on the Tennessee.

Opportunity to serve that General and his army, much in the same manner as at Belmont, presented itself April 6th. That they performed their duty well is attested by the reports of both commanding officers, as also others officers who watched with eagerness the fortunes of the first day at Pittsburg Landing. Grant says: "At a late hour in the afternoon a desperate attempt was made to turn our left and get possession of the landing, transports, etc. This point was guarded by the gunboats. And in repulsing the enemy much is due to them." Unfortunately he does not say how much. Those who met the terrific and maddened onslaught of the enemy on the left, and who know that they could not have maintained their position without the aid of the gunboats, are competent to testify. General Hurlburt, who commanded on the extreme left, in his report says: "From my own observation and the statement of prisoners the fire of the gunboats was most effectual in stopping the advance of the enemy on Sunday afternoon and night."

The absolute truth is, the Tyler lay with her broadside at the mouth of the ravine upon which the extreme left of our army rested, and when the enemy hurled their dense ranks into this depression to reach our sadly weakened line she rained shell and cannister and shrapnel upon him so thick and fast that he withdrew precipitately, leaving his dead and dying piled one upon the other in the ravine. Those who saw that winnow of mangled human forms after the battle needed no other proof of the awful havoc wrought by the fire of the gunboats at that critical moment. Beauregard says in his report: "The enemy broke and sought refuge behind a commanding eminence covering Pittsburg Landing, not more than a half mile distant, under cover of the gunboats, which kept up a fierce and annoying fire with shot and shell of the heaviest description." He gives as his reason for his army being unable to withstand the onslaught of our boys the next day to be that, "during the night after the first day's fighting, the enemy broke the men's rest by a discharge at measured intervals of heavy shells thrown from the gunboats." In other place he refers to the Union army as "sheltered by such an auxiliary as their gunboats." The impression among the Confederates was that the two gunboats saved Grant's army from capture. And our boys, who laid on the banks of the Tennessee in the rain and mud throughout that awful Sunday night, will

not withhold the statement that the screech of the 64-pound shells from the Tyler and Lexington, as they flew over their heads into the disturbed ranks of the enemy, was a sweet lullaby to them; that they felt secure for the time under the guns of the black watchdogs that moved up and down the river close behind them all that long night. I think it may be said in the light of all the testimony that Grant and his army were saved at Shiloh by the gunboats.

While the Tyler and Lexington were doing such important service at Shiloh the ironclads and mortar boats were co-operating with General Pope in operations for the reduction of Island No. 10 and the capture of New Madrid and Tiptonville. After bombarding the island for about a month circumstances warranted the hazard of attempting to run a vessel by the batteries on the island under cover of the night. With the support of gunboats below General Pope felt confident that he could bag the entire rebel army confronting him. In a dispatch to Foote he said: "The lives of thousands of men and the success of our operations hang upon your decision; with two gunboats all is safe." Only one of Foote's commanding officers favored the plan. Save Captain Walke all agreed in the opinion that any attempt to run a single vessel by six forts, under fire of fifty guns with the muzzles almost touching the vessel's sides, must result in certain destruction to the vessel. Nevertheless, Walke was ready to make the venture. The passage of the Carondelet was a highly dramatic as well as daring event of the war. At 10 o'clock when the vessel swung loose and headed down stream on her perilous trip, a terrific thunderstorm came on; in the midst of thunder that almost drowned the noise of the enemy's guns and with the lurid lightning playing all about her, she plunged down through the narrow and foaming channel, exposed alike to the fury of the storm and the enemy's terrific fire; now wrapped in impenetrable darkness, now in the full blaze of the lightning's glare, hardly knowing whither she was heading, yet held firmly in her course by the steady hand of her pilot, William R. Hoel, aided by Charles Wilson, who stood knee deep in the foaming water on the forecastle heaving the lead, crying "n-o b-o-t-tom," she made the passage in safety and well-earned glory.

It has been thought that the first feat of this character was accomplished by Admiral Farragut in his passage of Forts St.

Phillips and Jackson. But that event occurred three weeks after the event just described, and instead of several vessels co-operating to distract and confuse the enemy's fire, as was the case with Farragut's fleet, there was but a single vessel in this instance to face the peril of the passage. Later in the war such undertakings came to be looked upon as less dangerous, but this fact does not deract from the gallantry of Walke nor diminish the glory of the precedent set by his vessel.

The success of the Carondelet sent dismay to the heart of the enemy, which was shown by the confusion and indecision of his conduct. The Pittsburg followed the example of the Carondelet on the night of April 6th. With the aid of these boats Pope crossed his army and pursued the enemy to Tiptonville. Unable to escape on account of an impassable swamp in their rear and the river being in possession of the gunboats, the rebel army of 7,000 men and three general officers laid down their arms. The island surrendered to the navy that night. Thus within three days after the passage of the Carondelet the entire rebel force, with the batteries and a vast amount of property, were surrendered into our hands. Without any delay the flotilla proceeded down the river in hope of finding some rebel gunboats that were reported to be in the vicinity of Fort Pillow.

Fifty miles below New Madrid five of the enemy's armed vessels were sighted. But without showing fight they retreated under the guns of Fort Pillow. The "river navy" had now been tested as an immediate auxiliary of the army in battle, had fought single-handed a formidable fort, had run by a series of batteries under cover of darkness, and now it was hoped the time had come when she would be able to meet an enemy in open water. The Confederate gunboats, however, did not seem eager to meet our vessels, and the latter settled down to a regular bombardment of the fort. With the co-operation of Pope's army it was confidently hoped that it could be taken within a week. Plans had been agreed upon and the army was ready to do its part, when an order came from General Halleck, ordering Pope with his army northward. The flotilla continued to shell the fort by towing a mortar boat down within easy range, where under the protection of an ironclad it would throw a given number of shells, when a relief would take their places.

While this work was progressing Flag Officer Foote, whose

health had been seriously impaired by a stubborn wound received at Fort Donelson, turned the command over to Captain Charles H. Davis and went north to recruit his shattered health. He had taken the flotilla at its birth, organized and equipped it, proved its utility and gave it an honorable place in history. He was loath to leave it, even for a brief period. Bearing with him the love and admiration of his officers and men, he took his departure May 9, 1862, never to be permitted to return. The mental strain and draining wound so long endured was more than he could bear and he died within a year.

The enemy had eight gunboats and rams lying under the guns of Fort Pillow. They were officially known as the River Defense Fleet. On the morning of May 10 four of these vessels, the Bragg, Price, Sumter and Van Dorn, came up and attacked the Cincinnati, the latter being on duty guarding the mortar boat. The attack was characterized by spirit and dash. Owing to the fog the signals of the flagship were not seen or understood by the other boats, and a half hour elapsed before reinforcements came to the relief of the Cincinnati, who was making a most gallant fight with her four powerful antagonists single-handed. The Mound City, Carondelet, Pittsburg and Benton got under way and came down one at a time. They soon drove the enemy under cover, but not until he had done serious damage to the Cincinnati and Mound City. Whatever the damage done to the rams by our boats, they were all ready for action at Memphis a month later. Altogether the affair was not very creditable to the flotilla. The damages to the Cincinnati and Mound City were promptly repaired and, with the addition of the rams Queen of the West and Monarch, the flotilla was considered by Captain Davis the equal of any emergency the River Defense Fleet might thrust upon it.

Fort Pillow was evacuated June 5th, and the flotilla moved down the river immediately and came to anchor at the head of "Hen and Chickens," a group of islands five miles above Memphis. The rebel fleet, under command of Commodore Montgomery, was lying at the levee in front of the city. It consisted of eight boats, all fitted for rams, in addition to their armament. They were the Little Rebel, General Lovell, General Price, General Bragg, Sumter, Van Dorn, General Beauregard and Thompson. The Union fleet consisted of five ironclads and two rams.

They were the Louisville, Carondelet, Benton, Cairo and St. Louis and the rams Queen of the West and Monarch.

Early in the morning of the 6th of June the rebel vessels moved out into the stream and formed in double line of battle ready to meet our advance. The eneemy had not long to wait, for our vessels were already moving down upon him. The heights were crowded with people who had gathered to see, as they doubtless hoped, the Yankee gunboats cleaned out. But in this they were doomed to sad disappointment. The Confederates fired the first gun. Our vessels reserved their fire till within certain range. In fact, we had some scruples about firing towards the women and children on the heights. But a few shots from the enemy dissipated these scruples and the enemy's fire was returned with liberal interest. The ironclads had hardly got down to business when, contrary to the plan of battle, the two rams, commanded by the impetuous Ellet, sped down through our fleet and dashed into the midst of the enemy, exposing themselves not only to the combined attack of his boats, but to our fire as well. The Queen made a dive for the Lovell and, striking her amidships, sent her to the bottom and out of sight. As she was rounding to for a chance at the Price the Beauregard rammed her in the stern and sent her limping to the Arkansas shore. The Beauregard and Price made for the Monarch from opposite sides, but were not quick enough, and came together with a crash that cut the Price down to the water line, and she put into the Arkansas shore. The Monarch turned and successfully rammed the Beauregard; at the same time the Benton gave her a raking shot, and the Monarch towed her to the Arkansas shore, where the Little Rebel soon after went with her steam chest exploded and her plating pretty much all knocked off. The River Defense Fleet by this time had had all the defense punched and knocked out of it and the remnant lit out down the river, with the Monarch and ironclads close in their wake. The exciting chase continued for ten miles below the city and resulted in the destruction of all the fugitives save one—the Van Dorn. Thus the River Defense Fleet was literally wiped out of existence in its first encounter with our fleet. Naval history does not furnish an instance of a more complete victory or one that involved greater consequences.

This victory opened the Mississippi to the mouth of the

Yazoo and transferred the most important military operations from the outskirts to the very heart of the Confederacy. Had our flotilla been beaten the enemy could have laid siege to Cairo, Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, and accomplished other mischief beyond calculation. Memphis surrendered the same day.

A few days after this decisive and important victory the St. Louis, Mound City, Lexington and Conestoga started for the White river to co-operate with General Curtis, who was coming down through Missouri and Arkansas. On the 17th of June the boats discovered two well built earthworks at St. Charles, eighty miles up the White river. An attack was immediately determined upon and the boats were formed in line, the Mound City taking the advance. This vessel had hardly entered the fight when a shot penetrated her casemate and exploded her steam drum. The scene that followed was heartrending in the extreme. The vessel filled with scalding water and steam, and her crew, to escape being cooked alive, jumped overboard. To make the scene yet more horrifying the heartless enemy fired upon the men who were struggling in the water. Out of a crew of 175 only three officers and twenty-two men escaped. The fight was continued to a finish, the works being carried by storm by Colonel Fitch, in command of an Indiana regiment, after the gunboats had dismounted several guns and otherwise damaged the works.

Joseph Fry, formerly an officer in the United States navy, commanded the works and the indignant manner in which he was treated by our officers after the surrender served to remind him of the heartless, cowardly dog that he was. The capture of St. Charles opened White river, and a few days later, July 1, the Mississippi flotilla shook hands with Farragut's fleet at Vicksburg.

Thus, in one year, one month and fifteen days after the first hammer was struck in the construction of a gunboat for service on the Mississippi river a navy had been created, which had saved Grant and his army at Belmont, had reduced Fort Henry, had co-operated with the army in the capture of Fort Donelson, had saved the day at Shiloh, had challenged the admiration of the world by its daring and dramatic passage of Island No. 10, which resulted in the bagging of an entire army of 7,000 men, had driven the enemy under cover at Fort Pillow, had destroyed the enemy's entire fleet at Memphis, and without stopping to take breath pushed on down into the very heart of the enemy's coun-

try, where it struck the heavy blows that compelled the surrender of St. Charles on the White river; and having opened the two rivers, thereby splitting the Confederacy assunder, it was ready to enter upon a career, with the mouth of the Yazoo as its base, which for novelty, desperate situations, grand achievement and duration is without parallel in naval history.

HOW THE MISSISSIPPI WAS OPENED.

BY

W. A. C. MICHAEL, LATE OF THE U. S. NAVY.

(Read January 6, 1887.)

Farragut dragged his fleet of seventeen vessels, carrying 154 guns, through the mud at the delta into the Mississippi river in April, 1862. All of these vessels were built for ships of war, unable to fire head-on, and were, hence, ill adapted for river service. In addition to these vessels he had five armed steamers, hastily equipped for service, and a number of mortar schooners. With this force, by the most skilled and gallant fighting, Forts St. Philip and Jackson were speedily reduced and the enemy's defense fleet wholly captured or destroyed. Forts Pike and Macomb, guarding the approaches to New Orleans by way of Lake Pontchartrain, Fort Livingston at Barrataria bay and Fort Berwick at Berwick bay, were hastily abandoned, thus opening undisputed way to that city. All the guns the enemy could remove from the latter forts were taken to Vicksburg. New Orleans was surrendered. Without taking time to repair his vessels the energetic Admiral dispatched seven of them, under Captain Craven, up the river to take possession of Baton Rouge and Natchez, and to destroy such boats and property of the enemy as they might find. The fleet met with no opposition until it reached Vicksburg. The civil and military authorities of this city replied to the demand for surrender that "Mississippians know not how to surrender." No wonder they felt defiant in their natural stronghold; for, indeed, the rugged hills above, below and in the rear, with their frowning tops standing in defiance, were enough to make their possessors bold and haughty and to deter a foe, without the miles of entrenchments bristling with cannon, that afterwards defied for months the combined genius and energy of our army and navy.

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The fleet under Craven arrived before Vicksburg the 22nd of May, 1862. With a land force of 20,000 men to co-operate with the navy at this time it can hardly be doubted that the city might have been taken and held. As it was the vessels were powerless to do more than silence the river batteries temporarily and then remain idle spectators while the fortifications were extended and strengthened. This was the condition of affairs when Farragut arrived, a short while after, with several other vessels and mortar schooners under David D. Porter. Though the damaged condition of the boats, the low stage of the river and the absence of a land force were against him, Farragut determined to attack the place.

The enemy had at this time in position to repel attack from the river twenty-six guns. One 9-inch, three 8-inch and one 18-pounder rifle were planted on the highest point on the bulffs above the city in the bend, where they had a raking fire on the vessels and were as little exposed as possible; just above them were works containing 24-pounders; a half mile below the city, fifty feet above the water, was a battery containing six 32-pounders and four 42-pounders, commanded by Captain Todd, a brother-in-law of President Lincoln. The other eleven guns were scattered along the ridge in the most advantageous positions for a mile or more. It will be seen by this that the rebel batteries at this time extended over a distance of three miles and would have our vessels in range for at least three-fourths of an hour. The fleet got under way June 28, and after a well sustained fight, lasting several hours, the enemy's guns were silenced and the boats came to anchor above the city, having lost fifteen killed and thirty wounded. The vessels were repeatedly struck, but none disabled. After the passage of the fleet Farragut wrote to the Secretary of the Navy that "his vessels had run by the batteries and could do it repeatedly, and that the enemy's guns could be silenced temporarily, but to accomplish more than that a sufficient land force was necessary."

Orders were received directing Porter to proceed at once with his mortar schooners to Hampton Roads, whither he started July 2. Davis with his flotilla and Farragut with his fleet were at anchor below the mouth of the Yazoo with no special work to do. The one had fought his way down and the other had fought his way up the river to the point where they were lying. All the

fortified points on the river had been wrested from the enemy with the exception of Vicksburg and Port Hudson. It had been demonstrated that these strongholds could not be taken by the navy alone. While the government was extremely anxious to capture Vicksburg, an army could not be spared at this time to co-operate with the navy in its reduction.

It was rumored that the rebels were building a powerful iron-clad ram at Yazoo City, and that she would swoop down on the Yankee gunboats as soon as she was ready to move. After waiting a few days in vain for her to put in an appearance the Tyler, Carondelet and ram Queen of the West were sent up the Yazoo to look for her. They started on the 15th of July, and had not ascended the river many miles when they suddenly found what they were looking for. A running fight followed, in which the rebel ram proved herself a match for all three of her antagonists. She was heavily plated with railroad iron and was provided with an iron prow. The shells from our guns glanced off her armor, doing little damage. One or two shells entered her portholes, and it was thought a shot penetrated her hull, as she was observed pumping a constant stream of water. She fought her way out of the Yazoo and headed for Vicksburg, notwithstanding this would take her through both fleets. Fortunately for her every vessel had steam down except the Bragg, and her captain waited for orders. Farragut, in referring to the failure of the Captain of the Bragg to avail himself of so unique a chance, said: "Every man has one chance; the Captain of the Bragg had his and missed it." The ram Lancaster had but little steam up, yet she made a move towards the bold enemy and received a shot through her mud-drum, which ended her performance. The ram, which proved to be the Arkansas, received a terrible hammering from our guns, but she was so heavily armored that only one shot crushed through her. She soon passed out of range of our vessels and tied up at the wharf in front of Vicksburg. Had our vessels been ready for her she would undoubtedly have been destroyed.

Farragut and Davis were both chagrined at the bold and successful achievement of the Arkansas and determined to attack her under the batteries where she lay. The Essex and Queen of the West were detailed for this hazardous duty. The Queen succeeded in ramming her and the Essex raked her at short range with 11-inch shot, killing many of her crew, but they failed to

sink her as they had hoped to do. The Essex went on down and the Queen returned, neither having sustained serious injury, although struck many times.

The hot season was at hand and the crews were rapidly yielding to the ill effects of the climate and vicious water. Forty-five per cent. of the men and officers were on the sick list and unfit for duty. Under the circumstances it seemed the imperative duty of the commanders of both fleets to take their vessels away from the sickly locality. Farragut determined to go down the river immediately, while Davis concluded to stay as long as General Williams with his small command remained. But Williams wisely determined to go along with Farragut, and Davis moved his base of operations to Helena. Here he reorganized his crews and filled the places of several hundred men whose terms of shipment had expired. The ironclad Essex and ram Sumter remained between Vicksburg and Baton Rouge, their nearest support being the Kinneo and Katahdin at the latter place.

On the 15th of August General Breckenridge attacked General Williams, with a superior force, at Baton Rouge. Although our little force fought desperately it was gradually driven back to the river. When the gunboats could do so without endangering our men they opened up on the enemy with shrapnell and shell and in a short time drove him back. General Williams was killed and his command badly cut up, but the loss of the enemy, owing the destructiveness of the heavy shells and shrapnell from the boats, was much larger.

It was intended that the ram Arkansas should support Breckenridge in his attack on Williams, but she failed to put in an appearance. The Essex lost no time in going up the river to ascertain why she had thus failed. The ram was sighted not many miles above lying against the Louisiana shore apparently engaged in repairing her machinery. The Essex made for her at once. Without showing any resistance the ram's crew set her on fire and escaped to the shore. Before the Essex could send a force to extinguish the flames they had reached the magazine and the famous vessel blew up. Thus ended the career of the most formidable ram the rebels had yet built for service on the river.

The Union force at Baton Rouge was withdrawn to New Orleans and the river between Vicksburg and Port Hudson was left in undisturbed possession of the enemy for over three months.

This recoil from Vicksburg was not brought about by the enemy, but was solely the result of the army not being ready to co-operate with the navy in a final attack on the Sebastopol of the south. But this period of comparative inactivity—from July to November—was the calm before the storm. Yet it must not be understood that the navy was idling during this interim. An expedition was sent up the Yazoo in August, which spread terror and destruction along that stream as far as the Big Sunflower. Many valuable steamers were captured and burned, and Confederate property valued at a half million dollars destroyed. The vessels stationed along the Mississippi and in the Tennessee and Cumberland were constantly on the move in keeping those rivers open for army communication, in convoying transports, in supporting weak points and chasing the irrepressible guerrilla.

On the 15th of November, 1862, Commander David D. Porter, holding the local rank of Acting Rear Admiral, assumed command of the squadron. Davis had already built several tinclads, a class of vessels found to be necessary in low stages of water and in operating on the tributaries to the Mississippi. Porter increased their number as rapidly as possible. These vessels were light draught, stern and sidewheel steamboats, with half-inch iron bulkheads built up all around as high as the boiler deck. The pilot house was lowered to the hurricane deck and plated with inch iron. Additional protection was built around the boilers and steam pipes. The cabins and state rooms were altered very little. On the whole they were comfortable vessels for the crews and officers. They were armed with 12 and 24-pounder brass howitzers mounted on friction carriages. Later in the war some of the stronger vessels of this class were armed with 32-pounder Parrots.

A more pretentious class of vessels was added to the squadron, such as the Tuscumbia, Lafayette, Indianola, Choctaw and Chillicothe. These vessels were heavily plated and armed with 100-pounder rifles and 11-inch guns, and had they been deliberately built, would have been equal to any emergency on the river. The old ram Sampson was converted into a floating blacksmith and machine shop for the use of the squadron, and the Red Rover was altered into a hospital ship of the most convenient and comfortable character. Thus equipped Porter was impatient for work.

His wish was realized in November, 1862. Captain McAlester, Quartermaster at Cairo, gave a supper to army and naval officers aboard his steamer one evening. When the guests were about to sit down to supper a small, travel-worn man in citizen's clothes was ushered in and introduced as General Grant. He and Porter were soon engaged in conversation alone. After a few preliminary remarks Grant said: "When can you move with your gunboats?" Porter replied that he could "move within twenty-four hours with all the old gunboats and five or six new ones, together with the Tyler, Lexington and Conestoga." "Very well, then," replied Grant, "I will leave you now and write at once to Sherman to have 30,000 infantry and artillery ready to start for Vicksburg the moment you get to Memphis. I will return to Holly Springs tonight and will start with a large force for Grenada as soon as possible. I will draw Pemberton, with the larger part of his army, out of Vicksburg and in his absence you and Sherman will be able to take it." Without partaking of any supper the quiet, unpretentious man took his departure and rode in the saddle most of the way back to Holly Springs.

This brief interview between these two great men was the first practical step towards the capture of Vicksburg. Grant drew Pemberton out of his stronghold according to the plan and Sherman made his attack, but the unexpected strength of the enemy's works, the heavy rains that came on, and the sudden return of Pemberton's army were obstacles that Sherman was not prepared to overcome, and he withdrew his army to the transports and re-embarked.

The gunboats, however, accomplished their work thoroughly. They prepared the way for the landing of the troops. To do this they encountered the batteries and exposed themselves to the hidden danger of torpedoes planted everywhere in the river. The Cairo, one of the original seven ironclads, had two of these engines of destruction exploded under her and sunk in thirty feet of water.

The torpedoes found here were of the crudest design, being common demijohns filled with powder, anchored in pairs and so arranged as to be exploded by sufficient pressure on a connecting wire attached to friction primers. With the loss of the Cairo and the repulse of Sherman's army, the expedition was a failure in everything save valuable though sad experience. The army

learned that Vicksburg could not be reached by way of the Yazoo, and the navy had learned a lesson in the art of fishing for torpedoes, and that demijohns filled with powder were as dangerous to run afoul of as when charged with average commissary whisky.

Porter treated the affair as an episode of the war, while Sherman was very much cast down by the failure. The latter declared that he must go somewhere and clean out the rebels to raise the spirits of his men, and proposed going at once to Arkansas Post for that purpose. This fort was eighty miles up the Arkansas river, and was a convenient rendezvous for guerrillas, who were constantly embarrassing unarmed transports. Porter readily assented and set about getting things ready for the expedition. At this juncture General McClernand arrived with orders to relieve Sherman of his command. Porter was greatly disappointed and declined taking any part in the proposed expedition if Sherman should be relieved before it was made. McClernand treated the matter very gracefully and, waiving his right to the immediate command, asked if there would be any objection to his going along.

The expedition entered White river and passed through Smith's Cut-off into the Arkansas river twelve miles from its mouth. The army landed four miles below Arkansas Post January 9, 1863. The fort was a square bastioned work containing eleven guns, the heaviest being 9-inch. Rifle pits and trenches extended out from the fort, but these were made untenable by the gunboats. Sherman moved his army around to the rear of the fort and the ironclads approached near enough to send in a few feelers, which drew forth a vigorous response. Everything being in readiness, the De Kalb, Louisville and Cincinnati moved up to within 400 yards of the fort and opened the ball in earnest. Each boat was assigned to a particular casemated bastion with orders to reduce it. This plan was carried out completely. The gunboats dismounted or destroyed every gun in the fort, and when the army was at the point of making a general assault the enemy ran up a white flag. The fort, commanded by a former naval officer, surrendered to the navy and army of 5,000 men to Sherman. Immediately after the surrender McClernand assumed command of the land forces and wrote the report of the engagement, although he had taken no part in it.

Navy people have always looked upon the work done here by

the gunboats with no small degree of pride. The enemy was protected by a strongly built fort, casemated with railroad iron. His guns were of heavy caliber and his range perfect. In the face of this opposition the ironclads laid head-on and continued their deliberate and destructive fire till every gun in the fort was either dismantled or rendered unfit for use. As at Fort Henry, the elevation was just right for the boats, and their iron plating forward afforded ample protection. Yet they sustained some damage and lost several men killed by the enemy's shots entering the port-holes. The DeKalb and Louisville lost six killed and twenty-five wounded. The Cincinnati, though struck often fairly and squarely, sustained no losses.

The fall of Arkansas Post caused the hasty evacuation of St. Charles on the White river. The enemy escaped on steamboats, taking with him great guns and everything of value. But our boats followed so closely that the guns which he had unloaded at Duvall's Bluff, and was in the act of loading on the cars for Little Rock, fell into our hands. Our vessels continued the chase as far up as was prudent to go.

Orders came for the army to return to Vicksburg, where, on the 30th of January, 1863, Grant assumed command in person and entered upon one of the most wonderful military performances of history. The tinclads were scattered along the Mississippi between Cairo and the mouth of the Yazoo, each with a defined beat, for the purpose of keeping open communications. The ironclads and rams were near the mouth of the Yazoo ready to co-operate with the army in any move against Vicksburg. Other tinclads were patrolling the Cumberland and the Tennessee and the Ohio between Paducah and Louisville.

Upon Porter's return from Arkansas Post he ordered the ram Queen of the West to run the batteries at Vicksburg, and to break up communication between that place and the Red river country, from which locality Pemberton's army was drawing its principal supplies. The Queen protected her sides with cotton bales and started on her perilous mission at 4:20 in the morning of February 2nd. With thirty or more guns playing on her, she rammed the rebel ram Vicksburg, which was lying at the wharf, doing her considerable damage. She was struck several times and the cotton bales set on fire, but without serious damage or loss she accomplished her exciting passage.

The *Queen* entered upon her work of destroying flatboats and other craft used by the enemy in running supplies across the river. She made several important captures of steamboats, and was in the midst of a most remarkable career of usefulness when, through the rashness of her young commander, Ellett, not then twenty years of age, she ventured too far up Red river and was disabled off Gordon's Landing by a battery that was too heavy for her. Unable to move his vessel, and prevented from burning her by having a wounded officer aboard, Ellet escaped with a part of his crew on cotton bales to a prize steamer lying below. Some of the crew had taken the small boats and made their escape without their commander's knowledge. Their explanation was that they desired to hurry up the steamer for the removal of the wounded officer. Thus the best ram of the fleet had passed into the hands of the enemy with nothing but her steam pipe cut.

When Ellet got out into the Mississippi he found the powerful ironclad *Indianola*, which had run the batteries on the 12th, awaiting him with coal and supplies. She had arrived a little too late to curb the impetuosity of young Ellet and save the squadron from humiliation and loss. The *Indianola* turned her head up stream with the coal barge in tow, but made very slow progress against the current.

The *Queen* was hastily repaired and in company with the ram *Webb* started in hot pursuit of Ellet's fleeing party. When they entered the Mississippi and found the *Indianola* they hurriedly retreated into Red river, where they were joined by two armed cotton-clad steamers. Thus reinforced they returned for the purpose of attack. The *Indianola* offered them fight in daylight, but they declined it, preferring to take their chances under cover of darkness when their antagonist would find it difficult to use her heavy guns to advantage. The fight was carried on for two hours with spirit and dash on the part of the rams and with dogged determination on the part of the *Indianola*. But in the darkness the rams had the advantage and by rapid movements escaped the shots of the ironclad and succeeded in repeatedly ramming her in her weakest parts till they sank her. Thus two of the best vessels of the squadron passed into the enemy's hands within two weeks, and the river between Vicksburg and Port Hudson was again in his undisturbed possession.

In the hope of causing the enemy to blow up the *Indianola*,

which they were already trying to raise, a mock monitor, constructed out of an old mud scow, with barrels for chimneys, and mud furnaces from which poured forth volumes of dense smoke, was sent down. The dummy drew forth from the rebel batteries a most terrific fire, but in dignified and contemptuous silence she floated by. The Queen of the West had come up for pumps to use in raising the Indianola, and when she saw the formidable looking dummy bearing down on her she turned and fled precipitately. She carried the alarming news to the Webb and together they lit out for Red river, leaving the party at work on the Indianola to take care of themselves. They hurriedly placed a couple of the Indianola's guns muzzle to muzzle and fired them off, set her upper works on fire and escaped to the shore.

The dummy accomplished more than was expected of it, and while the ruse caused unbounded fun on our side of the river, the enemy, when he discovered the trick played on him, could hardly suppress his rage. The newspapers published in Vicksburg denounced the officers in command of the batteries as consummate stupids because they couldn't tell an old scow from a monitor.

The Queen of the West did not venture again into the Mississippi, but went on some mission into the lower bayons, where she fell in with some of Farragut's vessels and was destroyed. The Webb remained very quiet above the falls in Red River till the close of the war when she nearly succeeded in escaping into the gulf with a valuable cargo of cotton. The telegraph was swifter than she and our vessels overhauled her below New Orleans, where her crew ran ashore and set her on fire.

Hearing of the loss of the Queen and Indianola, Farragut determined to run the batteries at Port Hudson, and if possible recapture them before they could be repaired; and take up position under the batteries at Vicksburg or Port Hudson. After a hard and most gallant fight with the batteries, in which he sustained severe losses, he succeeded in getting by with the Hartford and Albatross. When he arrived at the wreck of the Indianola he learned that the dummy had done the work for him, and he proceeded on up to the lower batteries at Vicksburg. He communicated with the squadron above, requesting that a ram be sent him so that he would be prepared for the Queen of the West and Webb should they venture out to attack him. Porter was absent on the Deer Creek expedition and there was some hesitancy

about complying with Farragut's request. General Ellet, however, concluded to send the rams *Switzerland* and *Lancaster* below, though neither vessel was fit to make the venture. The former got through, considerably damaged, while the other was so completely riddled that she sunk within range of the enemy's guns. Her crew was compelled to make their escape on cotton bales.

With this force Farragut blockaded the river between Vicksburg and Port Hudson effectually, and it was never again in possession of the enemy. Vicksburg being thus completely cut off from her main depot of supplies was greatly weakened, and in the event of Grant's success in the rear the reduction of the place was now only a question of time.

All sorts of expedients were resorted to by both army and navy to get to the rear of Vicksburg. An attempt was made to cut a canal across Young's Point, but the water would not flow in; another attempt was made to cut a canal from the river to Lake Providence, in the hope of getting below through bayous, the Tensas, Wachita and Red rivers. A desperate attempt was made to get behind Haine's Bluff by a tortuous route through Yazoo Pass, and another similar attempt was made through Steele's Bayou and Deer Creek, but all in vain. The only one not yet tried was the one that proved successful, but which involved a hazard that even Grant and Porter hesitated to take till every other means that could be thought of were tried.

To show the extraordinary character of some of the work done by the gunboats it is only necessary to give a brief description of what is known as the Steele Bayou and Deer Creek expedition, which was made under the personal direction of Admiral Porter, whose untiring energy, indifference to all kinds of danger and wonderful resources of genius would have made it successful if it had been possible to succeed. While this remarkable expedition was being made, another by way of the Yazoo Pass was making almost identically the same history.

The ironclads *Louisville*, *Carondelet*, *Mound City*, *Cincinnati*, *Pittsburg*, two mortar boats and four tugs were selected for the expedition. Sherman was to accompany the boats with 10,000 men. Grant had gone with Porter on a tug some miles in the direction the expedition would take and was hopeful that it might succeed, and Porter admits that he was quite confident at the start

that he would be throwing shells into Vicksburg from the rear in a week. The rains had swollen the Mississippi and Yazoo to an unprecedented height, and the back-water had converted the country into a vast sea, studded with trees. The average depth of the water was seventeen feet. Great forests had become channels, and wherever open places were found the vessels could run at good speed. Into this forest-sea the fleet plunged and for many miles enjoyed most novel and comfortable sailing. The animals of the forest that could climb had taken refuge in the immense trees as their only arks of safety. Coons, wild cats, mice and reptiles were everywhere seen clinging to the limbs overhead and looking down in apparent wonder and alarm at the singular intrusion. Porter says: "It was a curious sight to see a line of ironclads pushing their way through the long, wide lanes in the woods without touching on either side, though occasionally a rude tree would throw its Briarian arms around the smokestacks of an ironclad or transport and knock them out of perpendicular. It looked as if the world had suddenly turned topsy-turvey. The situation was so wild and unnatural that I would not have been surprised to have seen a rebel ram lurking somewhere in the bushes, ready to spring upon us; or if one had suddenly slid down a tree and attacked us it would hardly have added to the novelty of the experience." The fleet had gone perhaps ten miles, when it came to a forest of very large trees—old monarchs of the woods—whose branches were so dense that a ray of sun rarely penetrated them. Here the line of battle was broken. The boats could not squeeze through the trees, and as a last resort the experiment of ramming them down with the heavy ironclads was tried and proved successful. In the thoroughly soaked earth the roots gave way and the boats butted their way through.

Sherman disembarked his troops on the banks of Cypress Bayou and gave the pleasing assurance to Porter that the "boats would have a devil of a time getting through," the force of which remark was fully realized ere long. This bayou was a kind of canal between the Big Sunflower and the Yazoo, entering into the latter not far from Haine's Bluff. On one side was a high levee, protecting finely improved plantations. On the other side was a vast overflow. There was about nine feet of water in the ditch, and the wide ironclads nearly touched each side. Sherman was to follow along the levee, and find no fault with the gun-

boats if they failed to "keep step." But somehow the boats got ahead—kind o' fell out of ranks, as it were, and came near being bagged for their want of discipline. A few miles on several hundred bales of cotton were found lying piled along the levee. Suddenly they burst into a blaze and men were seen sneaking from pile to pile with torches setting them on fire. A truthful contraband informed Porter that it would require two days for the cotton to burn up. Rather than wait he gave orders to keep the exposed side of the vessels wet down with hose and go ahead fast. It was a red-hot undertaking, but the vessels got through slightly scorched and a few men blistered. The darkies lining the bank looked on in utter amazement, but when the advance ironclad crashed through a bridge spanning the ditch, as if it had been made of straw, they exclaimed in concert: "De good Lo'd, what will dem Linkum gunboats do nex'?" Two more bridges were butted down and the Cincinnati fetched up in a patch of small willows, which caught in the cracks of her overhang and bound her as tight as the threads of the Lilliputians held Gulliver. By cutting under the water with jackknives and by backing and pushing the boats got through, only to meet yet other and not less insurmountable obstructions. The ditch got narrower and the large trees that lined the banks were so near together that men had to hew down the sides of many of them to allow the boats to squeeze through. Dead limbs would fall down on the skylights and small boats, making a wreck of all. Sometimes rat, mice, squirrels, lizards and snakes would fall upon the decks or upon the head of some luckless sailor who was trying to keep the decks clear and dodge the falling limbs at the same time. An old gray coon fell upon the deck, and although stunned by the fall recovered himself and fought his way overboard. The boats made eight miles that day, and when they tied up Sherman was nowhere in sight.

Things looked rather discouraging. Pirouetting through the woods with ironclads, tugs and mortar boats, while rich in novelty, was not the kind of cruising Jack Tar would fall in love with. In fact, it had already grown tedious and depressing. The boats tied up for the night, and Porter hoped that Sherman would certainly come up by daylight. The darkies who were standing about at sundown mysteriously and suddenly disappeared. Faint strokes of axes were heard in the dim distance.

All this was suggestive and a tug was sent ahead to reconnoiter. She soon discovered that the enemy was "onto the gunboat racket" and had rounded up the darkies, and with pistols and guns to their heads was forcing them to ply the ax in felling trees into and across the ditch. A few shells from a 12-pounder howitzer dispersed the choppers, and the tug returned to report. The iron-clads moved ahead by the light of the lanterns carried by men on the banks. In the morning it was discovered that the Rolling Fork was not far off, and though Porter felt uneasy because of Sherman's tardiness he concluded to enter the Rolling Fork in the hope of finding more sea room. The ironclads pushed ahead and were again bound fast by millions of little willows that seemed to have sprung up in the interest of the southern Confederacy. While cutting and slashing at these provoking tough little withs the enemy, hidden from our view by a dense undergrowth, suddenly opened on the boats with a rifled battery.

Sunken down between the banks of the ditch the guns of the ironclads were utterly useless. Our only defense was the clumsy mortar, so taking the distance by sound, the mortar boats were able to drop a few thirteen-inch shells among the enemy with surprising effect. He was silenced for the time being. It was now painfully apparent that Sherman was needed by the gunboats. A darky who called himself a telegraph agreed to take a message back to Sherman for fifty cents. He tucked the folded message into a pocket in his thick "calabash kiver" and darted off. Soon after a steamboat came up the Rolling Fork and landed troops below, and as nearly as could be made out was landing troops evidently from Vicksburg. A battery of Whitworth guns soon opened on us with shells, which burst over the boats, but did no harm so long as the men kept between decks. But somebody had to get out and cut willows. The mortar boats were again brought into play and succeeded in silencing the enemy's guns. But he was no sooner silenced in one place than he would open fire from a new position. It was getting decidedly uncomfortable for the navy. A tug went back to hurry Sherman up, but was headed off by the enemy in the rear. Learning this Porter ordered a retreat, but how could the boats run backwards when they could hardly run forwards? The rudders were unshipped and after much trouble a backward movement in the

true sense of the term was begun. After a while the ironclads could use their guns and the enemy was made to realize the difference between a 12-pound shell and a 100-pound shrapnell. Thus the strangest of all fights raged until dark. No attack was made on the boats during the night, but next morning when the enemy seemed about to make another charge it was noticed that he made a most sudden and inexplicable retreat towards the Rolling Fork. This was soon explained by one of Sherman's officers riding up and saying that he guessed the army had come up in just about the right time.

When Sherman came up on an old white horse his boys had captured, he hailed the admiral and said: "What the deuce did you get into such an ugly scrape for? So much for you navy fellows getting out of your element. This is the most infernal expedition I was ever on," he continued. "Who in thunder proposed such a mad scheme anyway? Your gunboats look sick—like half-picked geese. But I am ready to go with you anywhere."

Porter said that he'd had enough of bushwhacking and proposed hunting deeper water and a more open sea. Besides, it was reasonable to suppose that an enemy as wary as the rebs had proved themselves to be would make an effort to dam up the mouth of the bayou with cotton and leave the boats literally wallowing in the mud, or else would plant torpedoes to blow them into smithereens. So the boats got out of there as fast as they could back and bump along. The soldiers as they marched along jibed the sailors with such remarks as: "Jack, you'd better stick to the briny," "How do you like playing turtle anyway?" "Better let bushwhacking out to 'Old Tecump's' boys."

The boats in a badly used up condition finally got out and returned to anchorage above Vicksburg, where they were speedily put in repair.

The other expedition through Yazoo Pass returned in much the same condition, neither having accomplished more than to show the enemy and the country that Grant's army and Porter's squadron were bound in some way or other to "get there." Grant and Porter shared the opinion of President Lincoln, as the latter had expressed it, that "Vicksburg was the backbone of the rebellion and the key to the situation," and they were determined that the important point should be taken. When every other possible expedient was tried the last and only true one was

adopted. Grant and Porter agreed upon the plan, but Sherman with all the other corps commanders except McClernand disagreed.

Grant in his quiet way said: "Porter, I will go below Vicksburg and cross over if I can depend on you for sufficient naval force. I will prepare some transports by packing around them cotton bales and will be ready to start as soon as the navy is ready." Porter was ready that night. The next night the Benton, Lafayette, Louisville, Mound City, Pittsburg, Carondelet and Tuscumbia, with the transports Silver Wave, Henry Clay and Forest Queen in convoy, made the dangerous passage a graphic description of which would be as exciting as any drama. The Clay was burned and sunk before she got by. The other vessels, though punished considerably, escaped any material damage. Thirteen men were wounded. The next night six more transports made the attempt, and all but one succeeded.

The army, except Sherman's corps, marched around a distance of thirty-five miles. The point at which Grant desired to cross over and make his base of operations was Grand Gulf. This point was well fortified by the enemy. The banks were from eighty to one hundred and twenty feet above the water. On these were mounted a 100-pounder rifle, a number of 8-inch guns and other guns of smaller calibre. The gunboats undertook to silence these guns preparatory to crossing the army. The fight was a handsome one and lasted parts of two days, but the rebel works were too high for the boats to reach them easily, and the most they could do was to silence them temporarily. In the fight the boats lost eighteen killed and fifty-seven wounded. The work of the gunboats was sufficiently demoralizing to allow the transports to slip by uninjured. The next morning, April 30, 1863, the work of ferrying the army across to Bruinsburg began, in which the gunboats did their share.

The same day the gunboats that remained above Vicksburg made a vigorous attack on Haine's Bluffs. The attack was characterized by so much vigor and earnestness that the enemy was wholly deceived as to its real purpose, which was to keep Pemberton from sending reinforcements to Grand Gulf to dispute Grant's landing on the Mississippi side. After this feint the vessels withdrew from the Yazoo, and Sherman rejoined the main army with his corps.

On the 3rd of May, after the army was crossed over, the gunboats went up to engage the batteries at Grand Gulf, but they found them abandoned. Grant immediately moved up and made that point his base of supplies. Thence began that wonderful march to the rear of Vicksburg, in the course of which Grant, with 40,000 men, defeated Johnston on the right with an army of equal size, and drove Pemberton on the left with an army of nearly as many men, into the fortifications of Vicksburg, an achievement that placed Grant in the list of the foremost captains of any age.

Leaving enough vessels to protect Grant's base and to render him any needed service, Porter took three ironclads and the ram *Switzerland* and ascended Red river, destroying a number of Confederate transports and large quantities of Confederate stores. The enemy evacuated Fort De Russey before the boats got there. A raft at this point, which had cost the enemy one million and a half dollars to build, and which he considered impregnable, was destroyed in a few hours by our rams, and the fleet without further opposition went on to Alexandria. The enemy had removed nearly all of his stores from the place and evacuated it a few hours before the gunboats arrived. The low stage of water on the falls prevented any further advance towards Shreveport and the fleet returned to Grand Gulf, but on their way back ascended the Big Black some distance and destroyed \$300,000 worth of Confederate stores.

On the 15th of May heavy firing was heard in the rear of Vicksburg, which indicated the approach of Grant's army. A number of vessels went up the Yazoo and attacked the batteries at Haine's Bluffs. Sherman was moving down between the Bluffs and Vicksburg, and the enemy who had defended the latter so gallantly now deserted their guns and fled to the defenses around the city. The *DeKalb* worked her way very cautiously up the Yazoo, destroying whatever Confederate property fell in her way.

The mortar boats were placed in position and the ironclads assigned to the most available points, preparatory to a regular siege. The bombardment began at 10 a. m., May 21, and was kept up with terrible effect until after Grant's general assault. The fight between the water batteries and the ironclads Porter considered the hardest they had been in, though only a few men had been wounded aboard of them.

The enemy had made some changes in the position of guns in the hill batteries, and Grant was anxious to know if they had moved any of the guns from the extreme left. The ironclad *Cincinnati* was sent down to feel the battery at this point. She soon discovered that the guns were "still there," and in rounding to on her return the enemy poured such a vigorous fire into her stern—her weakest part—that she was wholly disabled and finally sunk. She lost five killed, fourteen wounded and fifteen drowned.

The city was now subjected to a regular and persistent bombardment, which lasted forty-two days, in which every gun of the navy of sufficient calibre was brought into requisition, and the mortars were kept at work day and night. Some navy guns were landed, and under command of naval officers rendered most efficient service. The navy threw 16,000 shells into the city.

An expedition was sent up the Yazoo, composed of some boats that could not be used at Vicksburg. These vessels destroyed the shipyard at Yazoo City and other property valued at two million dollars. They extended their trip one hundred and eighty miles up the Big Sunflower, and made several important captures of steamboats and stores. It is interesting to note that the further progress of this expedition up the Sunflower was stopped by the sunken hull of the *Star of the West*, the same vessel sent by the government with supplies for the relief of Fort Sumter in 1861.

The Confederacy was thrilled with a sense of the danger threatening Vicksburg, which they had come to regard as beyond the possible reach of the Yankees. Every man and boy that could load and fire a gun was impressed into the service and sent somewhere to make it lively for the "invaders." Guerrilla bands with field pieces appeared along the river at the most advantageous points and attacked our transports. Several were captured, and after being robbed were burned. This attempt to interfere with our communications entailed on the gunboats additional work, which kept them on the move day and night between Cairo and Vicksburg. It is a creditable showing for the squadron that at no time after the river was wrested from the enemy were our communications cut. The gunboats kept the river open and made it safe at all times for transports commanded by men of average loyalty and fair prudence to go up or down. Several transports loaded with government stores fell into the hands of guerrilla

bands—doubtless through the connivance of disloyal pilots and captains. Nevertheless the enemy was checkmated in his efforts to distract the federal forces operating against Vicksburg from first to last.

On the 4th of July Vicksburg surrendered, and five days after Port Hudson followed her example. This opened the Mississippi river, completely cut the confederacy in two, and established an unfaltering conviction in the loyal hearts of the north that the Union would be saved. The Mississippi river ever afterwards remained in our hands, and was under the control of the Mississippi Squadron till the close of the war. Farragut went north for needed rest, and the indefatigable Porter assumed command of the entire river. He went to Cairo immediately to personally look after the building of more and a better class of light draughts, and to reorganize his squadron. He divided his command into eight districts, six of which were on the Mississippi, the seventh from Cairo to the mouth of the Tennessee, including that river, and the eighth embraced the upper Ohio and Cumberland. This number was increased to eleven before the close of the war, and the number of his vessels of all classes was increased to more than one hundred. From this time on the work of the squadron was wonderfully systematic and as thoroughly efficient as was possible.

On the day Vicksburg surrendered, General Price, on his way from Arkansas with a force of 18,000 men, to seize some point on the river in the hopes of cutting off communications for the relief of Vicksburg, made a sudden and vigorous attack on Helena. This point was garrisoned by 3,5000 troops, part of whom were colored, under command of General B. M. Prentiss. The rebels carried all of the outworks, and reached the crest of the hill overlooking the town. Here they formed for a final charge on Fort Curtis, and while executing it crowded their dense ranks into a ravine. The Tyler poured in her heavy shell and schrapnell, the two 30-pounders in the fort belched forth canister, and between them the enemy was literally mowed down in swaths. Many of them threw down their arms and fled in a panic. The Tyler followed the retreating mob with her guns for miles, and evidences of the destructiveness of her shells were seen along the route of the retreat in mangled men and horses. The enemy's loss in killed quite equalled half the number of our garrison, and the number

of prisoners taken was about the same number. Thus the garrison of 3,500 men, supported by the Tyler, killed and captured an army of its own size. History hardly furnishes a parallel. General Prentiss wrote a letter of most grateful acknowledgement for the timely and efficient services rendered by the gun boat. In view of the cry of the rebels to give the "niggers no quarter," it was peculiarly fortunate that the Tyler was there.

General Taylor, commanding the Confederate forces in West Louisiana, determined to surprise Milliken's Bend and Young's Point, while Grant was forcing his way to the rear of Vicksburg, in the vague hope of communicating with Vicksburg or causing some diversion in its favor. The force at Young's Point numbered about five hundred men, and that at Milliken's Bend consisted of a brigade of negro troops and a few companies of the 23rd Iowa Infantry. The Confederates blundered on their way to Young's Point, reaching there in broad daylight. Seeing a gunboat there ready for them they wisely abandoned the attack. The other Confederate force under McCulloch reached its destination before daylight, drove in the pickets, and in a hand-to-hand fight drove the colored and white troops back to the river bank, where they found shelter and safety under the guns of the Choctow. The fire of the heavy guns of this vessel was so terrific that the enemy, though flushed with victory, and drunken with rage at the colored troops, withdrew precipitately. In view of General Taylor's suggestive remark that "unfortunately some fifty of the niggers were taken prisoners," it may be inferred that had the gunboat not been there to drive McCulloch's savage soldiers back, the colored troops would have fared as badly as they did subsequently at Fort Pillow at the hands of Forrest and his murderous fiends.

After the fall of Vicksburg the De Kalb, accompanied by General Herron, ascended the Yazoo as far as Yazoo City to ascertain how much truth there was in the rumor that General Johnston was fortifying that point. A battery was found there, but a combined attack of the army and De Kalb caused its abandonment. Six heavy guns, one armed vessel and four steamers fell into our hands. Much Confederate property was destroyed and the river generally cleared. Unfortunately, however, the De Kalb was blown up by torpedoes, one exploding under her bow and one under her stern, so shattering her that she was never raised. She was the third of the original seven ironclads to go down.

During the year 1863, engagements between roving bands of guerrillas with field pieces and the gunboats on the Tennessee and Cumberland, were of frequent occurrence, and while they do not individually possess much importance, they show how unending and important was the work accomplished by the squadron, in keeping down guerrilla warfare.

In January 1863 Colonel Harding, commanding at Fort Donelson, which was garrisoned with 800 men, was attacked by 4,500 confederates, under Forrest and Wharton. The garrison fought gallantly, and kept the enemy off till their ammunition was exhausted. The rebels had taken position for a final charge, when the Lexington and five tinclads came up and soon drove them back inflicting great loss.

The little tinclad Moose followed Morgan and his band of raiders for a distance of five hundred miles up the Ohio, and prevented them from crossing back into Kentucky, several times punishing him severely. Generals Burnside and Cox both wrote letters acknowledging the service rendered by this gunboat.

The participation of a part of this squadron in the famous Red river expedition furnishes a chapter in naval history that is not a repetition of any previous experience. There was anxiety on the part of the government to get control of Mobile and Texas on account of considerations of public policy not wholly unconnected with the French invasion of Mexico in June, 1863. Farragut turned his attention to Mobile, and the Red river expedition was understood to be in some way calculated to establish Federal supremacy in Texas. While it failed to establish that kind of supremacy to any considerable extent, it proved itself the supreme fiasco of the war, and made a fearful draft on Yankee genius in devising ways and means for getting out of scrapes. But for General A. J. Smith, Lieutenant Colonel Bailey and Porter, the bare probability is that Banks would be somewhere in that locality now, and the wreck of Porter's fleet would be pointed out as a monument to military folly rarely if ever equalled.

Porter took his ironclads above the falls at Alexandria against his better judgment, and had not A. J. Smith been with the expedition he would have utterly refused to do so. Porter had confidence in Smith and was willing to co-operate with him, as he

was always with Grant and Sherman. Smith and Porter agreed perfectly in their opinion of the expedition, that, as it was being conducted, it was a stupendous farce and a disgrace to the government. While Franklin and Emory were forcing their way through Banks' panic-stricken wagon train to get at the pursuing enemy at Pleasant Hill the gunboats were wallowing through the mud and bushwhacking their way towards Shreveport. As an illustration of the experience of the gunboats for several days in succession, we will give their fight with General Green's command at a point 10 miles below Shreveport. Several transports and a gunboat were hard aground, and a number of other boats were pulling at them to get them afloat, when 7,000 rebels with artillery attacked them from the west bank of the river a few rods away. The gunboats replied as soon as they could and in about two hours drove the enemy off, killing 700 of his men, including their commander. The canister and shrapnell thrown from the heavy guns of the boats into the dense ranks of the enemy massed on the bank and just back of it proved awfully destructive.

The next day the enemy made a similar attack on the boats from the other side. The Eastport, one of the best of the ironclads, grounded hopelessly and had to be blown up; the river began to fall rapidly, the enemy was banging the boats right and left, when they could hardly defend themselves on account of the high banks. The tinclad Cricket was knocked all to pieces and captured and the other light draughts had been severely handled; the ironclads had floundered through the mud for days, and Banks, after fiddle-faddling to his heart's content, was anxious to get out of the country. In fact, all hands were willing to get out. When they got down as far as Alexandria, as was expected by Porter, not a vessel could be run over the falls. Here was a pretty kettle of fish. The river would not rise for months; Banks said his forage was nearly gone and that he could not wait many days on the gunboats. Things looked blue for the navy. Relief came through the genius of Lieutenant Colonel Bailey, who proposed to raise the water on the falls by a system of dams. Ten thousand soldiers and the entire naval force under this officer lent willing hands, working in water up to their waists to complete the work within the few days given them by Banks, whose uneasiness to get away increased day by day. The dam was completed and the water had risen high enough to let the boats over,

when it gave way. Nothing daunted, Bailey and his willing helpers went to work building wing dams, and before certain officers high in command had done lamenting over the catastrophe the new dams were thrown out and the fleet saved. The water on the rapids was raised six feet, and considering the few days in which the work was completed and the difficulties overcome it was, as Porter characterized it, a most marvelous piece of engineering. Bailey received the thanks of Congress and was promoted to Brigadier General, all of which he richly deserved for his great services to the country.

While our army was laying at Alexandria the enemy by a spirited maneuver got by and planted a powerful battery on the bank below. Two light draughts, the Covington and Signal, started down the river with a convoy of transports. They were surprised by the battery and sharpshooters, and though they made a gallant fight, were so badly handled that one was captured and burned and the other was abandoned by her crew and set on fire to keep her from falling into the enemy's hands. This was the last effort of the enemy to obstruct the river. The army and fleet soon moved down and the enemy gave them a wide berth. On the 20th of May, 1864, while the army was returning, General Banks was relieved by General Canby, and the remarkable expedition was over.

During the summer Admiral Porter was relieved, Captain Pennock taking charge until November, when acting Rear Admiral Lee took command. He found the squadron in such admirable shape and so well organized and its work so nearly done that his new command entailed comparatively little labor or responsibility.

Guerrillas and light detached bodies of rebels continued to operate along the banks of the Mississippi, Cumberland, Tennessee and White rivers, greatly to the annoyance of unarmed transports. The Red and Yazoo rivers were effectually blockaded by the gunboats, though not traversed. The other rivers named were constantly patrolled by the gunboats until the close of hostilities. The squadron was kept busy with this kind of duty, for it seemed that every Confederate command had detached large numbers of desperate men, full of dare-devil spirit and eager to rob somebody, nearly all of whom had gathered along the rivers as the safest and most promising field for their nefarious work. But

the gunboats gave them little rest, and often inflicted the severest punishment upon them. Sometimes the gunboats were roughly handled by roving batteries, and in several instances tinclads were destroyed by them. At Clarendon, Arkansas, in June, 1864, General Shelby planted a battery during the night bearing on the Queen City, and at break of day fired into her as she lay at anchor, with most of her crew in their bunks and hammocks. She was completely disabled, and that part of her crew who failed to escape by swimming to the opposite shore were taken prisoners. Before Shelby could remove the heavy guns of the captured vessel he was compelled to blow her up by the sudden appearance of the Tyler and two light draughts. These boats immediately attacked him and blew his guns clear out of the works, killing and wounding many of his men. The loss of the boats, however, in the engagement was nine killed and twenty-seven wounded, and one boat disabled.

The main cause of the war in the west had now drifted away from the Mississippi valley to the region south and southwest of Nashville, embracing southern and eastern Tennessee and northern parts of Georgia and Alabama, and Mississippi. This gave the tinclads on the Tennessee and Cumberland more work to do. In an engagement with General Forrest in October, near Johnsonville, on the Tennessee, after a desperate fight, the Undine, Key-west, Elfin and Tawah, light draughts, were burned to keep them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Had they been able to hold out a few hours longer the arrival of General Schofield would have relieved them. But they had fought the enemy, who had heavy rifled pieces planted above and below them, till their last round of ammunition was gone, and the only thing left for them to do was to burn the boats and escape to the opposite shore from the rebels.

On the 24th of October, 1864, a superior force of rebels attacked General Granger, who was stationed with a small force at Decatur, Alabama, above the Muscle Shoals. The garrison defended itself heroically, but the enemy had gradually forced it to the point of surrender, when the little tinclad General Thomas arrived and drove the rebels off with considerable loss.

In December, 1864, the rebel army under Hood moved against Nashville. The Carondelet and five light draught gunboats hurried to the support of our army. The enemy planted a

battery of four 20-pounder rifles four miles below the city on the river. After a severe fight the gunboats silenced this battery and drove the encampment back. But other batteries were planted the following night in more advantageous positions, and for days the gunboats had plenty of hard fighting. Two batteries while fighting the boats were surprised and captured by the cavalry. Thus the gunboats moved up and down the river thwarting Hood's plans and harrassing him in such a manner as to aid General Thomas very materially. For thirty days and nights the officers and crews of the vessels had very little rest, so constantly were they called upon to head off Hood in his efforts to escape. But for the almost impassable roads and the inability of the gunboats to get above the Muscle Shoals in the Tennessee the bulk of Hood's army would have been captured. General Thomas wrote a letter to Admiral Lee thanking him for the efficient cooperation of the gunboats.

On the 14th of August, 1865, Admiral Lee was relieved, and the Mississippi Squadron, as an organization, ceased to be.

POWDER RIVER INDIAN EXPEDITION OF 1865.

WITH A FEW INCIDENTS PRECEDING THE SAME.

BY

CAPT. H. E. PALMER, 11TH KANSAS CAVALRY.

(Read February 2, 1887, and Revised February 2, 1900.)

In August, 1864, I was ordered to report to General Curtis, who commanded the Department of Kansas, at Fort Leavenworth, and was by him instructed to take command of a detachment of the 11th Ohio cavalry, sixty men, every one of them lately Confederate soldiers with John Morgan on his raid into Ohio, captured there and confined at Columbus. They had enlisted in the Federal service under the pledge that they were to fight Indians and not rebels. I was to conduct these men to Fort Kearney and there turn them over to Captain Humphreyville of the 11th Ohio.

On my way out, near Big Sandy, now Alexandria, Thayer county, Nebraska, I met a party of freighters and stage coach passengers on horseback, and some few ranchmen, fleeing from the Little Blue valley. They told me a terrible story; that the Indians were just in their rear, and that they had massacred the people west of them—none knew how many. All knew that the Cheyennes had made a raid into the Little Blue valley, striking down all before them. After camping for dinner at this place and seeing the last citizen disappear toward the states, I pushed on to the Little Blue and camped in the valley, where we saw two Indians about five miles away on a hill as we went into camp.

Next day I passed Eubank's ranch, where we found the bodies of three little children, from three to seven years old, who had been taken by the heels by the Indians and swung around against the log cabin, beating their heads to a jelly. Found the hired girl some fifteen rods from the ranch staked out on the prairie, tied by her hands and feet, naked, body full of arrows and

horribly mangled. Not far from this was the body of Eubank with whiskers cut off and body most fearfully mutilated. Mrs. Eubank was missing. The buildings had been fired and the ruins were yet smoking. Nearly the same scene of desolation and murder was witnessed at Spring Ranch. Camped that night at Liberty farm. Next day we passed wagon trains, in one place seventy wagons loaded with merchandise, en route for Denver. The teamsters had mounted the mules and made their escape. The Indians had opened boxes contained dry goods, taking great bolts of calicos and cloths, carried off all they wanted, and had scattered the balance around over the prairie. Bolts of cloth had been seized by Indians on horseback, who had dropped the bolt, holding on to one end of the cloth, and galloped off over the prairie to stretch it out. Five wagons loaded with coal oil, in twenty-gallon cans, had been inspected by the Indians; some fifteen or twenty cans had been chopped open with hatchets to see what was inside. None of them had sense enough to set the coal oil on fire, otherwise the entire train would have been destroyed, though several wagons had been fired and burned. These Indians had attacked the troops at Pawnee ranch August 9, 1864, under the command of Captain E. B. Murphy of the 7th Iowa cavalry, and had driven them into Fort Kearney. Murphy had only thirty men. (T. J. Potter, late Vice President of the Union Pacific Railway, was one of Murphy's Lieutenants in this fight.) Captain Murphy returned August 15th with 110 soldiers and plainsmen and a mountain howitzer and renewed the fight. By this time, about August 20th, the main body of the Indians was far away in the Republican valley, en route for Solomon river. I followed their rear guard to a point near where the town of Franklin, in Franklin county, Nebraska, on the Republican, now stands. Camped there one night and then marched north to Fort Kearney. On that day's march we saw millions of buffalo.

This raid on the Blue was made by the Cheyennes under the command of Black Kettle, One-Eyed George Bent, Two Face and others. Mrs. Eubank and a Miss Laura Roper were carried away captives. We ransomed them from the Indians, who brought them into Fort Laramie in January, 1865. Just prior to this outbreak on the Little Blue a number of the same Indians had attacked a train near Plum Creek, thirty-one miles west of Fort Kearney, on the south side of the Platte, and had killed sev-

eral men. From Plum Creek they moved on down the Little Blue, passing south of Fort Kearney.

Colonel J. M. Chivington, commanding the 1st Colorado, was in command of the District of Colorado, headquarters at Denver, and during October and November, 1864, made several raids after these Indians. On the 29th of November, 1864, Colonel Chivington, with three companies of the 1st Colorado and a detachment of the 3rd Colorado under command of Colonel George L. Shoup, attacked Black Kettle, who with White Antelope, One-Eyed George Bent and other bands were encamped on Sand creek, 175 miles southeast of Denver. He attacked them just at daylight after a forty-mile ride in the dark by the troops. The Indians were surprised and 416 were killed—men, women and children. The fight was made in the village and the troops had no time to pick for the men and save the squaws. This was the first great punishment the Indians of the plains had received since Harney's fight at Ash Hollow.

On the 7th of January following the military and stage station at Julesburg, at the old California crossing on the south bank of the Platte, was attacked by the Indians. Captain Nicholas J. O'Brien, familiarly known among white men as "Nick O'Brien," and by the Indians as O-sak-e-tun-ka, was in command of the troops. The Indians (Sioux and Cheyennes) to the number of about one thousand, chased the stage coach into the station, killing one man of the escort and one horse. Captain O'Brien left a sergeant and twelve men in the fort to handle the two pieces of artillery, and, mounting the rest, thirty-seven men and one officer beside himself, went to meet the savages. As the men neared the top of the hill they saw the large force opposed to them, but never flinched. The Indians charged on them with great fury and killed fourteen of the soldiers. Captain O'Brien ordered his force to fall back, which they did in good order, leaving their dead comrades to fall into the hands of the Indians. The redskins endeavored to cut them off from the fort, and came very near doing it. The men finally gained the fort and held the enemy at bay with the artillery—two mountain howitzers. Night put an end to the conflict. The Indians withdrew during the night, and in the morning no one was in sight. The soldiers went out to find the bodies of their dead comrades; found them, but nearly all were beyond recognition—stripped of clothing, horribly mu-

tilated, their fingers, ears and toes cut off, their mouths filled with powder and ignited, and every conceivable indignity committed on their persons. The Indians, as they afterwards admitted, lost over sixty warriors. None were found on the field, as they always carry away their dead with them.

These events emphasized the fact that there was an Indian war on the plains, extending from the settlements bordering on the Missouri river in Nebraska and Kansas from the Arkansas river to the Platte. There were at this time no settlements in Nebraska Territory north of and along the Platte river except the little hamlet of Fremont, a few buildings at Columbus, a ranch at Lone Tree (now Central City) and a ranch and blacksmith shop at Grand Island. Fort Kearney was located on the south bank of the Platte about six miles from the present city of Kearney, Nebraska. The Platte route, Smokey Hill and Arkansas river routes were the three great highways from the Missouri river to the mountains and the Pacific coast beyond. More than five thousand teams loaded with freight and passengers passed a given point on the Platte in one month in 1864. Russell, Majors & Waddell were transporting millions of pounds of freight for the Government. Colorado with its population of 60,000 people, Utah with as many more, and Montana, Idaho, Oregon and California were depending largely on freighters and overland travel. Ben. Holliday's overland coach, a daily stage with a capacity of from twelve to fifteen passengers—fourteen days from Atchison, Kansas, to Sacramento, California—and the Pony Express, ten days, were the fast means for communication until Creighton's telegraph line was completed in 1864. This was the situation when the Indian war startled the frontier settlers. Only four years previous, April, 1860, I had crossed the plains from Omaha to Denver all the way on foot, part of the time alone, never more than seven in the party: hundreds of thousands of people, men, women and children, had crossed in straggling parties, armed and unarmed, and not one Indian outrage had been committed. From some cause unrecorded the storm had gathered, and without warning savage hosts were assailing citizens and soldiers along a thousand miles of unprotected frontier.

In the winter of 1864, some time in December, I think, Brevet Brigadier General Tom Moonlight was placed in command of the District of Colorado and, until in May, 1865, had his head-

quarters at Denver. Some time during this month he made his headquarters at Laramie. March 30, 1865, the District of the Plains was created and General P. E. Conner was ordered from his command at Salt Lake to take command of the new district, with headquarters first at Fort Kearney, then at Denver, and in June at Julesburg. At Laramie General Moonlight organized an expedition to punish these marauding Indians. Before starting out on his expedition he learned from some of the trappers that two white women were with Two Face's band near the south base of the Black Hills. Through interpreters, trappers and Ogalalla Sioux communication was opened up with these Indians, and for a large number of ponies, blankets and a quantity of sugar, etc., the two white women were purchased from the Indians and brought into Laramie. Two Face and two of his best warriors, Blackfoot and Black Crow, came in with the prisoners to surrender them. The armistice was violated. Two Face and his warriors were arrested and hanged in chains about two miles north of the fort on the bluffs, where their bodies were allowed to hang until the crows carried away all the flesh from their bones.

One of these women, Mrs. Eubank, was the wife and mother of the massacred party at Eubank's ranch, near Spring Ranch, on the Little Blue in Nebraska, now one of the best settled portions of this state. I had known Mrs. Eubank before the Indian troubles—met her at her home in the spring of 1861, just after she had moved from Ohio to brave the dangers of a pioneer life and do the cooking for stage coach passengers on the old Ben. Holliday line. She was a fine looking woman, full of youth, beauty and strength, but a short time married, with bright prospects for the future. I remember, too, that her log cabin was unlike anything else I had seen on the road west. The dirt roof, supported by heavy timbers, was hidden by cotton cloth, which gave to the interior of the cabin a clean, tidy look; the rough board floor was covered with a plain carpet; real china dishes, not greasy tin pans and cups, appeared upon the table. That, with a fine dinner, made an indelible impression upon my mind. As I stood at the smoking ruins of her home in August, 1864, knowing that her body could not be found, and wondering if she were a captive among the Indians, I thought then: would I ever see her again alive? A few weeks after her rescue from the Indians I

met her again at Fort Laramie. The bright-eyed woman appeared to me to be twenty years older. Her hair was streaked with gray, her face gave evidence of suffering, and her back, as shown to General Conner and myself, was a mass of raw sores from her neck to her waist, where she had been whipped and beaten by Two Face's squaws. The sores had not been permitted to heal and were a sight most sickening to behold. The poor woman was crushed in spirit and almost a maniac. I sent an escort with her and her companion, Miss Laura Roper, with an ambulance to Julesburg, where they were placed upon a coach and returned to the east. Miss Roper lived and married in Beatrice, Nebraska. Mrs. Eubank went back to her friends in Ohio, and I have never heard from her since.

Moonlight's raid after the Indians was a failure. Through mismanagement he allowed his command to be ambushed, June 18, 1865, his horses captured and several men killed, retreating to Fort Laramie in time to receive an order from General P. E. Conner to report to the commanding officer at Fort Kearney, Nebraska, for muster out of service.

My regiment, 11th Kansas cavalry, was ordered upon the plains in February, 1865. We left Fort Riley, Kansas, on the 16th. After experiencing a most fearful snow storm and blizzard the command, about 600 strong, reached Fort Kearney, Nebraska, on the 3rd day of March, 1865, and in a few days pushed on to Lodge Pole creek and camped near the present town of Sidney, where they went into winter quarters; remaining there, however, only a few weeks; when they were ordered to Mud Springs, where they again attempted to build winter quarters; from there to Laramie, Platte Ridge and Fort Halleck; then they were strung out on the overland stage route with some 2,500 men in all, guarding the through mail line. I had returned to Fort Leavenworth from Fort Kearney on detached service, and in June, 1865, was ordered to report to General Conner, whom I found at the old California crossing on the Platte.

General Conner had with him two companies, L and M, of the 2nd California cavalry, and a detachment of the 11th Ohio, under command of Captain Humphreyville, and Captain O'Brien with his company of the 7th Iowa cavalry, and two mountain howitzers, manned by Captain O'Brien's men and commanded by him. The command was delayed several hours trying to cross the

Platte, June 24, 1865, which was then receiving snow-water from the mountains, and was even bank. The crossing was made by swimming the stock and floating over the stores, wagons, etc., in wagon boxes covered with tarpaulins. The men were also crossed on these rafts. We camped on the Lodge Pole. In the afternoon after the first day's march from the Platte the men indulged in fishing in Lodge Pole creek. Trout and pike were hauled out by the bushel with gunny-sack seines. While we were cooking our fish forty mules (that had made themselves useful drawing headquarters' wagons and ambulances, etc.) feeding on the opposite bank of the creek, about one hundred yards from headquarters, were frightened by a jack rabbit. One of the mules leading the band was feeding close to a large jack rabbit sitting behind a bunch of sage brush. Lieutenant Jewett, aid-de-camp, and myself happened to discover the rabbit just before the mule saw it. Jewett remarked that he thought we would see some fun when the mule got a little closer to the rabbit. Sure enough, when the mule got within a few feet of the bunch of sage brush, Mr. Jack gave a monstrous jump to change location. The mule gave a snort and started back among the herd on a gallop. All the rest of the mules joined the leader, becoming more frightened at every jump, and away they went for the hills about a mile away, no stop or halt until they disappeared. The General ordered a squad of cavalymen to gather their hobbled animals and start in pursuit. This was done, but "nary" a mule was seen afterwards. When the cavalry reached the hills they were met by a band of Indians, who beat them back. Before we could assist them, both Indians and mules were far away, and before we got near them they were across the North Platte, near Ash Hollow, en route for the Black Hills. Next day, June 26, 1865, we were attacked by Indians near Mud Springs and gave them a lively chase, the fight not ending until about 10 o'clock at night, when the men gathered in camp to prepare supper.

Soon after the return to camp General Conner decided he must send Lieutenant Oscar Jewett, his aid-de-camp, who had had great experience in Indian warfare, to Chimney Rock, some thirty miles north, where a large supply train in charge of Leander Black was encamped. Overhearing the instructions to Lieutenant Jewett, that he must go alone and run the risk of riding among the Indians, I begged General Conner to allow me to accompany

Jewett. At that time I had not been assigned to any particular duty—was simply a passenger in the General's ambulance, en route to join my company, which was supposed to be stationed at Platte Bridge, on the North Platte, west of Laramie. To impress the General with my claims I gave him to understand that I had seen much of the Indians and was as capable of dodging their arrows as Lieutenant Jewett. After some hesitancy the General consented that I might go, but instructed us to ride at least 600 yards apart, one behind the other. We left at 11 o'clock and before daylight next morning were in the camp of the supply train, and had the men aroused ready to meet an attack expected at daylight. The ride was a very interesting one, the night being as dark as I ever experienced, and neither one of us heard or saw the other until we met in Black's camp.

Next day General Conner issued an order assigning me to duty as Acting Assistant Adjutant General, District of the Plains. Our march from this point (Chimney Rock) to Fort Laramie was devoid of anything particularly exciting. We were detained at Fort Laramie until the 30th day of July awaiting supply trains. During this time expeditions were organized by General Conner, supplied with trains of provisions and munitions of war, and started for a general rendezvous at the mouth of the Rosebud, near the south bank of the Yellowstone river. One of these expeditions, composed of the 16th Kansas, under command of Lieutenant Colonel Samuel Walker, left us at Laramie, marching in a northeasterly direction up the Rawhide, across the Cheyenne to the Belle Fourche, along the west base of the Black Hills to the right of Devil's Tower toward the Little Missouri until he intercepted Colonel Coles' command. Walker's command, designated as the center column, was composed of 600 men of the 16th Kansas cavalry. He was ordered to march July 29, but his command mutinied and refused to go, claiming that they had enlisted to fight rebels, not Indians; that the war for which they enlisted was over and they should be mustered out. Two mountain howitzers double-shotted with grape and canister were sent to Walker's camp to help him enforce his order; the ringleaders were arrested and his command marched away July 30th, and did valiant service before their return in October. He took forty days' supplies packed on mules.

The right column of the Powder River Indian expedition

was commanded by Colonel Nelson Cole of the 2nd Missouri light artillery, and was composed of 797 officers and men of the 2nd Missouri light artillery serving as cavalry and 311 officers and men of the 12th Missouri cavalry—in all 1,108 men, not including guides. He marched from Omaha, Nebraska, to Columbus, thence up the Loup, north fork, to its head, thence north across the Niobrara, Cheyenne river, to the east base of the Black Hills, around the north side, through the present site of Fort Meade, near the present city of Spearfish, on to the Little Missouri and to Powder river, intercepting Walker's command on the Belle Fourche. He was ordered to meet Conner at the mouth of the Rosebud.

About the 9th of July I was relieved as Acting Assistant Adjutant General by Captain C. J. Laurant, a regular Assistant Adjutant General, who had been sent by General Dodge to report to General Conner. The General refused to let me join my company and issued an order announcing me as his Acting Assistant Quartermaster, and instructed me to provide transportation, forage, etc., for the expedition.

I found that there were only about seventy Government wagons at Fort Laramie; that the commissary stores and forage required for the expedition and required by the command under Colonels Cole and Walker would require in the neighborhood of 200 wagons to transport the same. I was compelled to press citizens' outfits into service. I pressed into service forty wagons belonging to Ed. Creighton, which was under the charge of Thomas Alsop; captured Tom Pollock's train of thirty wagons and other trains until I had a train of 185 wagons. General Conner's command left Fort Laramie on the 30th day of July, 1865, en route for Powder river. Our column was known as the "Left Column of the Powder River Indian Expedition," and was composed of 68 men belonging to Company F, 7th Iowa cavalry, under command of Captain N. J. O'Brien, with First Lieutenant John S. Brewer, Second Lieutenant Eugene F. Ware; 60 men of Company E, 11th Ohio cavalry, under Captain Marshall; 70 men of Company K, 11th Ohio cavalry, Captain J. L. Humphreyville; 67 men of Company M, 2nd California cavalry, commanded by Captain Albert Brown; 49 men of Company L, 2nd California cavalry, commanded by Captain George Conrad; 14 men, a detachment of the 2nd Missouri artillery; 15 men, a detachment of

the signal corps of the United States Vols., under command of Lieutenant J. Willard Brown, assisted by Second Lieutenant A. V. Richards; 15 men on detached service from Company G, 11th Ohio cavalry, commanded by Lieutenant John B. Furay, serving in the Quartermaster's Department; 95 Pawnee scouts under command of Captain Frank North and 84 Winnebago and Omaha Indians under command of Captain E. W. Nash, together with six companies of the 6th Michigan cavalry, numbering about 200 men, under command of Colonel J. H. Kidd. The Michigan troops were intended as a garrison for the first military post established, to be located on Powder river, and were not properly a part of the left column of the Powder River Indian expedition. Not including the Michigan troops we had, all told, 358 soldiers and 179 Indians, together with about 195 teamsters and wagon masters in the train, which was in the direct charge of Robert Wheeling, chief train master. The General's staff was limited to five officers: Captain C. J. Laurant, A. A. G.; Captain Sam. Robbins, 1st Colorado cavalry, Chief Engineer; myself as Quartermaster; Captain W. H. Tubbs, A. C. S., and Lieutenant Oscar Jewett, A. D. C.

We arrived at the south bank of the Platte August 1st, expecting to cross at the old La Bonta crossing. The General, with his guides and advance guards, had arrived the night before, expecting from information furnished by his guides that he would find a good crossing here. Our guides, ten in number, chief among whom were Major James Bridger, Nick Janisse, Jim Daugherty, Mick Bouyer, John Resha, Antoine LeDue and Bordeaux, were supposed to be thoroughly posted on this country, especially with the region so near Fort Laramie, where they had been hundreds of times. But the treacherous Platte was too much for them. The spring flood that had just passed had washed away the crossing, and after ten hours' diligent searching not one of the cavalry escort could find a place to cross the river without swimming his horse and endangering his life. Coming up with the train, which did not reach camp until afternoon, I found the General thoroughly discouraged and more than disgusted with his guides. The river had been examined for four miles each way from La Bonta crossing and not a place could be found where it would be possible to cross a train. The alternative was presented to march to Platte

bridge, 130 miles out of our regular course. Soon after parking the train I rode off by myself on my Government mule up the river, searching for an antelope. Without noticing the distance traveled I was soon nearly five miles from camp and out of sight of the same over a sharp bluff near the river. Just beyond this bluff I discovered a fresh buffalo trail leading down into the water, and across the river on the opposite side could distinguish tracks that the buffalo had made coming out of the stream. Curious to know how they could cross so straight without swimming in the rapid current, I rode my mule into the river and crossed on a good, solid bottom.

Returning by the same route, I marked the location in my mind and rode back to camp in time for supper. Soon after feasting on antelope steak that I had captured on my expedition, and having lit my pipe, I strolled up to General Conner and asked if he proposed crossing the Platte at this point, or if he intended to go around by the bridge. The General seemed put out by my question, which, under the circumstances, he considered aggravating, and answered me rather roughly that we would have to go round by the bridge. I told him that if it was the train that bothered him about crossing, I would guarantee to have it on the opposite bank of the river by daybreak the next morning. The General's reply was: "Very well, sir; have it there." After 9 p. m., when all was still in camp, I detailed a gang of teamsters, about forty men, with picks and shovels and marched them up the river to the buffalo trail and set them at work making a road. It being a moonlight night, the work was easily prosecuted, and by break of day on the morrow the lead team of the 185 wagons stood, leaders in the river, waiting the command to march. As soon as it was light enough to distinguish the opposite shore I rode in ahead of the leaders and gave the command "Forward!" There was no break or halt until the train was parked opposite the General's camp, all before sunrise. In fact, the entire train was parked, the mules turned loose to graze and the men preparing their breakfast, when the sentinels on the opposite bank of the river discovered the train beyond the Platte and gave the alarm to the General, who rushed out of his tent undressed to see what he did not believe was true. He immediately ordered "Boots and Saddles" to be sounded, and in a short time the entire command was with us. After breakfast our column moved on, passing over

a country perfectly destitute of grass or timber and scarcely any water.

August 2nd and 3rd we made thirty-three miles, following up the north bank of the Platte.

August 4th opened with a cold, drizzling rain. Broke camp at 6 a. m. Weather soon cleared off. Found roads hilly; in fact, no roads at all. No wagon had even been near our line of march. Captain Brown with two California companies was ordered to push on, following up the Platte, while we struck off to the right. They were to march by way of the south slope of the Big Horn mountains into the Wind River valley and thoroughly reconnoitre that region of country, and to rejoin us within twenty or twenty-five days near the Crazy Woman's fork of the Powder river, which stream they were to strike near its head and follow down until they intercepted our command. The Omaha or Winnebago scouts under command of Captain Nash, eighty-four men, accompanied them. Flanking parties were reinforced on our line of march today, the Pawnee scouts composing same; also a party of the same scouts two or three miles ahead of the command. Every precaution was taken to guard against surprises. Parties were sent ahead for Indian signs, the guides reporting several strong indications of war parties having traveled the country ahead of us. Our course after leaving the Platte was in a north-westerly direction. Camped in some hills, where we found stagnant pools, grass very poor, country very rough, almost impossible to get the train through. We marched only ten miles and reached camp at half past 1 p. m. Teams were "doubled up" nearly every hill; no wood at this camp.

August 5th. Moved from camp at sunrise, traveled over several high ridges and made camp at Brown's Springs at 10 o'clock a. m. Grass and water excellent. Stock looking well so far, no accidents of a serious nature having happened since we started. General Conner very vigilant and careful about being surprised; he superintends every movement himself and is very sanguine that our expedition will be successful. Distance traveled today, eight and one-half miles, as measured by the General's ambulance odometer.

August 6th. Left Brown's Springs at 6 o'clock a. m., Sunday. Everything moves off in the usual manner; course nearly north. Saw Pumpkin Buttes at 1 o'clock p. m., which the guides

say is thirty miles from Powder river. Some careless soldiers fired the grass near our camp last night. The fire, getting beyond control, serves as a beacon light to the hostiles and gives great uneasiness to our guides, who fear that the Indians will be signalled thereby and may congregate in large numbers—too large for our little command. At the starting of this fire the flames ran across the camp toward two powder wagons. Volunteers from the General's headquarters' camp, together with some soldiers, rushed through the fire to the powder wagons and dragged them to a place of safety; in doing so had to pass over burning grass. Today our left flankers killed three buffalo. Made camp on the dry fork of the Cheyenne at 10 o'clock a. m. Grass and water plenty. No water visible, but any quantity of it within a few inches of the surface in the sandy bed of the river. Empty cracker boxes were sunk in the sand, sand scooped out and soon water could be dipped up by the bucketful, enough to water all the stock and to supply the camp. The last of the train did not reach camp until dark; distance marched only twelve miles.

August 7th. Broke camp at the usual hour; roads very heavy today; distance traveled eighteen miles. The train did not all arrive in camp until after midnight. Our camp was at some springs in a cosy little valley, where we found plenty of grass and enough wood to cook our buffalo meat. Five buffalo killed and brought in today; any quantity of buffalo and antelope in sight on both flanks. Teams gave out today, many of the mules refusing to pull.

August 8th was spent in recuperating the stock; not a wheel was turned today.

(I refer to my dairy from this date on for only important events of the expedition; will not try to record the incidents of each day's march.)

August 9th. We obtained our first view of the Big Horn mountains at a distance of eighty-five miles northwest, and it was indeed magnificent. The sun so shone as to fall with full blaze upon the southern and southeastern sides as they rose toward Cloud's Peak, which is about 13,000 feet above sea level, and the whole snow-covered range so clearly blended with the sky as to leave it in doubt whether all was not a mass of bright cloud. Although the day was exceedingly warm, as soon as we struck this ridge we felt the cooling breezes from the snow-clad mountains

that was most gratefully appreciated by both man and beast. In front and a little to the northeast could be seen the four columns of the Pumpkin Buttes, and fifty miles farther east Bear Butte, and beyond a faint outline of the Black Hills. The atmosphere was so wonderfully clear and bright that one could imagine that he could see the eagles on the crags of Pumpkin Buttes, forty miles away.

August 11th. Broke camp at the usual hour; traveled down Dry Creek; passed two or three mud holes, where the stock was watered. After eight miles marching got to a spot where we could see the long-looked-for Powder river. Saw columns of smoke down the river, indicating an Indian village a few miles away. It proved to be a fire which the hostile Indians had made a day or two before. Powder river is, at this point, a very rapid stream, water muddy like the Missouri; timber very plenty, ranging back from the river from one-half to one mile; grass not very good. Train reached camp at 2 o'clock and camped in the timber on the river bank. In the evening the General, some members of his staff and the guides, with an escort, went down the river to see if there were any signs of the Indians. Found a "good Indian" very lately sewed up in a buffalo skin and hung up in a tree. Many such sights along Powder river. The country traversed by the General was similar to the camp ground.

August 12th. Train remained in camp. An exploring expedition was sent up the river under the command of Lieutenant Jewett, with orders to proceed twenty miles, to look for a better location for a military post. Twenty-five of the 6th Michigan cavalry went up the river with Lieutenant Jewett to the crossing of the old traders' trail from Platte bridge to the Big Horn mountains, and past the same to the Bozeman trail, made in 1864 by J. M. Bozeman of Montana. Lieutenant Jewett found bottoms on both sides of the river, banks heavily timbered, flanked by high, bold bluffs, with Indian signs all along the stream—scarcely a mile where there had not been Indian villages, some within a few weeks, some that were probably made years and years ago. Some camps gave evidence that the Indians had very large droves of horses, as the trees were badly girdled. Numerous Indian burial trees were found with lots of "good Indians" tied up in them. Several bands of buffalo were seen during the day. Lieutenant Jewett returned to camp the same day, having made a fifty-mile march.

August 14th. The first timber was cut today for building a stockade, the General having decided to erect a fort on the west bank of the river at this point on a large mesa rising about 100 feet above the level of the river and extending back, as level as a floor, about five miles to the bluffs. A very fine location for a fort, the only disadvantage being scarcity of hay land. Our stockade timber was cut twelve feet long and was from eight to ten inches in thickness. These posts were set four feet deep in the ground in a trench. Every soldier and all the teamsters who could be urged to work were supplied with axes, and the men seemed to enjoy the exercise, chopping trees and cutting stockade timber.

August 16th. Command still in camp waiting for a train of supplies from Fort Laramie before we proceed. Indian scouts discovered a war party today and the soldiers gave them a running fight, Captain North's Pawnees in the advance, with only a few staff officers, who were smart enough to get to the front with the Pawnees. Captain North followed the Indians about twelve miles without their being aware of our pursuit; then the fun began in earnest. Our war party outnumbered the enemy, and the Pawnees, thirsty for blood and desirous of getting even with their old enemy, the Cheyennes, rode like mad devils, dropping their blankets behind them and all useless paraphernalia, rushed into the fight half naked, whooping and yelling, shooting, howling—such a sight I never saw before. Some twenty-four scalps were taken, twenty-nine horses captured and quite an amount of other plunder, such as saddles, fancy horse trappings and Indian fixtures generally. The Pawnees were on horseback twenty-four hours and did not leave the trail until they overtook the enemy. There was a squaw with the party; she was killed and scalped with the rest. On their return to camp they exhibited the most savage signs of delight, and if they felt fatigued did not show it; rode into camp with the bloody scalps tied to the ends of sticks, whooping and yelling like so many devils. In the evening they had a war dance instead of retiring to rest, although they had been up more than thirty hours. The war dance was the most savage scene I had ever witnessed. They formed a circle and danced around a fire, holding up the bloody scalps, brandishing their hatchets and exhibiting the spoils of the fight. They were perfectly frantic with this, their first grand victory over their

hereditary foe. During the war dance they kept howling "Hoo yah, hoo yah, hoo yah, hoo yah," accompanying their voices with music (if such it could be called) made by beating upon an instrument somewhat resembling a drum. No one who has never witnessed a genuine Indian war dance could form any conception as to its hideousness—the infernal "Hoo yahs" and din-din of the tom-tom. These howling devils kept up the dance, first, much to our amusement, until long after midnight, when finally the General becoming thoroughly disgusted, insisted upon the officer of the day stopping the noise. After considerable talk Captain North, their commander, succeeded in quieting them, and the camp laid down to rest; but this war dance was kept up every night until the next fight, limited, however, to 10 o'clock p. m.

August 19th. Several of the staff officers, myself included, went on a buffalo hunt in the afternoon. We killed several buffalo. One of the scouts reported having seen a large body of Sioux Indians. Captain North started with his company in pursuit; killed one Indian chief and captured six head of horses. Colonel Kidd went out in another direction with twenty-five men and reported from 500 to 1,000 Indians. Captain O'Brien and Lieutenant Jewett with fifteen men went ten or twelve miles down the river and camped until 3 o'clock on the morning of the 20th, then struck across the country toward camp, but saw no Indians. Captain Marshall, with forty men of the 11th Ohio, went in pursuit of another band of Indians and captured eleven head of stock. All of these scouting parties returned to camp; some on the 19th, some not until the 20th.

August 22nd. Broke camp at sunrise; started from Powder river going north, leaving part of the train at the fort, also all the 6th Michigan cavalry. Traveled twenty-three and one-half miles and made camp on Crazy Woman's Fork of the Powder river, so named because of the fact that some fifteen years before, a poor, demented squaw lived near the bank of the river in a "wickiup" and finally died there. The water of this stream is not as good as that of the Powder river, more strongly impregnated with alkali; grass not very good; sage brush abundant, some timber on the stream. Saw some signs of Indians, but none very recent. About noon today Captain Albert Brown, with his Company L, 2nd California cavalry, joined us. He had been on a three weeks' scout—left us August 4th for the Wind river country

—had followed the Wind river valley to a point west of the south end of the Big Horn range, and then east to Crazy Woman's Fork, and down this valley to our command; had seen no Indians; game in abundance.

August 23rd. Left Crazy Woman's Fork at 6 o'clock a. m.; traveled north five miles; came to a dry creek; passed several of the same kind during the day; did not find any running water; stock suffered some from want of same. The country is rolling, still seems more compact and gives us a much better road than we had on the south side of the Powder river. The Big Horn mountains lying right to our front, seem to be within rifle range, so very near that we could see the buffalo feeding on the foot hills; the pine trees, rocks and crags appear very distinct, though several miles away. Fourteen miles from Crazy Woman's fork we struck the Bozeman wagon trail, made in 1864. Made camp at 3 o'clock; grass splendid; plenty of water, clear and pure as crystal and almost as cold as ice. The stream was full of trout and the boys had a glorious time in the afternoon bathing in the ice water and fishing for trout with hooks made of willows. Several bands of buffalo had been feeding close to camp, and about 5 o'clock p. m. about twenty-five cavalymen rode out and surrounded a band and drove them into a corral formed of our wagons, and there fifteen were slaughtered and turned over to the commissary department.

The General and a few of his staff officers, myself included, went up the stream to a high mesa some three miles above camp and got a beautiful view of the country and the surrounding hills; returning ran upon a monstrous grizzly, which took shelter in a little plum patch covering about an acre of ground. One of our party, Train Master Wheeling, with more daring than the rest of us cared to exhibit, rode up within a few rods of the patch; the bear would rush out after him, when he would turn with his mule so quickly that the bear could not catch him, the bear close to his heels snapping and growling, at the same time receiving the fire of our Sharpe's rifles. After receiving the same Mr. Grizzly would retire, and again Wheeling would draw him out of the plum patch, and again we would pour cold lead into his carcass. The fight was intensely interesting. When we downed the grizzly we found we had perforated his hide with twenty-three balls. The animal was one of the largest of its species; we agreed that it weighed about 1,800 pounds.

From this point on to Montana—in fact, along the whole base of the Rocky mountains to the British Possessions—the country is perfectly charming, the hills are covered with a fine growth of grass, and in every valley there is either a rushing stream or babbling brook of pure, clear snow water filled with trout, the banks lined with trees, wild cherries, quaking asp, some birch, willow and cottonwood. No country in America is more picturesque than the eastern slope of the Big Horn mountains.

August 25th. Broke camp at the usual hour; pushed on north, passing along the base of the Big Horn mountains. Crossed several streams, one of which we named Coal creek, because of the fact that near the center of the stream lay a block of coal about twenty-five feet long, eight feet thick and about twelve feet wide, the water having washed through a vein of coal that cropped out at this point. We found coal here enough to supply our forges and to enable the blacksmith to do some needy repairs. Seven miles from Coal creek we came to a very pretty lake about two miles long and about three-fourths of a mile wide, which Major Bridger told us was DeSmet lake, named for Father DeSmet. The lake is strongly impregnated with alkali—in fact, so strong that an egg or potato will not sink if thrown into the water. Large, red bluffs are to be seen on both sides, and underneath the lake is an immense coal vein. Not many miles from this lake is a flowing oil well. A scheme might be inaugurated to tunnel under this lake, pump the oil into the lake, set the tunnel on fire and boil the whole body of alkali water and oil into soap. Made our camp on the Piney fork of the Powder river about two or three miles below the present site of Fort McKinney, where now is a flourishing city known as Buffalo, county seat of Johnson county, Wyoming. Just after we had gone into camp a large band of buffalo that had been aroused by our flankers came charging down the hill directly into the camp. Many of them turned aside, but several passed through among the wagons, much to the dismay of our animals, most of which were tied taking their meal of grain. One monstrous bull got tangled in the ropes of one of our tents and was killed while trampling it in the dust.

August 26th. Left Piney fork at 6 o'clock a. m. Traveled north over a beautiful country until about 8 a. m., when our advance reached the top of the ridge dividing the waters of the Powder from that of the Tongue river. I was riding in the ex-

treme advance in company with Major Bridger. We were 2,000 yards at least ahead of the General and his staff; our Pawnee scouts were on each flank and a little in advance; at that time there was no advance guard immediately in front. As the major and myself reached the top of the hill we involuntarily halted our steeds. I raised my field glass to my eyes and took in the grandest view that I had ever seen. I could see the north end of the Big Horn range, and away beyond, the faint outline of the mountains beyond the Yellowstone. Away to the northeast the Wolf mountain range was distinctly visible. Immediately before us lay the valley of Peneau creek, now called Prairie Dog creek, and beyond, the Little Goose, Big Goose and Tongue River valleys and many other tributary streams. The morning was clear and bright, with not a breath of air stirring. The old Major, sitting upon his horse with his eyes shaded with his hands, had been telling me for an hour or more about his Indian life—his forty years' experience on the plains, telling me how to trail Indians and distinguish the tracks of different tribes; how every spear of grass, every tree and shrub and stone was a compass to the experienced trapper and hunter—a subject that I had discussed with him nearly every day. In fact, the Major and myself were close friends. His family lived at Westport, Missouri. His daughter, Miss Jennie, had married a personal friend of mine, Lieutenant Waschman, and during the winter of 1863 I had contributed to help Mrs. Bridger and the rest of the family, all of which facts the Major had been acquainted with, which induced him to treat me as an old-time friend.

As I lowered my glass the Major said: "Do you see those ere columns of smoke over yonder?" I replied: "Where, Major?" to which he answered: "Over there by that ere saddle," meaning a depression in the hills not unlike the shape of a saddle, pointing at the same time to a point fully fifty miles away. I again raised my glass to my eyes and took a long, earnest look, and for the life of me could not see any column of smoke, even with a strong field glass. The Major was looking without any artificial help. The atmosphere appeared to be slightly hazy in the long distance, like smoke, but there were no distinct columns of smoke in sight. Yet, knowing the peculiarities of my frontier friend, I agreed with him that there were columns of smoke, and suggested that we had better get off our animals and let them feed until the Gen-

eral came up. This we did, and as soon as the General with his staff arrived I called his attention to Major Bridger's discovery. The General raised his fieldglass and scanned the horizon closely. After a long look he remarked that there were no columns of smoke to be seen. The Major quietly mounted his horse and rode on. I asked the General to look again; that the Major was very confident that he could see columns of smoke, which, of course, indicated an Indian village. The General made another examination and again asserted that there were no columns of smoke. However, to satisfy curiosity and to give our guides no chance to claim that they had shown us an Indian village and we would not attack it, he suggested to Captain Frank North, who was riding with his staff, that he go with seven of his Indians in the direction indicated to reconnoitre and to report to us on Peneau creek or Tongue river, down which we were to march. I galloped on and overtook the Major, and as I came up to him overheard him remark about "these damn paper collar soldiers" telling him there were no columns of smoke. The old man was very indignant at our doubting his ability to outsee us, with the aid of field glasses even. The joke was too good to keep, and I had to report it to the General. In fact, I don't believe the Major saw any columns of smoke, although it afterwards transpired that there was an Indian village in the immediate locality designated. Bridger understood well enough that that was a favorable locality for Indians to camp, and that at most any time there could be found a village there. Hence, his declaration that he saw columns of smoke.

Our march down Peneau creek was uneventful, the road being very good, much better than we had before found. This stream takes its name from a French trapper by the name of Peneau, who had been trapping for beaver. A band of buffalo close by tempted him to take a shot, which he did, slightly wounding a large bull. The bull took after him and Peneau fled for his life. Just as he reached the steep bank of the creek, some fifteen or twenty feet above the stream, Mr. Bull caromed on his rear and knocked Peneau clear over the bank head foremost into the creek, the bull tumbling in after him. Fortunately the fall was more disastrous to the bull than to the man, who was able to make his escape. Such is the story as told to me by Major Bridger. Our camp that night was in the valley of Peneau creek, not far from Tongue river, sixteen miles from Big Piney.

August 27th and 28th. Traveled down Peneau creek and Tongue river; country near the river very barren; no grass. After camping four of the Omaha scouts went a short distance from the camp and met a grizzly, which they imprudently fired upon. The grizzly closed upon them, killing one of the scouts and fearfully mangling two others before a relief party could drive away the bear. Just after sunset of this day two of the Pawnees who went out with Captain North toward Bridger's columns of smoke two days previous, came into camp with the information that Captain North had discovered an Indian village. The General immediately called me to his tent and instructed me to take command of the camp, keeping the wagons in corral, protect the stock and hold the position until he should return; that he was going out to fight the Indians. I had never been baptized with Indian blood, had never taken a scalp, and now to see the glorious opportunity pass was too much. So I begged the General to order Lieutenant Brewer of the 7th Iowa cavalry, who had just reported to me as being ill, to remain with the train and that I be allowed to accompany him in the glorious work of annihilating the savages. The General granted my request. The men were hurried to eat their supper, then being prepared, and at 8 p. m. we left camp with 250 white men and eighty Indian scouts as the full attacking force. From our calculation as to distance we expected to strike the village at daylight on the morning of the 29th. Our line of march lay up the valley of Tongue river, and after we had passed the point where our wagons had struck the stream we found no road, but much underbrush and fallen timber; and, as the night was quite dark, our march was very greatly impeded, so that at daylight we were not within many miles of the Indian village. The General was much disappointed at this delay, which compelled us to keep closely under cover, and in many instances to march along by the water's edge under the river bank in single file, to keep out of the sight of the Indians. I had worked myself to the extreme advance, and, like possibly many others in the command, had begun to think that there was no Indian village near us, and that we would have no Indians to fight. Arriving at this conclusion, I had become somewhat reckless and had determined that Captain North, who had joined our command soon after we left camp, should not reach the village in advance of myself. As we rode along close together conversing I managed to forge in

ahead of him just as we dropped down into a deep ravine; the bank on the side just beyond the stream was much higher than the bank from which we came, and the trail led up to this steep bank.

As I rode up the bank and came to the top my eyes beheld a sight as unexpected to me as a peep into sheol. Just before me lay a large mesa, or table, containing five or six hundred acres of land covered with Indian ponies, except a portion about one-half mile to the left, which was thickly dotted with Indian tepees full of Indians. Without a moment's hesitation I grasped the bits of my horse with my right hand and his nostrils with my left to prevent him from whinnying, threw myself from the saddle, dragging the horse down the bank against Captain North's horse, and whispered to him that we had found the village. Captain North held my horse while I ran back, motioning the men to keep still. In fact, the General had issued orders when we left camp that no man should speak above a whisper, and that when the horses attempted to whinny they should be jerked up with a tight rein. During the last half hour of our march several men had become somewhat careless and were not as cautious as they had been during the night. I soon met the General, who was close to the advance, and told him of my discovery. The word was passed back for the men to close up and to follow the General, and not to fire a shot until he fired in advance. General Conner then took the lead, rode his horse up the steep bank of the ravine and dashed out across the mesa as if there were no Indians just to the left; every man followed as closely as possible. At the first sight of the General the ponies covering the table land in front of us set up a tremendous whinnying and galloped down toward the Indian village. More than a thousand dogs commenced barking, and more than seven hundred Indians made the hills ring with their fearful yelling. It appeared that the Indians were in the act of breaking camp. The most of their tepees were down and packed for the march. The ponies, more than 3,000, had been gathered in and most of the warriors had secured their horses; probably half of the squaws and children were mounted, and some had taken up the line of march up the stream for a new camp. They were Arapahoes, under Black Bear and Old David, with several other chiefs not so prominent. The General watched the movements of his men until he saw the last man emerge from the

ravine, when he wheeled on the left into line. The whole line then fired a volley from their carbines into the village without halting their horses, and the bugles sounded the charge. Without the sound of the bugle there would have been no halt by the men in that column; not a man but what realized that to charge into the village without a moment's hesitancy was our only salvation. We already saw that we were greatly outnumbered, and that only desperate fighting would save our scalps. I felt for a moment that my place was with the train; that really I was a consummate fool for urging the General to allow me to accompany him. I was reminded that I had lost no Indians, and that scalping Indians was unmanly, besides being brutal, and for my part I did not want any dirty scalps; yet, I had no time to halt; I could not do it for my horse carried me forward almost against my will, and in those few moments—less than it takes to tell the story—I was in the village in the midst of a hand-to-hand fight with warriors and their squaws, for many of the female portion of this band did as brave fighting as their savage lords. Unfortunately for the women and children, our men had no time to direct their aim; bullets from both sides and murderous arrows filled the air; squaws and children, as well as warriors, fell among the dead and wounded.

The scene was indescribable. There was not much of the military in our movements; each man seemed an army by himself. Standing near the "sweat house," I emptied my revolver into the carcasses of three warriors. One of our men, a member of the 11th Ohio cavalry, formerly one of John Morgan's men, a fine looking soldier with as handsome a face as I ever saw on a man, grabbed me my the shoulder and turned me about that I might assist him in withdrawing an arrow from his mouth. The point of the arrow had passed through his open mouth and lodged in the root of his tongue. Having no surgeon with us of a higher grade than a hospital steward, it was afterwards, within a half hour, decided that to get the arrow out of his mouth the tongue must be, and was, cut out. The poor fellow returned to camp with us, and at this date I am unable to say whether he lived or died. Another man, a sergeant in the Signal Corps, by the name of Charles M. Latham, was shot in the heel. He had been through the entire war in the Army of the Potomac, and wore a medal for his bravery; had passed through many battles and escaped unharmed. This shot in the heel caused his death; he died a few days afterward

with lockjaw. The Indians made a brave stand trying to save their families, and succeeded in getting away with a large majority of their women and children, leaving behind nearly all of their plunder. They fled up a stream now called Wolf creek, General Conner in close pursuit. Soon after we left the village General Conner advised me to instruct Captain North to take his Indians and get all the stock he could possibly gather. This was done, and with a few stragglers I followed a small band of Indians up the main Tongue river about three miles, until they gathered recruits enough to turn upon us and force us back. General Conner pursued the fleeing savages fully ten miles from camp, when he found himself accompanied by only fourteen men; our horses had all become so fatigued and worn out that it was impossible to keep up. The General halted his small squad and attempted to take the names of his brave comrades, when the Indians, noticing the paucity of his numbers, immediately turned upon him and made a desperate effort to surround him and his small squad of soldiers. They fell back as rapidly as possible, contesting every inch, reinforced every few moments by some stragglers who had endeavored to keep up. With this help they managed to return to camp, where Captain North and myself had succeeded in corralling about 1,100 head of ponies. One piece of artillery had become disabled. The axletree of the gun carriage, a mountain howitzer, was broken. We left the wheels and broken axle near the river and saved the cannon. The command rendezvoused in the village and the men were set to work destroying Indian property. Scores of buffalo robes, blankets and furs were heaped up on lodge poles, with tepee covers and dried buffalo meat piled on top, and burned. On one of these piles we placed our dead and burned their bodies to keep the Indians from mutilating them. During our halt the Indians pressed up close to the camp and made several desperate attempts to recover their stock, when the mountain howitzer, under the skillful management of Nick O'Brien, prevented them from completing their aims. Our attack upon the village commenced at 9 a. m. The rendezvous in the village was about 12:30. We remained there until 2:30, and in the time intervening we destroyed an immense amount of Indian property—fully 250 Indian lodges and contents.

At half past 2 we took up the line of march for the train. Captain North, with his eighty Indians, undertook to drive the

stock; they were soon far ahead, while the rest of the force was employed in beating back Indians. The Indians pressed us on every side, sometimes charging up to within fifty feet of our rear guard. They seemed to have plenty of ammunition, but did most of their fighting with arrows, although there were some of them armed with muskets, with which they could send lead in dangerous proximity to our men. Before dark we were reduced to forty men who had any ammunition, and these only a few rounds apiece. The Indians showed no signs of stopping the fight, but kept on pressing us, charging upon us, dashing away at the stock, keeping us constantly on the move, until fifteen minutes of 12 o'clock, when the last shot was fired by our pursuers. At this time I had gone ahead with an order from General Conner to Captain North relative to handling the stock. Having completed my work, I halted by the side of the trail and waited for the General, who was with the rear guard. I remember, as I was getting off my horse, I heard the last shot fired some two or three miles in the rear. After I had dismounted I realized that I was fearfully tired, so tired that I could not stand up. I sat upon the ground and in a moment, in spite of myself, was in a sound sleep, and was only awakened by being dragged by my horse, which was an Indian pony that I had saddled from the captured stock. Nearly all our men had remounted themselves while we were rendezvousing in the Indian village, otherwise we would not have been able to keep out of the way of the pursuing Indians. My lariat was wrapped around my right arm, and with this the pony was dragging me across the prickly pears when I awakened. Realizing that I was on dangerous ground, I quickly mounted my pony and listened long for the least sound to indicate whether the General had come up or not. There was no noise—not a sound to be heard, the night intensely dark and myself so bewildered that I scarcely knew which way to go. Again jumping from my horse, I felt with my hands until I found the trail and discovered that the footprints of the horses went in a certain direction. Taking that as my course, I rode away as rapidly as possible, and after three miles hard riding overtook the General and his rear guard, who had passed me while I was asleep. All congratulated me on my narrow escape. We arrived at camp at daylight, after marching fully 130 miles without any rest or refreshments, except the jerked buffalo with which the boys had filled their pockets in the Indian village.

The incidents of this fight would make interesting reading. Many acts of personal bravery cannot be recorded. Suffice it to say that every man was a general. Not a command was given by the General after the first order to charge—not a man in the command but that realized that his life was in the balance. We must either whip the Indians, and whip them badly, or be whipped ourselves. We could see that the Indians greatly outnumbered us; that our main dependence was upon our superior equipments—we were better armed than they. As for fighting qualities, the savages proved themselves as brave as any of our men. The fight commenced at 9 o'clock, and was offensive until after 11, when the General was driven back into camp with his small squad of men; from that time until midnight we fought on the defensive. Yet we had accomplished a grand victory. Two hundred and fifty lodges had been burned with the entire winter supply of the Arapahoe band. The son of the principal chief (Black Bear) was killed, sixty-three Indians were slain and about 1,100 head of ponies captured. While we were in the village destroying the plunder most of our men were busy remounting. Our own tired stock was turned into the herd and the Indian ponies were lassoed and mounted. This maneuver afforded the boys no little fun, as in nearly every instance the rider was thrown or else badly shook up by the bucking ponies. The ponies appeared to be as afraid of the white men as our horses were afraid of the Indians. If it had not been for Captain North with his Indians it would have been impossible for us to take away the captured stock, as they were constantly breaking away from us trying to return toward the Indians, who were as constantly dashing toward the herd in the vain hope of recapturing their stock.

Many exciting scenes were witnessed upon the field of battle. During the chase up Wolf creek with the General one of North's braves picked up a little Indian boy that had been dropped by the wayside. The little fellow was crying, but when picked up by the soldier Indian fought like a wildcat. One of our men asked the Indian what he was going to do with the pappoose. He said: "Don't know; kill him, mebby." He was told to put him down and not to injure the bright little fellow. The Indian obeyed, and at least one pappoose owed his life to the kind-hearted soldier. Several of our men were wounded, some of them quite severely. Three or four afterwards died of their wounds. Two of our sol-

diers, white men, I forget their names, were found among the dead, and three or four of North's Indians were killed. Lieutenant Oscar Jewett, the General's aid-de-camp, the General's bugler and orderly were among the wounded. Lieutenant Jewett was shot through the thigh and through the hand, and yet was compelled to ride over sixty-five miles after receiving his wounds. We were absent from camp thirty-three hours, had marched 130 miles and during that time had had nothing to eat except a few hard-tack and some jerked buffalo meat. If there is a better record to the credit of the volunteer cavalry soldier I am not aware of the fact. We brought back to camp with us eight squaws and thirteen Indian children, who were turned loose a day or two afterwards.

August 30th and 31st we marched twenty-two miles down Tongue river. September 1st early in the morning a cannon shot was heard. No two persons could agree from what direction the sound came, but as this was the day fixed for the general rendezvous of Cole and Conner's commands near the mouth of the Rosebud, some eighty miles away, it was supposed that the sound came from that direction. General Conner directed Captain North with about twenty of his Indians and Captain Marshall with thirty men of the 11th Ohio cavalry to push on rapidly to the rendezvous to communicate with Cole. Marched fifteen miles.

September 2nd. Did not leave camp until 1 p. m. Marched down the river eight miles. Valley has narrowed up very much and the country appears rough and irregular. Last night several "medicine wolves" were heard prowling in the hills near camp. Ever since we left Fort Laramie our camp has been surrounded with thousands of wolves, making the night hideous with their infernal howling; but not until tonight have we heard the "medicine wolf," which old Bridger claims to be a supernatural sort of an animal whose howling is sure to bring trouble to the camp. Bridger, Nick Janisse and Rulo, being very superstitious, were so frightened at this peculiar howling that they took up their blankets and struck out for a new camp which, according to their theory, was the only way of escaping from the impending danger. They went down the river about half a mile and camped in the timber by themselves. ✓

September 3rd. Has been a cold, dreary day, raining most of the time; some snow. Weather very disagreeable for a mounted man compelled to march sixteen miles in the snow and rain.

September 4th. Weather not quite so cold as yesterday—not so disagreeable; country very rough; scarcely any grass, not a spear was seen for miles on the march. Passed down Tongue river; was compelled to cross the stream dozens of times. A messenger from Colonel Sawyer's train of emigrants came into camp tonight with the news that his train was attacked by the Indians, supposed to be the same ones that we had fought; that Captain Cole of the 6th Michigan and two of his men were killed; that the train was parked and the men doing their best to defend themselves. From him we learned that Colonel Sawyer with about twenty-five wagons and 100 men were en route from Sioux City to Bozeman by way of the Big Horn, or "Bozeman route;" that they had passed over the country by way of the Niobrara, north fork of Cheyenne, between Pumpkin and Bear Buttes, intersecting with our trail near Fort Conner, and Colonel Kidd, commanding Fort Conner, had sent Captain Cole with twenty men as an additional escort for the train to help them through the Arapahoe country.

Captain Brown and two companies of California troops were hastily detached from our command and marched west about forty miles to relieve the train. When they reached the train they found that the Indians had given up the attack, and on the next day the train pushed on, Captain Brown accompanying them. Our command continued their march fifteen miles down the river.

September 5th. Remained in camp all day waiting for some word from Captain Marshall. The General is very anxious to get some news from the column under the command of Colonel Cole. Captain Marshall's guide returned from the Rosebud tonight with no news from Cole's command. Captain Marshall reached camp with his men soon after, having been to the rendezvous and finding no evidence of our supporting column there.

September 6th. The command about-faced today and marched back up the river fifteen miles to find better grass for the stock, a scouting party under Captain North having returned from the mouth of the Tongue river on the Yellowstone and reported no grass and no sign of Cole's command.

September 7th. Marched upon the river fourteen miles; found good grass and camped.

September 8th. Captain Frank North with twenty of the Pawnee scouts left for Powder river this morning. Captain

Humphreyville and a part of his company were ordered to the Rosebud. Small scouting parties were sent in every direction to obtain, if possible, some news of Cole's command. No signs of Indians. Weather very cold and disagreeable.

September 9th. Still raining and snowing; roads are frightfully muddy; almost impossible to move the train; has been raining and snowing for three days.

September 10th. Stopped raining this morning. Several mules and horses have died from the effects of the storm. No news from the other column. Tongue river has risen about two feet, and we find it impossible to cross.

September 11th. Moved the camp one mile up the river to better grass. Captain Humphreyville returned from the Rosebud today, reporting no signs of Cole's command. Captain North also returned from Powder river and reports that he found from 500 to 600 dead cavalry horses, undoubtedly belonging to Cole's command; most of them were found shot at the picket line. From that it appears that Cole had been hard pressed by the Indians and had been compelled to dismount his men and shoot his horses, the Indians giving them no chance to forage. A large number of saddles and other property had been burned. His trail was well marked and showed that he had pushed on up the river in an opposite direction from the course which he had been ordered to take. This startling news gave evidence that we were nearing the end of our expedition, which we feared must end disastrously, and explains the distant report of cannon September 1st. As acting commissary of subsistence, as well as Quartermaster (Captain Tubbs had remained at Fort Conner), I realized that Cole's command must be out of provisions; that they had provisions until only the 3rd or 4th of September, when they were supposed to meet our train. That by this time, September 11th, they must be either out of provisions or had been living on half rations for some time.

The situation was, indeed, a critical one. Here a superior force had been attacked by the Indians at a point only fifty miles east of us, had been driven from its line of march to take another route, and had been so hard pressed by the savages that they were compelled to shoot their horses to save them from falling into the hands of the enemy and to enable the men to do better fighting on foot. Our fighting force was only about 350 men, counting sixty

men with Captain Brown, who was then 100 miles away; theirs 1,700—nearly five times our number. What would be our fate should these Indians return from the pursuit of Cole, cross over from the Powder river to Tongue river and concentrate with the Arapahoes in an attack upon us? We knew, or at least Captain North and his Indians knew, that the Indians who were pressing Cole were the Sioux and Cheyennes, and that they numbered thousands—according to the best estimate five or six thousand Indians. Nearly all the men realized that we must be prepared to do some very good fighting; that our only chance of escape from the country depended upon cautious movements as well as good luck.

Early on the morning of September 12th we took up our line of march for Fort Conner. By doubling teams, as many as thirty span of mules hitched to several wagons, we managed to drag our loads across the river and by hard work made twenty miles today. Saw two very large herds of elk that had been driven into the timber by the storm. Last night General Conner dispatched one white man, Sergeant C. L. Thomas, Company E, 11th Ohio cavalry, who volunteered to go with two Pawnee Indians at the risk of his life and join Cole's command with dispatches from the General, directing Cole to push on up Powder river to Fort Conner, where he would find supplies for his men, a fact unknown to Colonel Cole. This move was an important one, and the scouts were instructed to travel only by night and to run the gauntlet at all hazards, otherwise Cole and his men might perish within close proximity to the fort, where there was an abundance of food and ammunition. This party made the trip safely. Traveling only by night, they managed to reach Cole's camp and told him—which to his starving troops was glorious news—that if they pushed on rapidly they would find plenty to eat. (Sergeant Thomas lives at Dwight, Kan., and is certainly entitled to a medal of honor from Congress for this brave deed.)

September 13th. Continued our march up the river eight and one-half miles, when the teams were so badly played out that we could march no farther.

September 14th. Marched thirteen and one-half miles. Another detachment of scouts, Pawnee Indians under command of Captain North, and also Captain Marshall with a small squad of the 11th Ohio cavalry, started for Powder river this evening with instructions to fight their way through to Cole's command. The

General is risking our entire force for the salvation of Cole's men. If our force should be attacked now it would be short work for the Indians to massacre the entire party.

September 15th and 16th were spent in recuperating our stock, as we found the mules too weak to pull the wagons.

September 17th. Marched up the river fourteen miles and camped. About 3 p. m. today, while the train was crossing the river and experiencing a great deal of trouble, I straggled on ahead of the command to the advance guard beyond. I had my Sharpe's rifle with me and thought I would push on a little farther and see if I could not shoot an elk. Crossing over a little divide I found that to reach the next point of timber I had a bottom of about two miles in width to cross. Not seeing any Indians or signs of Indians, I recklessly gave my fast-walking mule the rein and continued on. Soon after reaching the timber I concluded I was getting too far ahead of the command, led my mule a short distance off the road, tied him to a sapling, took my gun and sat down on a log, when suddenly I heard the clank of horses' hoofs upon the rocks just ahead of me. Glancing in that direction I saw just before me a party of Indians. I sprang to my feet and raised my carbine as they pulled their reins, having noticed me. Just at that moment the face of a white man appeared behind the Indians and they threw up their hands to show that they were friendly. The white man, who proved to be Lieutenant Jones of the 2nd Missouri artillery, rode up. He was from Cole's command and had been sent by Cole with Sergeant Thomas and his two Indians to advise General Conner of the safe arrival of our scouts, and that he would push on to Fort Conner. Jones had left Cole's command in an opposite direction from the Indians; had gone around them, striking our trail near Big Piney, and followed down Peneau creek to Tongue river to the point where we met. I was so rejoiced at hearing from Cole's command that I could scarcely keep back the tears, and when I rode back to the train the news set the men wild with joy. Cole's command had been found. Lieutenant Jones reported that soon after passing to the right of the Black Hills they were attacked by the Sioux and Cheyennes, who had continued to fight them from that time until they reached Powder river. By that time their stock had become so worn out for want of feed that they were compelled to shoot many of their horses and burn up a large supply of saddles, stores

and accoutrements, and to turn from their course towards the Wolf mountains and the Rosebud, the country before them being so rough that they could not drag their wagons after their command. Colonel Cole, being so early surrounded by Indians, made up his mind that General Conner's command must have been massacred, and that if he ever reached the Rosebud he would then be in a more dangerous position than he was east of Wolf mountains; that his only chance for escape now would be in marching up Powder river, making his way if possible to Fort Laramie. Several of his men had been wounded by the Indians, and for several days the men had to subsist on mule meat, being absolutely out of provisions.

September 18th and 19th. We continued our march up the river, camping on the 19th on Peneau creek, three miles above our old camp. Large bodies of elk passed the command today, and several of them were halted by our bullets.

September 20th. Continued our march up Peneau creek sixteen miles.

September 21st. The command marched twenty-one miles today. Just before we left camp this morning I prevailed upon the General to allow Lieutenant Jewett, Captain Laurant and myself, with three men, to ride two or three miles to the right of the command, to the front of the right flankers, to give us an opportunity to kill some elk; the country seemed full of of them. The General made us promise that we would keep together, and, being well armed, we might fight off the Indians if they should attack us and make our way back to the train. We extended our ride some two or three miles to the right of the line of march and out of sight of the train in the foothills of the mountains. About 8 o'clock we ran across a large band of buffalo, and, as we were out upon a hunt, we dashed among them to see how many we could kill. I took after a fine bull, one of the best in the herd, which with a small band of buffalo struck up a ravine. It was short work to down the fellow and cut out his tongue as a trophy and to remount, when I discovered that there was not one of the party in sight—I was entirely alone. I rode up on a hill, expecting to see the party a short distance away, but saw nothing, except here and there a buffalo, all on the gallop, and here and there an antelope. Thinking I was pretty close to the men, I pushed on in my regular course south parallel to the train, obliquing a little

to the left, expecting soon to come in sight of the wagons. After riding about half a mile and reaching the top of a little ridge I discovered, just before me, an antelope so close that I could not resist the temptation to chance a shot. Jumping from my pony, which, by the way, was a wild Indian pony captured out of the herd a day or two before, I threw the lariat over my arm, raised the gun and fired. The pony made a jump and dragged the rope through my hands, blistering them badly, and escaped, galloping off in an opposite direction from the course I was traveling. My first impulse was to fire at the pony to save my saddle and other accoutrements. Turning, I saw that I had shot the antelope and that he was getting onto his feet again. As he was so close by I dropped my gun to the ground, pulled my revolver, ran up towards the antelope and fired as I ran. The antelope gained his feet and started down the slope. I had fired the last shot from my revolver and had no time to reload, and as I had wounded the antelope I continued the pursuit. For nearly half a mile I followed the antelope in a winding course, until finally he fell to the ground in his death struggles. I cut his throat and took the saddle—the two hindquarters. Started back to the hill to get my gun, but found I was on the wrong hill. Was finally compelled to return to the carcass and retrace my steps to where I fired at the antelope, tracking my way by the blood. This work delayed me fully an hour, but I was rewarded by finding the gun. Then, as I was so far behind the train (it was now 10 o'clock), I concluded it would be dangerous to attempt to follow it, and as I was afoot my only salvation was in keeping at least four miles to the right of the train and to make camp in the night time. I hung on to the saddle of antelope and with my gun took up the tramp. After walking two or three miles I came to a ridge overlooking a little valley and in the valley saw a horse, which upon closer inspection I determined to be my own, and which had by a roundabout course struck the valley ahead of me. The animal was feeding by himself—not another animal in sight. I resolved at once to make an effort to re-capture him. Slipping down to the creek I deposited my gun and antelope meat in the limb of a dead cottonwood and commenced to crawl through the grass, which was very high, towards the horse. After more than an hour's work, slowly dragging myself along, I just managed to get hold of the end of the rope, but not with sufficient grip to hold the startled pony, who

again escaped from me. This only aggravated me and made me resolve that I would have the pony or die trying. One, two and more than three hours passed before I could again get hold of the rope, and finally it was about 4 o'clock p. m. when I managed to capture the pony. I had worked up the valley three or four miles above where I had left the antelope meat and my gun, but after I had mounted my pony it was a short ride back to these articles, and without further incident of importance reached the camp at daylight next morning, having gone fifteen miles out of my way to avoid the possible chance of meeting Indians. The other members of the party had joined the command about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and after 9 o'clock that night nearly every man in the camp had given me up for dead.

September 22nd. Captain Marshall and a detachment of his company came from Fort Conner with a letter to General Conner with the news that he had been relieved of the command of the District of the Plains under an order from Major General John Pope, commanding the Department of the Missouri, dated at St. Louis, Missouri, August 22, 1865, abolishing the District of the Plains and ordering Conner to Salt Lake. This was the first communication or dispatch received by Conner since August 15th, and not a man of our command had received a letter from the States of a later date than July 20. We also learned that Colonel Cole, with his two regiments of Missouri troops and the 16th Kansas cavalry, had reached Fort Conner in a very destitute condition, half of the men barefoot, and that for ten days they had had no rations at all and had subsisted entirely upon what little game they could get close to camp and on mule meat, and that they had been obliged to burn a large portion of their train, together with camp equipage.

September 23rd. Camped on Crazy Woman's fork, and on September 24th reached Fort Conner, having traveled twenty-five miles today. The General and staff reached the fort about 11 a. m. The train got in just before sundown.

Cole's men looked as if they had been half starved, and are very ragged and dirty; the men resemble tramps more than they do soldiers. They have had little but suffering since they left the Platte river, and are as disgusted and discouraged an outfit as I ever saw. They report having fought the Indians six days on the Powder river and claim they killed 300 or 400 of them. This day's

march ends the story of the Powder River Indian expedition. General Conner will return with a small escort of men, leaving the command of the expedition to Colonel Cole, who will make his way back to the States by slow marches. General Frank Wheaton has been assigned to the command of the District of the Plains, and we expect to meet him at Fort Laramie. I persuaded General Conner to allow me to take back to Fort Laramie the captured stock that we might have credit therefor.

On the 26th of September the General pushed out for Laramie with three ambulances, Captain North and his Indians driving the stock. The General remained at Fort Laramie until October 4th, when I received receipts from Captain Childs, A. Q. M., for 610 horses—all that had been saved of the 1,100 head captured from the Indians. Horses had escaped from us every day on the march, and during the storm on Tongue river several had perished. On our march up Tongue river at least 300 or 400 made their escape—at one time a band of more than fifty in one drove. In the four days' lay-over at Fort Laramie I had completed my reports to the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments, receiving the General's approval on all my papers and his thanks for services rendered, and was enabled to accept his invitation to a seat in his ambulance and rode with him to Denver, where we had been invited by the citizens to a reception in his honor. We left Fort Laramie with an escort of twenty men, who accompanied us as far as Fort Collins. From that point we pushed on to Denver without an escort, arriving there about the 15th of October. We were received with all honors that could be bestowed; a grand feast was prepared for us at the Planter's Hotel and the best people of Denver, almost *en masse*, turned out to the reception. The next day we were escorted by more than thirty carriages filled with prominent citizens to Central City, forty miles away in the mountains, where we were again received and toasted in the most hospitable manner.

I returned to Denver in time to leave on the first coach that had been started from Denver for three weeks. Captain Sam. Robbins and Captain George F. Price (who had been chief of cavalry for the General, and whom he had left at Fort Laramie in charge of the office as Adjutant General of the District of the Plains while we were on the expedition), together with Bela M. Hughes (Attorney General of Ben. Holliday's overland mail line)

and two Pacific railroad exploring engineers, with Johnnie Shoemaker as messenger (who had with him \$250,000 in treasure), were fellow passengers. We left Denver at 10 a. m., October 19th; met with no incidents of an exciting nature until we reached Larry Hay's ranch about daylight the second day out. Just as we were driving up to the station we heard the rattle of musketry and the infernal yells of the Indians, who had attacked a train camped close to the station. The chief wagon master, Wells of Fort Lupton, was killed in this attack. I had just climbed out of the coach to a seat with the driver, Johnnie Shoemaker was in the boot asleep and every one in the coach was asleep except the driver and myself. I had remarked to the driver that it was daylight, and asked him how far it was to the station. He said it was close by—a mile or two ahead. Just then we heard the firing. The driver whipped his six mules into a run and away we went pell mell for the station, expecting momentarily the arrows and leaden messengers of death. Fortunately for us the Indians were on the opposite side of the station, and before we reached the same had been driven away by the teamsters and wagon men. At O'Fallon's Bluffs, near Baker's Ranch, we were again attacked by the Indians and ran into the station, where we defended ourselves until morning.

Next day pushed on with the coach with all the passengers on foot as an advance guard and flankers. Fortunately two companies of a West Virginia cavalry regiment were on the line of march up the Platte and happened to meet us in the worst part of the hills. Their presence had driven away the Indians and we were enabled to drive through the bluffs in safety. This is the last incident worthy of record of the Powder River Indian expedition.

As a summary of general results I can only say that (even with the disastrous ending of Cole's expedition) the Powder River Indian expedition of 1865 was not a failure. The General's plan to "carry the war into Egypt" succeeded admirably. The warrior element, by the movement of these columns, were compelled to fall back upon their villages to protect their families, and during the progress of the campaign the overland line of travel became as safe as before the Indian outbreak. It was not until General Conner retracted his steps, by order of the War Depart-

ment, back to Laramie with all the soldiers that the Indians, thinking that he had voluntarily retired from their front, again hastened to the road, passing General Conner's retiring column to the east of his line of march, and again commenced their devilish work of pillage, plunder and massacre.

General Conner's ability, sagacity and courage and, best of all, his success as an Indian fighter remains unchallenged in all the western country. His early schooling in Indian wars especially fitted him to become, as he was, the "big medicine man" of their hereditary foe. Ben. Holliday, the proprietor of the great stage coach and mail line—Atchison, Kansas, to Sacramento, California—wrote the Secretary of War, E. M. Stanton, October 15, 1864, urging the assignment of Conner to the command of the District of the Plains. He was the best Indian fighter in our service at that time. This was General George Crook's opinion as expressed to me by him in 1887.

General Patrick Edward Conner first enlisted in the regular army November 29th, 1839; was discharged November 29th, 1844; was commissioned Colonel 3rd California Infantry Volunteers September 29th, 1861; fought the famous Bear River fight (263 dead Indians to tell the tale) January 29th, 1863; was promoted Brigadier General March 29th, 1863; fought the battle of Tongue River August 29th, 1865; promoted Brevet Major General for gallant and meritorious conduct March 29th, 1866. This grand old warrior was a Captain of volunteers in the Mexican war and was three times severely wounded. He was stationed at Council Bluffs, Iowa, a member of the 4th Dragoons, in 1840—sixty-one years ago. He died in Salt Lake City, Utah, December 17th, 1891. The remarkable recurrence of the date, 29th, as above noted in General Conner's career, is worthy of notice.

Let the fact be recorded that General Conner led the first military expedition into this region. Traders and trappers had been there. James Bridger was there in 1830, his eighth year on the plains. Malcolm Clark was there in 1841. Sir George Gore passed through on an exploring expedition in 1854. J. M. Bozeman and John M. Jacobs, accompanied only by Jacobs' little daughter, passed by the eastern base of the Big Horn mountains from Montana to the States in 1863. Bozeman returned as the Captain of a large emigrant train in 1864 and made the first wagon trail. Captain James Stuart, brother of Granville Stuart, so well

known in Montana, led a party of fourteen men, viz: Cyrus D. Watkins, John Vanderbilt, James N. York, Richard McCafferty, James Hauxhurst, Drewer Underwood, Ephraim Bostwick, Samuel T. Hauser (late Governor of Montana), Henry A. Bell, William Roach, A. S. Blake, George H. Smith, Henry T. Gerry and George Ives—prospectors searching for gold.

A chapter, aye, a book, properly written, detailing the varied experiences, thrilling and exciting, fights with Indians, with grizzly bears, the chase for buffalo, antelope, deer, elk and other game that had never before heard the crack of a rifle or listened to the music of a musket ball, would make a story as interesting as the Arabian Nights, if not exactly on that order. (The Indians, until after 1863, scarcely ever used a gun on their hunts, correctly agreeing that the use of firearms would frighten the game and make the chase more difficult; consequently they relied almost entirely on the bow, arrow and spear.)

We found it an easy matter to ride up within fifteen or twenty rods of a band of buffalo before they would scamper off, and the strange sight of a moving train, signal flags and the large column of cavalry so excited the antelope and deer that they were to be seen at almost any hour of the day on neighboring hills, sometimes in close proximity to the train. It was an easy matter to ride up to within good revolver range of an antelope. Members of the Signal Corps enjoyed themselves hugely by hiding behind some little hillock or clump of sage brush and signaling to the incautious, confiding antelope to come up and smell of their pistols. While on this subject I will state as a matter of truth and history that our entire command, the left column of the Powder River Indian expedition, numbering, with officers, soldiers, teamsters and other employes, 747 souls, from August 10th to September 25th, depended entirely on wild game for meat. Some bacon was used for grease only, and out of 226 head of beef cattle that were driven along for the commissary department only three were slaughtered, and those because the animals had become footsore and could not keep up with the column. Fifteen buffalo were driven into the wagon corral and killed at our camp on Clear Fork of Powder river August 24th, and at one camp five grizzly bears were slaughtered. Men on the march would, with their revolvers, without danger to the flankers, who were at least a mile

away, pick up antelope, and occasionally the more cautious deer, every day enough to satisfy the mess cook.

A chapter giving but two days' experience, May 13th and 14th, of Captain Stuart's party of prospectors is but a fair sample sheet of such a book (my own experience in 1866, next year after General Conner's expedition, after my muster out of service, when I tried to become the first white settler in the Big Horn country, and did build the first house there; lost four teams, \$6,000 worth of goods and was held for three weeks a prisoner in "Old Davy's" tepee on Little Big Horn, near where Custer lost his life ten years later). Governor Hauser of Stuart's party kept a diary, and at the risk of becoming wearisome I quote from his report to the Montana Historical Society. Governor Hauser says, speaking of Captain Stuart: "As an illustration of his sagacity and mountaineer knowledge, I would state before going into the details of that dreadful night that, as we were riding along the day before, he remarked that we were being dogged by a war party. As I had seen no Indians nor any signs of any, I asked him how he knew. He replied: 'Do you see those buffalo running at full speed off there next to the mountains?' Looking in that direction some six or eight miles I saw what he described, and answered that I did. 'Well,' said he, 'you will shortly see those others a couple of miles or so ahead of them start also.' Sure enough, in the course of about half an hour, they, too, stampeded, thus showing clearly that they were frightened by something traveling in the same direction as we were; and it was also evident that it was something beyond them, for they all ran toward us. This convinced me that he was correct, and after he had explained and drawn my attention to the circumstances it was easy enough to comprehend.

"Reaching the spot selected for camp, we busied ourselves with our various duties—some preparing supper, others starting off with pick, pan and shovel to prospect, etc., but I noticed that the Captain quietly took his rifle and started off alone for the rolling hills next to the mountains. In about an hour he returned and, throwing down a pemican, remarked: 'Those thieving scoundrels are close around here, so close that in their haste to keep me from seeing them they dropped that, and if we don't look sharp we will get set afoot tonight.'

"As night approached it clouded up and threatened rain, so

we carried in all our flour and most of our baggage, saddles, etc., and placed them around next the walls of our tents, making our beds inside of this circle, which proved to be a providential act. Night coming on, the Captain remarked that there would have to be a sharp watch kept, as he felt confident the Indians would make an attempt to get our horses, and said he would go on guard himself. As it grew dark we all retired to rest, except the two guards, without any misgivings, for during the last three weeks the Indians had been around our tents nearly every night trying to steal our horses, and as they had never attempted to fire into or molest us since our first meeting, when we stood them off, we had ceased to have any apprehension that they would attack us. The only precaution we took (that of taking our rifles and revolvers to bed with us) was to be ready in case they attempted to stampede our horses by dashing in among them.

"The only one who seemed to have any premonition of the coming tragedy was Watkins, who several times during the day had called my attention to the mournful cooing of a dove, saying that it made him sad and caused him to think of his boyhood days and of his mother's home and that he couldn't get over it, etc. It was strange to hear him talk in this strain, for he was the most reckless of the party and usually did not seem to think of home, death or anything else. Drew, Underwood and I slept under the same blankets, and in the same tent were also York and McCafferty. Gerry, Bostwick, Ives and Watkins occupied a tent, as did also Bell, Vanderbilt, Blake and another, while Hauxhurst and Roach did not put up any tent, but simply spread it over their bed.

"We all fell asleep without fear, having been accustomed to having Indians around our camp, trying to steal our horses only, as we had learned to suppose, when I was startled by the Captain shouting: 'Keep close to the ground!' Instantly following his voice came the most unearthly yelling and firing that I had ever heard, and so very close that the crash seemed directly against my head and inside the tent. I was fairly lifted to a sitting position and my first realization of what was the matter was hearing Underwood say: 'I'm shot through and through!' 'My God, this is awful!' was my reply, adding instantly: 'So am I,' for feeling the shock and sting of the ball and blood trickling down my side I thought it was all over with me. Hurriedly thrusting my hand

under my shirt, I drew a sigh of relief, for I found that the ball had not gone through me, it having struck a thick memorandum book that was in my left shirt pocket, which it passed through, and flattened and stopped against a rib near my heart.

"Instantly seizing our rifles we crawled out of the tent, but before we got out the yelling and firing had ceased. It was pitch dark, dark as Egypt, and what followed was even more trying to our nerves than what had passed. We could distinctly hear the demon-like whisperings of the murderous fiends in the ravine that we knew was not more than ten paces from us, yet so dark was it that we could not see even the outlines of the bushes that bordered the ravine; in fact, we could not see our hands before us. Add to this that we did not know how many of our little band were left alive. Some we know were dying, from the moans we heard, yet we could not see them or offer a word of consolation, for one audible word would have brought a shower of arrows. As it was, they were flying in all directions, and it seemed impossible to escape being pierced by them. We could hear them whizzing through the air every second, and so near that we often felt the wind, and so close were the Indians that we could hear them twang their bowstrings. Too shrewdly the cowardly murderers had resorted to their bows and arrows after they had emptied their double-barreled guns, knowing well that if they used their guns after we were aroused the flash would afford us a mark to return their fire, but arrows gave no guide and they were safe in the ravine and darkness.

"Crawling to our Captain as best we could, constantly admonished by the flying arrows to crawl low, we found him lying between and among five dead horses, all shot by the Indians in their efforts to kill him, guided by his voice when he had shouted to us to 'Keep close to the ground!' an order given upon his hearing them cocking their guns just before they fired, which order was given at the imminent risk of his own life, but it saved ours, which was always the aim of his big heart at any risk; and as fortune sometimes favors the brave, so in this instance she did him, for the dead horses furnished him a complete barricade, from which he whispered his directions to us. On reaching him I asked, in a whisper, how many men were killed. 'Don't know; you are the third man that has reported,' he said, to which I replied: 'Great God, Jim, this is awful!' He answered: 'Never mind; it

is rough, but we will give them a game yet. You and Underwood crawl toward the river about fifty yards; don't fire until you can punch your guns against them. Wait; there will be a general rush on us before morning. Remember, don't shoot until the rush is made and you can touch them with your guns. If you fire sooner the flash of your guns will direct a hundred shots to you. Keep cool and we can stand them off.'

"So Underwood and I dragged ourselves over the horses and for the distance indicated, requiring no further orders to keep close to the ground, for the whiz of arrows made us lie flatter than ever, if possible. And here we lay, face downward, for three long hours, with cocked rifle in one hand and revolver in the other, in the most fearful suspense, expecting every moment that they would renew their yells and rush upon us. With every nerve strained we watched and waited, with nothing to relieve our suspense except the gratitude we felt at being still alive and the hope of succoring our wounded comrades, whose dying groans were heartrending. Add to this the audible whisperings of what we supposed to be directions and preparations for the final charge and the peculiar, never-to-be-forgotten sound of the arrows which we heard, but could not see, each one so close that we felt that the next one must strike. Yet we dare not fire in return, but could only wait for what seemed inevitable death. In this way hours passed—hours that seemed weeks—when, to my utter surprise, our Captain came, walking erect and almost stumbling over me. In a whisper I said: 'What are you walking for; why don't you get down and crawl? You will be killed,' to which, in the same whispered tone, he replied: 'Oh, I'm going around to see how the boys are and to get some water for Bell and Bostwick. There's enough of us left to give them a lively rattle in the morning.' At that moment an arrow came so close we could actually feel the wind of it. I again appealed to him to crawl. His answer was: 'I was not born to be killed by these red devils,' and he calmly walked down to the river and got a cup of water and took it to the wounded men, and to this day God only knows why he was not pierced by a dozen arrows, and it seems almost a miracle that he was not.

"Underwood was not more than four feet from me, and yet he never dared speak; only watched and tried to see through the darkness and prayed for morning or light enough to see to shoot.

Yet what were we to hope for with the coming of daylight? We knew that they were ten to one against us. Still, it would be better than the great disadvantage at which they had us. And the uncertainty! Anything was better than that.

"Morning came at last, and what a sight it revealed! There was poor Watkins, shot through the temple and unconscious, but crawling around on his elbows and knees; Bostwick shot all to pieces, but still alive, and five others wounded. The men scattered all around the camp ground, face downward, with cocked rifles and revolvers in hand, eagerly watching the bushes and ravine from which the fatal fire had come. Five horses were dead and six or seven others had arrows sticking into them. On the side of the mountain in plain sight were the Indians moving around among the trees and rocks. With the approach of day the cowardly wretches had quietly retreated up the ravine to the side of the mountain out of danger, yet keeping in sight of us so as to watch our every movement. We were in a most trying and desperate situation, surrounded by merciless Indians, hundreds of miles from the nearest white men, with the whole tribe between us and our home and with seven of our little band wounded, two fatally and three others severely.

"We gathered into a little knot to talk over the events of the night and to ascertain the extent of our wounds. This done, I asked Jim (as our Captain was familiarly called among us) what we had better do. He answered: 'Have a hot cup of coffee first; we will all feel better and will then decide.'

"I forgot to mention that just at break of day, and as we were about rising to our feet, an Indian sent an arrow right into our midst, but from a greater distance up the ravine. Jim instantly seized his rifle and started to cut him off from the mountain by getting between him and those above, but he proved too quick and escaped. According to instructions we proceeded to make a fire and prepare some coffee, although none of us felt like either eating or drinking. Within a radius of thirty or forty feet of where Underwood and I had been lying I picked up forty-eight arrows, and the tents were completely riddled. Probably 300 balls and arrows passed through them.

"Having drank our coffee we held a council of war, or rather got together to hear what Jim suggested, which was that it would

be hopeless to try to return to Bannock the way we had come, as we would have not only the bloodhounds up on the side of the mountains after us, but the whole Crow nation that we had passed three weeks before. Therefore, we would have to return by the way of the South Pass and Fort Bridger, although it was some ten or twelve hundred miles, and part of it over a totally unexplored country, inhabited by the hostile Sioux, which fact, Jim said, 'would prevent the red devils up there,' pointing to them, 'following us more than seventy-five or a hundred miles, and we might, by a scratch, miss the others.'

"The route being decided upon, we determined to wait till noon or later to see the last of poor Watkins, Bostwick and Bell, by which time we thought they would breathe their last. The other wounded we thought could all ride. We decided that we would throw away all of our outfit but five or six days' rations to lighten up the packs for the purpose of riding our horses seventy-five miles the first twenty-four hours, the object being to get the Indians following us too far from their main camp to return for reinforcements should they succeed in surrounding us and compelling us to entrench ourselves. Jim then said it was important to show the Indians that we had 'good medicine,' 'and that our hearts were not on the ground,' by challenging them then and there for a fight, stating that he didn't know whether they would fight or not; that if they were Bannocks or Snakes they would give us a brush, that he was not familiar enough with the Crows to know whether they would or not, but if they would we might as well fight them there as anywhere, and it would have a good effect on them in their future attacks. We then proceeded to throw away all but six days' rations and a few other necessary articles, and, being all ready to start, we prepared for the fight. But before going out Gerry, Underwood and myself, who belonged to the 'fraternity' (Masons), had a little side talk, which resulted in each one declaring that if he got mortally wounded he would reserve one shot that should prevent unnecessary sacrifice of the party by remaining to defend a man that must soon die anyway, and also to prevent torture if captured. In order to ascertain when we were mortally wounded we agreed to have Jim examine and decide. On the other hand, we agreed to remain by and defend each other as long as there was hope of the wounded man living. This understood, we talked it over with Jim and, finally, with all the rest, who all came to the same agreement.

"This fearful determination was prompted by our desperate situation, as it then seemed impossible for any of us to escape; but we all had a great desire for some of the party to do so and report where, when and how we had died. We felt absolutely desperate and reckless, yet determined that some of us should live to report our fate if a brave resistance could do it. I doubt if there was a single one who thought he would be the fortunate one to escape, but there was no desponding or lamenting—all were resolved to die fighting. Our Captain said he thought about half of us might live to tell the tale by keeping cool and sticking close together and every man doing his duty. All being ready, we started in single file for an elevated plateau about 300 yards off and diagonally toward the Indians—a forlorn hope, but resolute and determined. Arriving at the place he had selected for the fight, our Captain went through the whole manual of signs, calling them cowards, thieves, murderers and everything else, and defied them to come down and fight us. At first they signalled an acceptance and began moving around as though they were coming, but finally settled down behind rocks and trees, evidently concluded they would wait a better chance. After waiting until satisfied they would not come we returned to camp. It was now about 3 p. m. and Jim said we would soon have to start. Bell had given up all his valuables and given me directions what to do with his property if I escaped, but when Jim felt his pulse he expressed surprise at not finding him sinking yet, for from the nature of his wounds he could not hope for his life. On asking him if he thought he could ride he expressed a willingness to try, saying he might go a little ways at any rate. While helping Bell on a horse poor Bostwick blew his own brains out. Gerry, who was sleeping with him, said that when Bostwick found he was shot he asked him (Gerry) to cock his revolver and put it in his right hand, stating that he wanted to sell his life as dearly as possible; that he had not long to live, but would save some of the Indians. He was sinking rapidly and refused to let us try to put him on a horse, saying that it was utterly useless and that it would increase his sufferings for nothing, as it was impossible for him to live. This was some time before and the report of his pistol surprised me, as I supposed him to be in a dying condition.

"Succeeding at last in getting Bell on a horse, we moved off slowly, as, of course, he could not go fast. Riding up to Jim I

said I said I believed Bell would live, to which he replied he feared not; that it was only a spasmodic effort, and that he would probably fall dead off his horse within an hour or so.

"As we began to move the Indians mounted their ponies and moved along parallel to us, but out of gun shot. Bell apparently got stronger, and when we reached a little stream about five miles from our camp Jim called a halt for consultation and a further examination of Bell's pulse and wounds, after which he announced that there was a show for his life; therefore, we would camp right there and then and give Bell a chance to recruit up, adding that we would stay by him at all hazards so long as there was hope for his life, but that it would now be impossible for us to go more than fifteen or twenty miles a day. This was a serious and desperate change in our plans, as we had thrown away nearly all our provisions, expecting to go seventy-five miles in the first twenty-four hours and thus get beyond reinforcements to, and possibly out of reach of, the Indians, who were at that moment gathering about us on the hills. Still, the men all cheerfully and heartily endorsed the Captain's resolution, and we accordingly halted and remained some two or three hours, getting supper and allowing Bell to rest.

"May 14th. Traveled twenty miles toward nearly all points of the compass; general course west, twenty-five degrees south. Very rough mountains all day; had difficulty in getting through the snow. After going five miles we stopped at a spring for breakfast, and then twelve miles more, and after a very difficult and tedious descent into a gorge to get water we halted about 4 p. m. to get supper. All of us were intensely wearied and worn out. A few men were thrown out as pickets and the rest busied in unpacking, when, in the midst of our preparations for supper and rest, York announced that he saw Indians approaching on the point above us. All hands flew to arms, but were startled and checked by the report of a rifle right in our midst. We knew it must be one of our own guns, but whether accidentally or purposely discharged we did not at first know; but, looking inquiringly around, all eyes at last centered upon Gerry, who with a deathly pallor on his face, stood erect, but his body partly leaning against his rifle. He answered our looks by answering: 'I have foolishly but accidentally destroyed my life.'

"Rushing up to him, we eased him down to a sitting posture.

He then, with great deliberation and calmness, opened the bosom of his shirt and pointing to the ghastly wound about three inches above his left nipple, said: 'My life is fast ebbing away—only a few hours more; but that is too long for you all to remain here. See, the sun is fast declining behind the mountains; the Indians will soon be upon you and it would be impossible for you to defend yourselves in this place. Jim, tell the boys, I am fatally wounded.' This request but too plainly indicated his dreadful resolution, and too soon brought us to an awful realization of our desperate but determined agreement on the morning after the attack, and we all appealed to him not to think of so rash an act, telling him that he might live and using every argument that we could think of, collectively and individually begging him not to think of such a thing. During the whole time he had held his revolver firmly grasped in his right hand, and warned us that any attempt to take it from him would only hasten his action. No one attempted to force it away from him; we only reasoned or tried to reason with him, but we could not make him lose sight of the inevitable fact that he must die within a few hours anyway, but that in the meantime darkness would be upon us, and with it the Indians, who were already approaching and whom we could not successfully resist in such a place. Finally he called upon Jim again to 'Tell the boys I can't live over a few hours at most.' Jim, who was in tears and his big heart almost breaking, could not truthfully answer him in the negative; therefore, he evaded a direct reply by answering: 'Never mind, Gerry, we will stay by you; all the Indians in the world cannot drive us away from you.'

"This reply only seemed to fix the resolution in his noble soul to do what he probably knew would save the party, or most of them; yet how few men there are who could so reason and act under such circumstances. Turning to us, he said: 'See, comrades, Jim knows that I am fatally wounded and must die soon, but he avoids telling me, and the fact that you would all, I know, stay by me and die for me has determined me. Remember (putting the muzzle of the pistol against his breast), I am not committing suicide. Bear witness to my friends that I am only shortening my life a few hours to prevent you from uselessly and foolishly sacrificing yours in defense of mine. God knows that I don't want to die, that I fear death, but have a Christian hope in eternity; yet must die, rather to save than to sacrifice. Remem-

ber this gorge in the mountains and the spot where I am buried; describe it to my friends some day, if you ever live to tell of it.'

Those strong men were all weeping over him as he continued: 'God bless you all, comrades; I must die, and in time for you to bury me and escape before dark. Bury me in this coat and here.' He was about to fire the fatal shot when Jim said: 'For God's sake, Gerry, don't! But if you will do it, don't shoot yourself there; it will only prolong the agony (the muzzle of the pistol, as before stated, was against his breast). If you must do it, place the pistol to your temple,' to which Gerry replied: 'Thanks, Jim, and may God bless you all and take you safely out of this.'

"As he placed his pistol to his temple the men, with weeping eyes and full hearts, all turned to walk away, as they could not bear to see him fire. He pressed the trigger and the cap only exploded. I never heard one sound so loud before; it echoed in all directions, as if to make him realize what he was doing. I then appealed to him, saying: 'Gerry, for God's sake desist; this is a warning!' To this he paid no attention, but rather seemed to be soliloquizing, and said: 'I know not what to think of that; it never snapped before.' Cocking his pistol again, he engaged a few seconds in mental prayer and again pulled the trigger that launched him into eternity. The report of the fatal shot was awful and sent a thrill through our swelling hearts that will never be forgotten. We gathered around his dying form, and it was indeed a fearful thing to see the human soul take wing, especially as he had so nobly died to save us. Never before had I seen our little band give way; they all wept like children and seemed far more disheartened than the morning after the massacre. Waiting half an hour after he had drawn his last breath, we buried him, as he desired, in his soldier overcoat. We had scarcely finished his burial when the pickets announced that the Indians were approaching us and were within gun shot, yet there was no firing.

"After our last sad duty was finished Jim directed us to pile limbs and brush on the grave and burn them, so as to conceal it from the Indians and prevent them from digging poor Gerry up for his scalp and clothes. We then gathered our things together as best we could and, packing up, moved on in single file out of the gorge, camping, or rather hiding, in the sage brush some six miles away, where we arrived in the night."

The report of this "Yellowstone Expedition" reads like a romance. From the day Stuart's party crossed Shield's river and entered into the sacred precincts of the country known as the Big Horn country they met with a daily repetition of thrilling experiences and hair-breadth escapes, and for many of the party no escape except in death. They found the Crows, as all who have ever known them could testify, the most consummate, cowardly thieves and rascals of all the red devils in America. 'Tis true that a Crow cannot enjoy a good meal, even on the point of starvation, unless he can truly say that he stole the food. They are treacherous, more so than their neighbors, the Sioux, Cheyennes and Arapahoes, yet withal they are arrant cowards. Thirty years ago they held by occupation and hereditary Indian title all the region of country north of the Cheyenne river, south of the Yellowstone, east of the Big Horn mountains and west of the Black Hills, a country large enough to make a bright gem in the sisterhood of States. With all this territory naturally fortified, with many warriors, rich in horses, game on every hill and in every vale, they allowed themselves to be driven back on every side by their braver neighbors until, had it not been for the general Government interfering, the pusillanimous Crows would have long ago gone to their, if possible, happier hunting grounds.

Of Conner's Officers.—Captain George F. Price became Major of the 5th United States cavalry and died in the service about ten years ago. Captain Sam. Robbins was appointed to the regular army in February, 1866, and died in Virginia three or four years later. Laurant was last heard of in New Orleans. Lieutenant Oscar Jewett gave me his diary to check against mine for this article and is now living at Saginaw, Michigan. Captain Brown of the 2nd California cavalry was for many years in the general office of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company at San Francisco. I am quite sure that he is now numbered with the dead. Captain Conrad, Captain Frank J. North, Captain Marshall and Lieutenant Brewer are dead. Captain N. J. O'Brien is living at Cheyenne, Wyo. Lieutenant Eugene Ware, known in the literary world as "Ironquill," lives at Topeka, Kansas, a member of the firm of Gleed, Ware & Gleed, attorneys. Lieutenant J. Willard Brown of the Signal Corps lives at West Medford, Mass. Lieutenant A. V. Richards is dead. His brother, W. A. Richards, was Governor of Wyoming and is now (1901) Assistant General

Land Commissioner, Washington, D. C. Captain W. H. Tubbs, A. C. S., who remained with Colonel Kidd at Fort Conner, was living a few years ago at New London, Conn., where he was post-master. Colonel Nelson Cole became a Brigadier General in the Spanish-American war, and died soon after that conflict at his home in St. Louis, Mo. Colonel J. H. Kidd is a prominent leader in the Republican party of Michigan.

Lieutenant Ware has kindly given me a copy of the muster roll of the Pawnee scouts, Captain North's company, which served with General Conner in the Powder River Indian expedition, and if I mistake not was one of the first companies of Indians regularly mustered into the United States service. I give the same here as a valuable addenda to this paper, as follows:

Joseph McFadden, Captain.

Frank J. North, First Lieutenant, promoted Captain in 1864.

Private Soldiers.—She-te-le-lah-we-tit, Tuck-ta-shah-ki-rick, Lah-roo-suck-hoo-la-shar, La-re-roo-tah-ka-chicks-ooke, She-te-le-lah-wis-sha-rit, Lah-roo-rit-kah-hah-la-shar, Ah-shah-wuck-ke, Te-ah-kah-chicks-tus-peke, Kah-kah-roo-re, Too-ke-tah-we-he-ris-ah, Tah-sah-hah-tah-he-ris-ah, Koot-tah-we-koots-oo-te-lah-lah, Te-lah-kah-oo-h-ke, Suck-koo-roo-te-wa-re, Te-suck-koo-loo-le-wits, See-te-kah-ricks-tah-hoo-re, Kah-roo-re-ah-ris, Tuck-ke-teh-re-wah-tucks, We-tit-te-la-shah-ris-pe, Kee-wuck-oo-te-lah-we, Too-lah-we-oo-roo, Ke-wuck-oo-roo-re, Ke-wuck-oo-la-shar, Koot-tah-we-coots-oo-kah-lah, Lah-hes-ris-oo-rick, La-shah-too-rou-tah-we, Tel-re-kit-tah-wa, Tah-woet-too-re-kah, Te-hus-tah-we-re-kah-wah, Ah-roosh-ah-lah-kah-hoo-la-shar, Lah-roots-chah-koo-re-hoo, Kid-e-kah-ris-oo-too-rouh-tah-we, La-shah-roo-te-wah-re, La-shah-roo-pit-coo, Tah-we-li-he-ris-shah, Te-reh-re-kucks-shah, To-rah-re-chi-e-tus, Teck-ta-re-roo-hut, Koot-tah-we-coots-oo-la-shar, Kah-kah-lah-la-shar, Tah-hoo-rah-routs, Ke-wuck-oo-lah-li-e-coots, Lah-we-teh-re-oots, She-rer-re-hoo-le-tah-we, Koot-tah-we-coots-oo-te-rer-reh, Koot-tah-we-coots-oo-te-lah-we-la, Pe-tah-war-uks-tee, La-hock-tah-we-la-shar, Koots-tah-we-cootes-oo-rooh-kah, Roo-kit-tah-we-its-pah, Koot-tah-we-coots-oo-let-kah-hah, Lah-li-e-coots-ta-shah, La-kit-tah-we-la-shah, Te-lah-kah-we-rick, Lah-li-e-coots-ta-shah, Te-ah-ke-wah-hoo-re-kick, Ta-ker-re-rah-we-hoot, Ta-rock-kots-lock, Roo-rah-rooh-kah-we, Ta-sah-hah-kah-roit, Koot-tah-we-coots-hoo-kah-lah-ha, Koot-tah-we-coots, Kah-wa-hoo-roo, La-shah-kip-pe-re,

Ter-er-re-ta-cosh, Le-re-ru-tah-kah, Lah-we-li-ish, Te-ah-ke-la-rick, La-shah-roo-roo-te-lah-kah-ta-rick, Lah-roo-wuck, Co-rooks-te-cha-rick, Ta-lah-wih-kah-wah, Cha-kah, Te-kah-ricks-tah-kah-lah-ta, La-tah-kots-too-ri-ha, Roo-lal-re-roo-che-lah, Lah-li-e-coots-kit-e-butts.

THE PEA RIDGE CAMPAIGN.

BY

NATHAN S. HARWOOD, LIEUTENANT 46TH IOWA INF.

(Read June 1, 1887.)

I have included under this head the march from Rolla, Missouri, to Cross Hollows and Bentonville, Arkansas, and the battle fought on the ground known as Pea Ridge. Since this paper was assigned to me, I have examined several histories of the late war to see what had been recorded on the subject I had in hand, but I am surprised to find the account of the battle of Pea Ridge related in three or four pages, and the campaign which led up to that battle, and which was the hardest part of the work accomplished, elucidated in as many sentences. It may be conceded that the battle of Pea Ridge was not one of the great battles of the war. It was not decisive of any great result. It was a victory for the army, but not a great victory. It drove the enemy from the west bank of the Mississippi, only to have them reappear on the eastern side, at Iuka and Corinth, in still greater force. In numbers engaged and in losses sustained, it was greatly overshadowed by battles fought later on in the war, so that, historically, it seems to have lost much of the importance which at the time it was thought would attach to it. Still, when the whole campaign is taken into consideration, the season of the year in which it was made, the fact that the troops were untried volunteers, it does seem to me that it is entitled to a much higher position in the annals of the war than it occupies; and, in fact, if not one of the great battles of the war, it is one of the remarkable ones. I doubt if there was any campaign in the whole war where there was greater physical suffering and more manly endurance displayed than in this campaign.

It was on the 28th of January, 1862, that the little army gathered at Rolla, Missouri, struck tents and moved on in the direction of Springfield, which was then occupied by the rebel General Price with a considerable army, which seemed to be

preparing for a northern raid. Our army numbered about 10,500 men, in four divisions, the first commanded by Osterhaus, the second by Asboth, and these two divisions grouped into corps under the direct command of General Sigel; the third division by Colonel Jeff. C. Davis, and the fourth by Colonel E. A. Carr, all under the command of General Samuel R. Curtis. This army had been recruited during the early fall preceding. The men were in no sense veterans, they had seen no fighting and their marching, generally speaking, had been confined to the parade ground. It was an army of young men recently from the farm, the workshop, the office and the school room. It was a patriotic army; the men had enlisted after the battles of Bull Run and Wilson's Creek, when they knew full well that the war was no holiday affair, and that there must be hard marching and fighting and exposure. They had enlisted when the pay was \$13 per month, and no big bounty promised as an inducement for enlisting. They had gone to the army from a sense of duty to their country and their families, and because they could not have a decent respect for themselves and stay at home. They expected hardships and were willing to endure any amount of vicissitude, provided they could see that any good was accomplished thereby. Of all things, they dreaded most the lazy monotony of camp life. Therefore, when this winter campaign was announced it was everywhere hailed with delight. They had been accustomed to comfortable beds at home; here was a promise of a bed in the snow. They had been used to plenty of wholesome food; here was scant, unwholesome fare.

But what mattered these inconveniences and privations if the blows they should strike helped to crush the rebellion? They were cheerful and hopeful, although the outlook was anything but pleasing. Snow covered the ground to a depth of from three to six inches, the air was frosty, it was thawing and sloppy in the middle of the day, perhaps snowing and raining, and at night freezing. The roads were either mud and slush or rough and frozen. I have lost the memorandum I made at the time, so that I am unable to state the exact number of miles made per day through such weather and over such roads, but my impression is now that we arrived at Springfield on the evening of the 8th of February, and that the distance is 120 miles, thus making an average of about twelve miles per day for the whole army. Of course,

this made a much greater distance for many regiments, as all could not march on a single road to advantage, and some were compelled to take circuitous routes. The men were unnecessarily encumbered with traps and accoutrements. They were supplied with forty rounds of cartridges, although there was no enemy nearer than 120 miles. They had their overcoats, a heavy woolen blanket, a rubber blanket, besides an extra change of underwear and various trinkets, haversacks, canteens, etc. Much of this extra weight, however, was heaved overboard as the march proceeded, like the extra ballast of a ship. Many a package of letters written in a delicate hand were deposited in the fire on the evening after the first day's march; extra clothing met with the same fate. We were also armed with the old Enfield rifle, a weapon not only very heavy, but dangerous from either end, especially the one next to the man's shoulder. Fremont may have done a good thing in purchasing these guns from the French, but the men who had to use them did not think so. The army mule wasn't a circumstance to these Enfield guns for kicking. There used to be a big six-footer who stood in the ranks next to the subscriber whose gun knocked his shoulder out of joint nearly every time he shot it off.

We were supplied with the big, round Sibley tent, an unwieldly affair and discarded later on in the war, but they were by far the most comfortable for that inclement season of the year. Into these tents men were packed like sardines in a box, heads out and feet to a common center. So closely were they compelled to lie that when one turned over all must turn, and it was not an uncommon thing in the middle of the night to hear some tired fellow roar out the command, "Spoon right" or "Spoon left," and then after a good deal of pounding and kicking, with such choice bits as these thrown in, "Fhy in h—I don't you spoon?" and "D—n it, spoon," there was a general rolling over to the right or left, and all again settling down to sleep until some other man, whose ribs got to pricking the stones too hard, roused up and went through the process of another "spooning."

When we entered camp at night each squad, that is, a tent full, was divided into three parties, one whose duty it was to clean away the snow and pitch the tent; another to find wood, usually rails, build a fire and cook the supper, and a third to gather twigs and leaves for the bed. Generally our camps were

near streams where there was an abundance of oak underbrush, the twigs of which, with the leaves remaining thereon, made the best material for beds. The supper, in the early part of the campaign, before rations grew short, consisted of "hardtack" fried in grease, a little fat meat, better known to the old soldier as "sow belly," coffee and occasionally a little boiled rice. It would be more appropriate to call it *burned* rice, for I never knew it to be properly cooked, and I can taste that burned flavor in rice to this day. There were two reasons for frying the "hardtack." The frying had a tendency to make it more brittle, and hence a little easier to masticate; and, secondly, it was thought that the animal food it contained was rather more palatable cooked than raw. The conscience fund in the United States treasury will never be large enough to save the souls of one-tenth of the army contractors from eternal perdition for the fraud practiced on the army, especially in the early days of the war.

It would be tedious to give the details of each day's march from Rolla to Springfield. There was nothing to lighten the burden of one day over that of another. It was the same weary tramp day after day. We would think it particularly hard nowadays to tramp all day through snow and mud and over frozen ground, though we slept in good warm beds at night, had bacon and eggs for breakfast, boiled cabbage and meat for dinner and toast and tea for supper. As I look back upon the picture today it seems almost incredible that so much cold and fatigue could have been endured, and yet there was very little complaining. The men endured the hardships patiently and heroically. We reached Springfield in the early evening. It was believed that Price occupied the town with a considerable force; that it was our mission to bag that wily old gentleman and his rebel hordes right then and there, and send them back as trophies of war. What a delusion! Accordingly our lines were drawn about the town and gradually pressed forward as near as possible to the enemy's works, and then we were compelled to lie down upon our arms without fire until daybreak, when our lines were reformed and pressed rapidly forward. When we reached the point where we were entitled to a warning salute from the enemy's guns, there came no salute; there was, in fact, no enemy, and we had lain out in the cold all night for nothing. The report was that Price had gone during the night. The men generally

believed that he had been going, and intending to go all the while, and there was a good deal of disappointment because the gentle old rebel had not allowed himself to be surrounded and captured.

However, without much delay, we were hurried on in pursuit, Sigel taking the Mount Vernon road to the west, and Curtis, with Carr and Davis' divisions, the Cassville road over the old battle ground of Wilson's Creek. The roads were dryer and harder than they were on the other side of Springfield, but very much rougher. They went up hill and down, through heavy timber and deep ravines. Much of the road had for a base small stones, which were very hard on the feet. The marches were from this on forced marches. The writer hereof had the honor to occupy the exalted position of Fourth Corporal in Company G, 9th Iowa infantry. That regiment took the advance of Curtis' command and held it to the end. Camp was broken at daylight and the march kept up as long as there was light enough to see at quick step, stopping only ten minutes out of every hour for rest. It was remarkable how quickly men would drop to sleep at these intervals of rest, and put in nine minutes out of ten in nature's repose, and how quickly they were on their feet again and moving forward at the command, "Fall in!" Occasionally the commissary and baggage trains were left far in the rear and failed to reach camp until a late hour. There were no tents nor supper then, unless, perchance, a stray pig or fowl happened to come in our way. There were, of course, stringent orders in those days against promiscuous foraging; still, it was done, and winked at by the officers in immediate command. As the pursuit continued, day by day, rations grew shorter; finally the hard-tack gave out and we depended on such flour as could be gathered in by the way from mills. This flour was wet up with water and fried into an indigestible flapjack. At this time a rigid guard was kept over the commissary, and especially over the poor mules, to keep the men from stealing their corn to parch.

On the evening of the 14th of February Carr's command came up with Price's army at Crane Creek. They were totally unaware of our approach and were engaged in preparing their supper in a valley far below us. It would seem, to the uninitiated, that the rebels ought to have been kept in blissful ignorance until their retreat was cut off, but some officer in the front, having a few mountain howitzers, thought it would be sport to drop

a few shells into the enemy's coffee just for seasoning, and so the only good opportunity we ever got to capture Price was wasted. The rebels fled pell mell, leaving their coffee and supper for us. The pursuit was continued on the 15th and 16th, and on the 17th Price, having been reinforced by a brigade of Texas troops, made a stand at Sugar Creek on nearly the same ground where the battle was afterwards fought. His artillery was planted and infantry drawn up in line of battle about two miles in our advance. Our artillery was ordered to gain a foothold on the high ground in their front and to shell the enemy, and the infantry to support the artillery. It was down one hill and up another long one, a mile and a half, made at double quick, and the hardest run made during the campaign. Not more than half of the regiment reached the top of the hill with the artillery. The position having been gained, the infantry lay down close to the battery, which opened a vigorous fire on the enemy. The fire was kept up for an hour or more and then the cavalry charged, driving the enemy from the field. Price continued his retreat into the Boston mountains fifty miles away.

It was useless for Curtis to think of pursuing the rebels farther. We were out of provisions, many of the men had worn holes through the soles of their shoes, and the feet of nearly all of the infantry were blistered and so sore that it was with great difficulty that they could march at all. Had they been in the north they would have been entitled to the protection of Bergh's Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. They had marched 240 miles in the dead of winter in about twenty days. Rest and recuperation were imperative. Accordingly, in order that food and provisions might be the more readily obtained, Davis went into camp at Sugar Creek; Sigel moved out to the north of west, about four miles southwest of Bentonville and some sixteen or eighteen from Sugar Creek, and Curtis, with Carr's division, went into camp at Cross Hollow, twelve miles southwest of Sugar Creek. Grist mills were seized, grain brought in, and in a few days the men were feasting on the fat of the land. For the next fortnight the army led a life of ease and comparative security. Every time we had come within reach of the enemy he had fled. We had not got even an opportunity to level our old Enfields at him, so that instead of one "Reb" being able to lick five "Yanks," we felt quite confident that one "Yank"

was good for at least six "Rebs." In fact, we were completely disgusted with an enemy that would not stand up and suffer himself to be shot at. However courageous the rebels had shown themselves to be in the east, we felt very sure they had no army in the trans-Mississippi that could stand up against ours. Indeed, we were quite full of conceit over our own bravery and importance, and had a very poor opinion of the qualities of our enemy. Imagine, therefore, our astonishment on the 5th day of March, 1865, at about 11 o'clock at night, to hear the long roll sounded, the hasty command to fall in, strike tents, to burn such material as could not be quickly loaded, and to hear that the rebels were upon us in great force and that we were to fall back upon Davis to make a stand. The idea of any retreat was received with rather bad grace by most of the men. "Why not fight them here?" they said; "Carr's division can lick all the rebels in the Boston mountains."

But our commander knew better. The dull rumble of Van Dorn's artillery practice had been heard for many days, and scouting parties had brought in pretty accurate information of the enemy's strength. Still, I think the coming of the enemy at this time was a good deal of a surprise. Our movements were hurried and full of confusion. Snow was falling rapidly and a cold north wind swept across the Ozarks when we took up our line of retreat. Artillery, cavalry, wagon trains and infantry floundered along in the mud and darkness, now a complete jam and blockade and then a rapid rush ahead until another blockade was encountered. We arrived at Sugar Creek at daybreak. To the writer that night was the most wearisome and painful of his whole life. He had run away from the hospital, where he was convalescing from measles, to join the army at Rolla. The exposure and privation of the long march culminated in an attack of pneumonia at Cross Hollows, from which he had not fully recovered when this renewed exposure and fatigue were encountered. Arriving at Sugar Creek, men were detailed to fell trees and make such hasty preparation to receive the enemy on the west and southwest as could be made in the short time at command, and had the enemy attacked from that direction there is no doubt he would have been knocked out of time at short notice. Any respectable enemy, well versed in the arts of war, would have respected our hospitality and marched upon our works in

solid phalanx and allowed themselves to be shot, but these rebels were just mean enough to slide around to our rear, to get between us and our homes and fight us from the rear—from our back door yards, as it were—where we were not prepared to receive them.

It will hardly be expected that a Fourth Corporal would have the time to spare from his arduous and responsible duties to give a critical analysis of a fight from an enlarged personal view, hence the writer feels compelled to pass rapidly over the plans, details and positions of the various forces and confine himself mainly within the narrow limits of his own observation and experience. Where he does chance to step beyond this, it will be upon the borrowed judgment of others for which he pretends not to originality and assumes no responsibility. When the enemy moved out of his lair in the Boston mountains he moved rapidly northward, striking Sigel on his retreat to Sugar Creek. It had evidently been his intention to cut Sigel off, capture his corps, and whip Curtis in detail, but that little Dutchman was equal to the emergency. He executed one of his masterly retreats and reached the main army at Sugar Creek with comparatively small loss. Van Dorn, being foiled in his plan, pushed rapidly around to the north and east and came into the main road about eight miles in the rear of Curtis' army. A small force was thrown out in our front to make a feint in that direction and a considerable body of men, mostly Indians, were massed on our right.

The position of our army on the morning of the second day was across Pea Ridge, facing southwest, Davis holding the left wing and Sigel the right. Carr's division was sent to the rear to guard against surprise, and not, I am satisfied, with the expectation that the main attack was to come from that direction. Carr's division moved out some two and a half to three miles to the rear, Colonel Dodge's brigade deployed to the right of the road by the Elkhorn tavern, and Vandever's brigade to the left of the road and about a half mile below the tavern. Scarcely had his brigade wheeled into line when they received their baptismal fire from the rebels massed in great numbers in the thick timber in their front. Many of the rebels were armed with double-barreled shotguns loaded with ball cartridges, and at short range were terribly effective. More than three score of men from the 9th Iowa fell at this first fire. It was a staggering blow. As this

fire was delivered the rebels dashed down upon us with a yell and a fury that had a tendency to make each hair on one's head to stand on its particular end. For a moment the regiment wavered, then rallied and delivered a well-directed shot into the enemy, now in full view, which had a tendency to check the impetuosity of his movements. No attempt after this was made to keep the men in line of battle, each man sought a tree, a stump or a rock, loaded and fired as rapidly as he could, now pressing forward upon the rebel lines, now falling back as their wings overlapped our flanks; so the fight was kept up as long as it was light enough to see. Although calling loudly for help, yet with dogged pertinacity Carr held his position, losing only about one-half mile during the day. Toward evening it became evident that Carr was fighting the main body of the rebel army, and reinforcements were hurried to his support. Davis took position on his right and Sigel drew closer down upon his left. The firing ceased and the men laid down on their arms on the field where they had fought, tired and cold. We were so close to the rebel lines that neither side dared to kindle fires.

It was a gloomy night on that battlefield; a cold March wind swept across the ridge and struck a chill like a death damp to the hearts of the men. Many a comrade who had started out on that morning full of life and hope was missing. All knew too well the reason he was absent. This one had fallen shot through the heart at the crossing of the road below the Elkhorn; that one had received a bullet through the head at the same place; another had fallen in the retreat back by the rail fence, and on retracing our steps afterwards we found him scalped by the red devils, and so, one by one, the absent were accounted for. In one company they numbered fourteen. The men called over the list of these comrades who had fallen while they had been spared and moodily speculated upon the results of the morrow. All felt that tomorrow would be the crucial test. It would decide whether we were to be prisoners of war or victorious freemen.

Jefferson Davis, in his account of the downfall of the Confederate Government, says that Van Dorn reported his strength at 14,000. It was, in fact, much larger. It was well understood that Price had 9,000 Missouri troops, that he was joined in the Boston mountains by Van Dorn with five Texas regiments, and by McCullough with six Arkansas regiments, and by McIntosh

and Pike with three or four thousand Indians from Indian Territory, making, all told, about 20,000 men, nearly or quite double Curtis' army. In Carr's division it was known that we had been greatly outnumbered. It was not known that all parts of our lines had not suffered as badly as we had. The prisoners captured were confident. We were given to understand that their captivity would be of short duration; that on tomorrow night we would probably be their guests. Our respect for the rebels' ability to fight had been greatly increased during the day, and I doubt not there was many a young patriot that night in the Union army who wished himself "far from the madding crowd." Men speculated upon retreat, when it was perfectly evident that the enemy lay across the only avenue of escape. Gradually the weary night wore away and the gray dawn appeared. The forces upon neither side were idle during the night. The enemy had planted some of their heavy batteries on a bluff about two hundred feet above the general level, sloping to the north, but precipitous on the side before us. Our lines also were reformed and our batteries planted at commanding and convenient intervals. The line of battle formed a crescent, the wings pressed forward near the enemy's position and the center pressed back so as to allow the guns to be trained along the whole line of the enemy's strong position. As the mist slowly lifted and revealed our magnificent line of battle, the stars and stripes floating boldly out from right to left, the gunners standing at their posts, their guns loaded with solid shot and shell, a new hope dawned in every breast. The doubtful and despondent took new hope. They saw that the talk of trying to retreat and of surrendering which had taken place during the previous night had been idle speculation. Whatever doubts they may have had were wafted away with the morning breeze. The men were inspired by the confidence and courage of their leaders, the tower of strength of an army in battle. By 8 o'clock the smoke and mists had lifted, revealing clearly the enemy's position. The infantry were commanded to lie flat on the ground and listen to the music in the air; grand music it was, too, for those men by the stars and stripes.

There is a grandeur in an artillery drill that infantry cannot attain, and only compares to it as a hail storm to a cyclone; and now the battle which was to decide the fate of the Union army, which was to decide whether they were prisoners of war, subject,

perchance to the tomahawk and scalping knife, was about to open. A stillness pervaded the air like unto that which nature adopts when some great storm is about to burst forth. Men waited with bated breath; then from the Union crescent from right flank to left, from the throats of more than sixty gods of war, there burst a perfect deluge of iron hail. The enemy made quick reply; their shells came singing through trees and dropping down upon our heads like birds of evil prey. The roar was incessant and deafening. But our cross fire of shot and shell was better directed and more effective. It swept the rebel promontory like a cyclone; caissons were exploded, men, horses and gun carriages were cut to pieces and jammed into a confused mass, large trees were literally smashed into kindling wood, and the woods were set on fire and burned fiercely, destroying many of the rebel wounded. Every shot dealt death and devastation. To the rebels it must have seemed like the very besom of destruction. No human courage could long withstand such fury, and the rebels would have been gods, not men, had they stood up against it. Under cover of this storm of shot and shell the infantry crept forward through a last year's cornfield. Nearer and nearer they approached the enemy; they halted and fixed bayonets, then the glad order rang out, "Charge!" and the men sprang forward with a shout and a yell never excelled by any rebel yell uttered during the war. The rebels gave one feeble fire, turned and fled. In ten minutes there was not on the field a rebel who could get off.

When we realized that the rebels were gone, that victory was ours, men threw their caps high in the air, shouted and danced with joy, wrapped the old flag around them and sang "The Star Spangled Banner." Little effort was made to pursue; our men were too much exhausted. They were sufficiently rejoiced to have a clear title to the road north and were quite willing to let the rebels go. In fact, they didn't just exactly see what need they had at that particular time of a body of rebel prisoners, part of them wild Indians, twice their own number—provisions were scarce anyhow. The rebels had not stood on the order of their going. They had gone, and gone rapidly. I heard no objection to this from any quarter, nor any reproach cast upon them for lack of courage. Attention was given to putting out the fire on the bluff, which was burning up the rebel wounded, and to burying our dead. It was a sad sight, as here and there

was found a dead comrade scalped by the red devils. This was, I think, the only battle of the war, where the rebels made use in any considerable numbers, of the Indians. The experiment was a costly and unsatisfactory one to the rebels, as they were compelled to engage in a sharp conflict with them in the midst of the battle. In his eagerness for the white man's scalp the Indian forgot that he was to scalp only white Yankees, and turned himself loose on his allies.

After resting and recuperating Curtis continued his march down the White river, through the heart of the enemy's country, bringing up at Helena, making altogether, from Rolla to Helena, a march quite as long and perhaps more hazardous than Sherman's famous march from "Atlanta to the Sea." It would afford me pleasure to pay a passing tribute to the distinguished officers who commanded this expedition; to speak of the splendid courage of Carr, upon whose division fell the brunt of the fighting, and whose loss numbered more than half of the total losses of the battle, and to give the first meed of praise to the commander-in-chief for that nerve, coolness and tenacity which held on until defeat resulted in victory. It might have been of interest to inquire how it happened that others did pretty much all of the fighting while Sigel reaped the glory, but I am warned that I have already trespassed too long upon your patience. Such work must be left to other and more competent hands; besides, this paper was not intended for history—its only purpose was to give a few personal recollections of a memorable campaign.

Those were great days, my brethren, from 1861 to 1865, and fortunate are we who lived at that period and had some part in that great conflict. And perhaps, when the history of American patriotism comes to be written, it will make but little difference whether one led or followed. If he did his whole duty he will rank as a patriot, which is, indeed, the highest rank a free and liberty-loving country can confer upon a citizen.

MARCH OF THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS THROUGH BALTIMORE.

BY

EVT. BRIG. GEN. JOHN B. DENNIS, A PRIVATE OF COMPANY G, 6TH
MASS. VOL. MILITIA.

(Read June 6, 1888.)

You all remember the election of Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency of the United States in November, 1860, the excitement which followed, the tone of the southern press commenting upon his election, and the threats made by the people of the south, that they would secede from the Union and set up a government of their own.

Such threats as these had so often been made and repeated by the southern people, and so often a great majority of the northern people looked upon them as the utterances of a few southern fire-eaters, while others, like myself, believed that the time had come for which the secessionists of the south had long been looking—an excuse for advocating the immediate dissolution of the Union.

These southern leaders well knew that they must have some sort of a pretext to go before their people with, although they knew equally well that in reality there was not a shadow of an excuse for the step they were about to take, for from the life-long utterances of the man who had been elected to guide the ship of state they knew he had not the slightest intention of interfering with their "peculiar institution" or of deviating one iota from the course laid down by the Constitution of the United States; but secede they would, and now was their opportunity. Speakers went ranting and tearing through the southern states, firing the people and picturing to their hearers Lincoln's army of Abolitionists coming down south to steal and take away their slaves, and destroying their homes and firesides, unless they by their delegates assembled in convention should throw off the oath of allegiance which bound them to the Government; and

telling them that if the north saw they were really in earnest about it, they would be let go without any war, and if war did come a true son of the south was equal any day to five of the northern mudsills, for northern men were a pack of cowards and would not dare to meet them in open warfare, and it would be but child's play to give the whole Yankee nation a good whipping. One of their speakers, whose name I cannot now recall, said he would drink every drop of blood that would be spilled.

A convention was first called in South Carolina; delegates were elected, they met in Columbia, and after a short session on the 20th of December, 1860, they passed what was known as the ordinance of secession, announcing to the world that they had separated from the United States forever. When this news reached Charleston the United States District Court was in session. Judge Magrath was on the bench. With the air of a Roman Senator he arose, threw off his official robe and announced to the assemblage that South Carolina was henceforth and forever an independent state; that they were no longer a part of the United States, and there could be no United States Court in South Carolina. He then left the bench and the other officers of the court followed the example of the judge, and so the District Court of the United States for South Carolina passed out of existence for over four years.

This is but a sample of the news that was heard from the south at that time, and a little later on other states followed in the lead of South Carolina, and we heard of soldiers being raised by them, a regular army organized on the plan of the regular army of the United States, batteries being built on the coast, etc., all of which tended to keep the feelings of the people of the north stirred up to a fever heat; still, there were some who laughed at the idea of anything like war coming out of it.

I was at this time living in Worcester, Massachusetts, although my home was really in Norwich, Connecticut, of which place I was a native. Some years previous to this, when quite a lad, I had lived a short time in Worcester, and being fond of military drill I joined as a member of the Worcester Light Infantry, an independent military organization, which at the beginning of the war was commanded by Captain Harrison Pratt, who had at one time been a private in the ranks with me. I was one of those

that firmly believed we were on the eve of a terrible civil war, and that I knew the least perhaps of any of them. That it afforded good opportunities for being killed was well understood, and that was the important thing to know about it. Notwithstanding my ignorance of the whole matter, I wrote a letter to Captain Pratt a few days after the passage of the ordinance of secession by South Carolina, saying "that I felt sure a conflict was inevitable, and if war comes I think your company will be ordered out to take part in it, and if such be the case I ask you to give me a place in the ranks."

Living in the city were two brothers-in-law of mine who belonged to the class that believed we would have no war and laughed and scouted at the idea. Many and earnest were the arguments we had over it, and whenever they came within speaking distance of me they would exclaim: "Hello! Old Civil War, when are you going to commence?"

There was another man then living in Massachusetts; his name was John A. Andrew, the newly elected Governor of the commonwealth and who became the great war Governor of Massachusetts. He believed that a war was imminent, and when the Legislature of the State convened he called their attention to the condition of the country, and after stating his belief concerning the war he asked them to make immediate appropriations for the purpose of putting the militia of the State on a war footing.

The message of the Governor was taken up not only by the press of the south, but by the entire northern press, and he was cartooned and lampooned from one end of the United States to the other, but all their ridicule was useless to turn him from his purpose. The Legislature made promptly the appropriation asked for and the work began. He purchased 4,000 overcoats made after the pattern of a soldier's overcoat and of the best material, and Governor Andrew's overcoats became the laughing stock and byword of the land. Still, the work was all the time going on, knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, coarse cotton shirts, drawers, woolen undershirts, stockings and other necessary supplies were being put in the warehouses, and still the press continued to poke fun at Governor Andrew. He of all men knew what he was building, and how well he built a grateful country was very soon to know.

All the long winter the papers were full of what the south-erners were doing, and what they intended to do, while the loyal north were looking on in amazement. Mr. Buchanan left the presidential chair to be occupied by our new president and the public pulse beat much stronger and quicker. The regular army, which was very small, had been scattered to the four winds by that traitor, John B. Floyd, then Secretary of War, and what little we had of a navy had been sent to the four quarters of the globe by his able coadjutor, the Secretary of the Navy, Isaac Toucy, a man from my own native state, but I believe that Connecticut does not feel very proud of him, and he is only mentioned there now as a sort of a twin to that other Connecticut man, "Benedict Arnold."

News came of the condition of Fort Sumter, of Anderson and his brave garrison, and that the rebels were building batteries all or nearly all around them. Anderson had some time previous left Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, opposite Charleston, and taken quarters in Sumter, and Moultrie was soon taken possession of by the rebels and put in condition for both offensive and defensive warfare. Sumter, being nearly surrounded, was completely at their mercy and the people of the north still continued to look on in astonishment and wonder what would come next. They did not, however, have to wait a very long time, for the political kaleidoscope was fast revealing new surprises.

There were no demonstrations of any kind made by the northern people. They kept right along in the even tenor of their ways, each and everyone attending to his particular business, until Friday, the 12th of April, when the news was flashed the length of the wires, sending a thrill through the entire length and breadth of the land, that General Beauregard had opened his batteries on Fort Sumter, followed next day by the report of the capitulation of Major Anderson and the turning over to the rebels of Fort Sumter. There was no wild commotion or demonstration even then. People could be seen in little squads about the streets discussing the situation, and even the next day the ministers from their pulpits barely mentioned the fact, but made no lengthy discourses upon it. There seemed to be all that day and the next that kind of stillness which precedes the storm. All day Monday there was deathless suspense. The message

sent over the wires by the President calling for troops did not, for some cause, reach Massachusetts, or even Albany, New York, until the day following. But when it did come, that request from the loyal north to furnish 75,000 troops to put down the rebellion, which was now fairly inaugurated, the excitement was intense. It seemed to be just what was needed to arouse the people. Then came John A. Andrew's turn. When that dispatch reached him at his office in Boston he sent a message flashing back over the wires to the President in Washington: "I have four regiments ready. How will you have them, by rail or water?"

I had been at my place of business all day and evening, and it was about 10 o'clock when I started to my boarding house. As I came in sight of Horticultural Hall, which was used by the old Worcester Light Infantry for their armory, I saw it all lighted up, and went up to see what it meant and to get the latest news from the seat of war, and was told that the Worcester Light Guards, another independent military organization of the city, had received orders to proceed to Boston by the 4 o'clock south, and that the Worcester Light Infantry had volunteered to escort them to the depot, and the offer had been accepted. train the next morning to go from there to some point in the

The crowd increased to a jam and soon was heard the cry, "Make way; make way for Colonel Wetherell, one of the Governor's staff, who has orders for Captain Pratt!" The crowd opened for him to pass through, and going to the center of the hall he mounted a chair and, taking a paper from his pocket, proceeded to read an order which countermanded the order for the City Guards to go to Boston and ordered the Light Infantry in their stead and to leave on the same train the Guards were intending to leave on and to report to Colonel Ed. F. Jones (now Lieutenant Governor of New York). This was a very short notice, but the boys were equal to the emergency. When the order was read three rousing cheers went up, and it seemed for the moment as if the roof would be lifted from the building. Quiet being partially restored, J. Stuart Brown, the company Secretary, took down the book for those to sign who were willing to march as ordered. I took the book from him and wrote my name, and Stuart cried out: "Good; a first rate name to start with." By my side stood a lad who seemed to be a few years

younger than myself; he was thin, spare, with a pale face and looked anything but able to stand a military campaign, and as I handed the book back to the Secretary he reached up and took it, saying: "You need not think you are going to get away from here without me," and in big, bold letters wrote the name of Church Howe. I think that Church and myself were in the service for the war as soon as any of the volunteers.

How many signed that book then I do not know, and no one else knew, but when we reached Washington and had our roll corrected we found we had one Captain, four Lieutenants and 110 men in our company. (The organization of the Massachusetts militia provided for four Lieutenants, and they were accepted by the United States, as they were under the State organization, and we found with such a large company four Lieutenants were not too many.)

After the signing of the roll commenced messengers were started off on horseback to warn those of our men who lived in suburban towns of the Governor's order, and though it was cold and the snow quite deep, there were numbers ready and willing to do this duty, and it did not seem long before the absent members came pouring in from all directions—young men, as you might say, eager for the fray, and these were a part of the men soon to be so severely tried, men who knew nothing of the art of war and whose officers were in reality no better informed. As the Irishman said, "They did not know 'Shoulder up' from 'Ground arms.' " They were without any training whatever going out to do battle for their country. History is explored in vain for a parallel to such an uprising as was at that time to be seen all over the land.

I have often heard comrades at their campfires tell of their sweethearts and of the girl they left behind when they went off to war, and of the letters they received from them while away. I, too, left a girl behind me, a little sweetheart, from whom it was hard for me to tear myself away. I had barely time to go to her boarding place, arouse the household and say good-bye. I was admitted and my little sweetheart was lying in her cradle sleeping the sweet sleep of innocence, knowing nothing and caring nothing for "wars or rumors of wars." I stooped over the cradle and planted a kiss on her little lips without awaking her and tore myself away. Her mother I had laid away about six

month before in the beautiful City of the Dead on Grove street. I went from my child's cradle to my own boarding place to say good-bye and started off thinking that we would be gone but a few weeks at the outside, and then back to my friends again. No one then looked forward to a long, dreary four years of war.

It was impossible for the company to get started at the hour named in the order of the Governor, for the cars were not ready and marching at a moment's notice was not known to us then. The line was formed promptly in the armory and we were ready to start as soon as the announcement should be made that the cars were ready for us. While waiting patiently the time was taken up by some of the prominent citizens making patriotic speeches, and others less prominent telling us how patriotic we were in thus going to the defense of the national capital and assuring us that if they were needed they would follow. Ex-Governor Washburn came in with a large basket of Bibles on his arm and presented each member of the company with a copy. We were all anxious to have one, for we had read that in one of the European wars a soldier's life was saved by a ball striking a Bible in his pocket, which otherwise would undoubtedly have gone through him and ended his mortal career.

It was about daylight when the announcement was made that the cars would be ready to start by the time we could reach the depot, and the march was commenced. We had to press our way through a solid mass of humanity and were soon on board the cars steaming out of the depot amid the wildest shouts and huzzas of the people and rolling along towards Boston. It was so early in the morning the people of the country towns did not know that the early train was then taking a part of the first regiment of the war to Boston. When we reached the city we found the utmost activity prevailing. Aides and orderlies were riding about the streets as though the old boy himself was after them, endangering the lives of the pedestrians, and crowds of people filled the sidewalks and every available place that could be obtained, all anxious to get a glimpse of the boys who were going to the war. Each company was marched up to the State House, where their old Harper's Ferry muskets were exchanged for bright new Springfields of a later pattern and a knapsack, haversack and one of the overcoats of which so much fun had been made, a nice large woolen blanket, two coarse white shirts,

two woolen undershirts, two pairs of woolen drawers, two pairs of woolen stockings, and so many other things were dealt out to us that when we got our knapsacks strapped on our backs we looked very much overloaded, as recruits of '62 and '63 generally did. So early in the war canteens had not been thought of, so we had to leave without that valuable auxiliary to a soldier's outfit.

In Boston we found that Colonel Jones had been on hand since the evening before receiving the companies of the regiment as they came in from Acton, Lowell, Groton, Stoneham, Lynn, Lawrence and other places. He was a host himself, wonderfully active and wiry and built for just such an emergency as now presented itself, and he should have been made a Brigadier General the next day after reaching Washington, if for no other reason than that he commanded the first regiment arriving in defense of the capital. It was nearly night when our company, the last one, was marched into the State House and received its arms, clothing and equipments, after which the regiment was drawn up in line to receive its colors, which were presented to us by Governor Andrews himself in the following words:

"Soldiers, summoned suddenly with but a moment for preparation, we have done all that lay in the power of man to do, all that rested in the power of your State Government to do, to prepare the citizen soldiers of Massachusetts for this service. We shall follow you with our benedictions, our benefactions and our prayers. Those whom you leave behind you we shall cherish in our heart of hearts; you carry with you our utmost faith and confidence. We know you will never return until you can bring the assurances that the utmost duty has been performed which brave and patriotic men can accomplish. This flag, sir, take and bear with you; it will be an emblem on which all eyes will rest, reminding you always of that which you are bound to hold most dear."

Colonel Jones took the flag and said: "Your Excellency: You have given me this flag, which is the emblem of all that stands before me; it represents my whole command, and so help me God I will not disgrace it."

To these sentiments uttered by the commander the regiment responded with one loud "Amen!"

There was another man in Massachusetts at that time of

whom all of you have heard since. In the Democratic convention held at Charleston the year before he had gained considerable distinction by voting fifty times for Jefferson Davis to be the candidate of the Democratic party for President of the United States. His name is Benjamin F. Butler. With him politics was laid aside, as it was also by nearly all—Democrats, Republicans, Free Soilers, Abolitionists and Know Nothings. Butler at this time held a commission as Major General of the Massachusetts militia. He stepped to the front of the court house piazza and addressed the regiment as follows:

“Soldiers, we stand upon the spot to which the good pleasure of our commander-in-chief and our dearest wishes have assigned us—to lead the advance guard of freedom, of constitutional liberty and of perpetuity to the Union is the honor we claim and which, under God, we will maintain. Sons of Puritans who believe in the providence of Almighty God, as He was with our fathers, so may He be with us in this strife for the right, for the good of all, for the great missionary country of liberty, and if we prove recreant to our trust may the God of battles prove our enemy in the hour of its utmost need.

“Soldiers, we march tonight, and let me say for you all, to the good people of this commonwealth, that we will not turn back until we show those who have laid hands upon the fabric of the Union that there is but one thought in the north—the union of these states now and forever, one and inseparable.”

Little did any of us think, as we stood there beneath the folds of that flag listening to the presentation speech of the Governor, that so soon were some of our number to give their lives in its defense, but such was to be the case.

The command was given and we turned our backs upon the State House. We had eaten nothing since morning except little lunches obtained from hucksters, who seemed to be everywhere; we were escorted to the armory of the Boston Tigers, an independent company of the city, where a splendid collation was set out for us, to all of which we did ample justice before going to the cars. It was nearly dark when we took up our line of march to the depot, and as during the day the excitement and interest kept up, streets and byways to the depot were full of people, all anxious to take a last look at the veterans (which we had become since the night before). Once on board the cars we pulled

out of the depot amid the acclamations of the populace, firing off guns, ringing of bells and discharge of fireworks.

All along our line the towns were lighted up with bonfires and fireworks were set off. At Worcester there appeared to have been no lessening during the day of the excitement, and the crowd which met us at the depot seemed, if possible, greater than when we left in the morning. Mothers, wives and sweet-hearts were in the throng trying to push their way through to get a last look or a kiss and a good-bye from the departing one; but as our stay there was only long enough to take wood and water, many there were who went away disappointed, and we pulled out of the depot amid the loud huzzas, discharge of cannon, ringing of bells and bursting fireworks.

These scenes were repeated all along our route wherever we stopped for a few minutes, and the small towns we passed through were all ablaze with bonfires, and it seemed as if there was one continuous line of fire, broken only by the rivers we crossed between Boston and New York. Although late at night or nearly in the morning when we passed through Springfield, Hartford and New Haven, the people were out to greet us with their loud acclaims, and, as at Framingham and Worcester, with cannon, bells and fireworks.

We arrived in New York City about 7:30 on the morning of the 18th and it looked as if the whole populace had turned out to welcome us and cheer us on our way. The 7th New York National Guard, the only really famous regiment at that time in the north, met us at the depot and escorted us in detachments, one to the Metropolitan, one to the St. Nicholas and one to the Astor, for breakfast. Their kindness was fully appreciated, and I think we ate as we had never eaten before.

After breakfast our line was formed and we started for the Jersey City ferry, and I doubt if Broadway had ever before presented such a spectacle. The windows, balconies and house tops along the route were thronged with people of all ages, sexes and conditions eager to catch a view of this, the first regiment to leave for the seat of war and to the defense of the capital of our country. The sidewalks and street were also thronged and the Broadway squad of police was obliged to march in front of us to clear the way.

At the Astor House we were joined by the other detachments

of our regiment. The buildings on either side of the street had on a holiday appearance and the Stars and Stripes were flying from the tops of them. Embarking on board the ferryboat we were soon in the Jersey City depot. Here the scene beggars description by me. It would take the pen of a Dickens to depict it. The galleries, which at that time ran completely around the inside of the depot, were crowded with ladies and their enthusiasm exceeded all bounds; they became so carried away that handkerchiefs, gloves, pieces of ribbon, and even curls cut from their heads, were thrown down to the boys, while the band played the national airs and patriotic songs were sung. Amid such a scene, which made every man there proud to be a soldier and to have so much loveliness to fight for, the train pulled out of the depot.

All along the route through New Jersey the enthusiasm kept up, and our progress was one complete ovation from the time we left Boston until we reached the staid old Quaker city of Philadelphia early in the evening. You will remember that troops were not moved as rapidly at first as they were later on during the war; it took us over twenty-four hours to reach Philadelphia from Boston. The people of Philadelphia, although not as demonstrative as at some other places we passed through, were not lacking in kind words and deeds towards us. We were taken by a committee of citizens to the Girard House, which at that time was closed to the public, a supper was provided for us, and we did not need any urging to partake of it. After supper knapsacks were unslung, our blankets were spread out upon the floor, and here was the first bivouac of our regiment.

As we were beginning to drop off into sweet dreams the order came to get up and sling knapsacks and resume our march. This was a new phase of soldier life for the boys, but the order was quickly obeyed and the line soon formed. News had come by telegraph that the Secessionists in Baltimore were preparing to resist our march through their city, and it was thought best by Colonel Jones to start at once if we were to get to the City of Washington at all. The managers of the Pennsylvania railroad were ready to do anything they could to facilitate our march and soon had a train ready for us, but some advised the Colonel to wait until morning and go by steamer to Washington, to which Colonel Jones replied that his orders were to go to Washington

by way of Baltimore, and that he was going that way, and to report to General Scott as directed. He requested the manager of the railway to furnish a pilot engine to run ahead of the train, which was granted, and about midnight, with our haversacks filled with sandwiches provided by the Philadelphia ladies, we were again in the cars moving toward Washington. As daylight dawned we entered Maryland, and could see the people come to the windows and doors and look at us in a sullen way as if they wished us no good.

I will here relate an incident that occurred at Havre de Grace, which plainly shows how a very small thing may affect a general result: When the train reached the river the cars were taken on board the steamer Maryland, the large boat used to take the trains across (it was before the bridge was built). The train was divided into three sections and taken on board in regular order, 1st, 2nd and 3rd, but when taken off on the other shore the order was by a mistake changed and they were taken 1st, 3rd and 2nd, which placed our company in the center of the train instead of in the last two cars on the extreme left, where we belonged. In this order the train reached Baltimore. It will be seen further on that it was the left of the regiment that suffered most during the passage through the city. The left of the line belonged to us, and but for the mistake of the railroad hands, and through no fault of our own, we would have occupied the position of greatest danger. The mistake was not noticed until we reached the city.

When about ten or fifteen miles from the city ammunition was issued to us and orders given to load. Colonel Jones passed through the train and gave orders that we were to march through the city, not to cast our eyes to the right or left, but to keep straight on unless fired upon by the mob that was likely awaiting us, and then not to fire without orders from him.

Here was a little handful of men, about six hundred all told, fresh from the counting room, the shops, schools, stores, banks, the plough and other peaceful avocations, who knew nothing of war, many of them had perhaps in their whole life never fired a gun, and these were the men so soon to be participators in one of the severest trials of the whole war. Nothing daunted, however, we loaded our guns and awaited the meeting of the enemy, every man of us feeling as if we had God and the right on our

side and remembering "that thrice armed is he who hath his quarrel just." When we reached President Street depot we were met by the Mayor of the city and Chief of Police, Marshal Kane, who said to Colonel Jones: "You take care of your regiment and we will take care of our rowdies." You will remember that at the time of which I write the cars were drawn through the city of Baltimore by horses.

Before the Colonel had time to give his orders for the regiment to file out of the cars horses were hitched on and the cars were again in motion. The train, being a long one, was divided into four or five sections. The mob had begun to gather and we could see the companies in their armories equipping. We had not proceeded far when we were assailed with bricks, paving stones and firearms. They did not know to what state we belonged, but had somehow obtained the idea that it was the 7th New York National Guards, I suppose, probably, from the promptness with which we had moved, and we were greeted with howls and imprecations, and some of them said: "You damned 7th New York, you are the fellows that said you would not fight against the south!" referring, I presume, to some statements made when the 7th visited Richmond the year before. As we reached Pratt street the mob had increased to such an extent that it was with difficulty the horses could be made to draw the cars, and the shower of stones and bricks came the faster. Rifles and pistols were also brought into use and we were frequently, with an oath hurled at us, told that we were a little too early for them, alluding to the fact, I presume, of our having left Philadelphia at midnight instead of waiting until morning, as they expected we would and as we at first intended doing.

The men in our car, where the Colonel was a part of the time, were ordered to lie down, and to this some of us objected, not knowing at the time that lying down was a part of the tactics of war, and but for this precaution, in all probability, many more would have been killed or wounded, for as we went along the mob rapidly increased in numbers and violence, and they were armed with every conceivable weapon, from a scythe fastened to a long pole to an improved rifle. Heavy stones were carried and placed upon the bridges that we had to pass under, and they were rolled down upon the roofs of the cars with the intention of breaking through the roof and demolishing all within, and in

this way the cars all got through to the Mt. Claire depot without anyone being killed or seriously wounded, except the last section of the train, which had to wait awhile at the President Street depot before starting on account of there not being horses enough to take the whole train at once. At the point we had now reached the mob had greatly diminished and the Colonel became very anxious about the detachment that was still behind, and as he was about to form the regiment to go back to their assistance a messenger arrived with the intelligence that the detachment under command of Captain Folansbee of Lowell had been obliged to file out of the cars and was fighting its way through and would soon be with us. It seems that after the first section of our train had left the President Street depot the horses suddenly gave out and none could be obtained to draw the last section, and as the officers of those companies that were on the left saw the first sections being taken away with the horses, they concluded that the Colonel had changed his mind about marching through the city, and awaited the arrival of more horses for them.

The mob having failed to cut off the main body of the regiment and thus prevent it from reaching the Mt. Claire depot at the other side of the city, started to join the increasing mob at the other side of town. When Captain Folansbee saw the first sections of the train moving away he also came to the conclusion that the Colonel had changed his mind about marching through the city, and when he was told by some of the railroad men that horses would be provided in a few minutes to take the remaining section through he felt no apprehensions regarding the matter, but waited patiently until the horses came and were attached to the cars and commenced to move. The mob then turned its whole attention to his little detachment, trying to impede the progress of the horses and even battering the cars and until Captain Folansbee saw that the only salvation for himself and his command was in filing out of the cars and fighting his way on foot; he therefore gave the orders for the detachment to form in line by the side of the track. This was just as they reached Pratt street, which is by the side of the bay, and, at the point where the railway runs into it, is very narrow. The mob had torn up some rails and had, from the ships lying at the wharves, procured heavy anchors and chains, which they put across the track, completely barricading the passage of the cars.

Obeying the order to leave the cars and form in line, our men seemed to throw themselves right into the arms of that howling mass of hungry rebel wolves, as they appeared to be. It was with the greatest difficulty that the men could file out of the cars, and to form a line was a much more difficult task. It was however, done, although it was hard to distinguish the orders of the commanding officer above the howls of the mob, which at the time acted and looked much more like a pack of wild beasts than human beings. The troops pressed the crowd backward a little and, notwithstanding all the boys had put up with, the officers disliked to give the order to fire. When Mayor Brown of Baltimore had worked his way through the crowd in some way to the side of Captain Folansbee, he snatched a rifle from the hands of one of the soldiers, turned it and deliberately fired right into the crowd, which for an instant seemed to recoil. This firing of the mayor acted as the signal for the officers and the command was given to fire.

This partially had the desired effect; it opened the way sufficiently for the troops to make a start. The mob returned the fire of the troops, and here it was, on that beautiful April morning, the 19th day of April, 1861, a day ever memorable, now made doubly so; the anniversary of the day that our forefathers fought the battle of Lexington, where the first blood was shed by Massachusetts soldiers in the cause of constitutional liberty, so here was the first blow struck and the first blood shed by Massachusetts soldiers in the cause of human freedom. Here in Baltimore, only about thirty-six hours from the quiet of their own homes, our comrades were to receive their first baptism of fire. Here the demons commenced their onslaught upon them with fifty times the number of that devoted little band; here it was that Ladd, Taylor, Whitney and Needham fell, the first martyrs of the war of the rebellion.

Ladd was a native of New Hampshire, a young man who had come to Lowell, Massachusetts, to improve his condition. He sprang forth at the call of the President, and in less than forty-eight hours lay a mangled, bleeding corpse on the pavements in Baltimore, his body having been pierced by more than a dozen rebel bullets. His last words were: "All hail to the Stars and Stripes!" Whitney was a young man formerly from Maine who, living in Lowell, like his comrade Ladd, responded to the call

for troops and took his place in line at the first warning of danger. He, too, lay dead on the pavement, a traitor's bullet having entered his right breast, causing instant death. Needham was also a native of Maine, but had for some time made his home in Lowell, Massachusetts. Seizing the opportunity to serve his country, he, too, had linked his fortunes with the Lowell company and was here mortally wounded and taken to the hospital, where he died eight days thereafter. Nothing much was known of Taylor except that he joined the Lowell company at Boston. He was, however, a brave and fearless soldier. After he was shot and fell to the ground he fought with his pistol, but in his condition he was no match for them, and they beat the life out of him with clubs and stones, leaving his blood and brains to mingle with the filth of the street. In addition to the four killed quite a number of officers and men were wounded.

At once, upon the news of the slaughter of our troops reaching Boston, Governor Andrew telegraphed the following message to Mayor Brown of Baltimore: "To His Honor, the Mayor: I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers, dead in Baltimore, to be immediately laid out, preserved with ice and tenderly cared for and sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid by this commonwealth."

To which the Mayor of Baltimore responded, promising compliance with his request. He took advantage, however, of the opportunity to administer a rebuke to Governor Andrew for sending his Massachusetts soldiers to invade the soil of Maryland.

The New York Times, in speaking of the message of Governor Andrew to the Mayor of Baltimore, beautifully said: "Few men can read it without shedding tears. Those bodies, battered and bruised by the brutal mob, are sacred; tenderly is not too gentle a word to be used for the care of them. Yes, bear their bodies tenderly; they are more sacred than the relics of saints. Wherever they pass let the nation's flag, which they died to defend, wave over them; let cannon thunder the martial honor, and let women and children come to drop a tear over the Massachusetts dead, who died for country and liberty."

It may be said, however, to the credit of Maryland that while she has a great deal to answer for on account of her actions at the commencement of the war, her legislature, a short time after the murder of our comrades in Baltimore, did a very mag-

nanimous act in appropriating the sum of \$7,000 for the relief of the families of the Massachusetts soldiers killed and wounded in Baltimore.

The State of Massachusetts and the city of Lowell have immortalized these heroes and patriots by erecting a massive and costly monument to their memory, beneath which they will sleep until "the sublime celestial bugler shall ring out the reveille."

Let us go back to the little detachment which we left with Captain Folansbee, fighting their way through the city. At the first exchange of shots the mob fell back with quite a loss in killed and wounded, how many we never knew, as they kept it as secret as possible, but a well directed volley was poured directly into the crowd. As they recoiled before the fire of the troops Captain Folansbee seized upon the advantage momentarily gained and pressed on. The regimental band and a detachment of men without arms from Pennsylvania, under a man named Smalls, were all driven back. Without any further loss of life or injury to the men, Captain Folansbee succeeded in joining the main body of the regiment, and also bringing with him all the wounded, who were cared for on board of the cars, as no time was lost in getting on board and starting off, for fear that the rails in advance of us would be torn up.

Nothing further of note transpired until we reached Washington, where we had been anxiously looked for since morning. It was nearly night and as we filed out of the cars old men and old women who were loyal to their country threw their arms around our necks and kissed us, and with great tears streaming down their cheeks blessed us and called us their deliverers. After getting into line we were marched to the United States Senate chamber, which was assigned us as quarters. We had eaten nothing since morning and were very hungry, but we had to wait until the next morning before anything could be procured for us to eat.

The wounded were here taken care of by Miss Clara Barton, formerly of Worcester, Massachusetts, a lady who has since become known the world over for her deeds of heroism in the hospital and on the field of battle. She took them to her own house, nursed them and cared for them as tenderly as their own mothers or sisters could have done, and here at her house was organized the first army hospital of the war. She was certainly

the pioneer nurse of the army, and from that time forward all through the long, dreary war she was to be seen where she was the most needed, in the field hospitals, and even upon the battlefield, administering to the comfort of the poor wounded soldier like the ministering angel that she was, and has been ever since.

In 1865 we find her organizing a force to go to Andersonville, and there she laid out the cemetery and located the graves of over thirty thousand of our comrades who were starved to death in the prison there, and who, but for her, would today be sleeping in unknown graves. To her we are indebted for the beautiful national cemeteries that are to be seen in so many of the states of the Union, and particularly in the southern states, in which lie so many of our brave comrades who were stricken down by disease or by rebel bullets. When the Franco-German war broke out we find her with the Grand Duchesse of Baden organizing the army hospitals and going to the field with them; and through her efforts, a work of years, we find our Government the thirty-second on the list of civilized nations to sign what is known as the Geneva Treaty of the International Society of the Red Cross, the most humane institution of the world; and now instead of our hospitals floating the little yellow flag, as heretofore, they will float the Red Cross banner, that sublime emblem of the world's humanity. And the Red Cross is now painted on all of the army ambulances. I know you will excuse this digression when it is understood that Miss Barton was so early and so kindly connected with the old 6th Massachusetts; that to us she has always seemed a part of it, and as she was proud of the old 6th, so are we all of us proud of her and the noble work she has done, and is still doing.

The old 6th being now safely quartered in the Senate chamber of the United States with one little incident, we will leave them.

At this time there were grave apprehensions as to what the rebels were about to do, and many there were who thought they were intending to make an attack upon the city, and in all probability if they had done so would have had but little difficulty in capturing it, for we were ill prepared for a combined attack of their forces. It was in this emergency that Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky formed a company of soldiers picked from among those northern men who had gone on to Washington to attend to the

distribution of federal offices. He had enrolled about a hundred men and they were known as Clay's Home Guard. Jim Lane of Kansas was also on hand, and from the patriots of the west had organized another company of about the same size as the Clay Home Guards and known as the Frontier Guard.

About 9 or half past 9 on the evening of our arrival President Lincoln came into the Senate chamber escorted by these two companies. "Honest Old Abe!" I can look back and in imagination see that great and good man as he entered the room, and with body bent forward passing around the Senate chamber, shaking hands with each soldier, with a pleasant smile and a kind word for all.

After the handshaking and a few remarks by the President congratulating us on the honor of being the first troops to arrive for the defense of the capitol, a lady, the only lady present, and if I remember right she was the wife of the state geologist of Wisconsin, stepped to the platform and sang the "Star Spangled Banner," all present joining in the chorus, and I assure my companions that never in your life did that old song sound as well in your ears, nor did that dear old flag look better in your eyes than it did that night to us after our march through Baltimore.

THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

BY

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN R. BROOKE.

(December 16, 1889.)

During the war in which occurred the battle of Nashville there was a great deal done, such as has been done here tonight. Substitutes were provided. My friend, Major Paddock, has personated another gentleman; I am here to personate my old friend, General Nathan L. Kimball. A braver man and better soldier never lived.

The battle of Nashville commenced when Sherman started on his march to the sea and Thomas started back to head off Hood. The contests which followed were numerous, although very severe, notably that of Franklin in Tennessee in the latter part of November. A. J. Smith, that old soldier whose operations are remembered well, and whose corps was a noted one in the Mississippi valley, was a little late by some means in getting to Nashville. He reached there in time, however, to take a hand, and history shows how thoroughly he did it. Time is a little short to give any such description as the battle of Nashville deserves, but I have made some few extracts in case my memory fails me, which I will read from in proper time.

George H. Thomas in the fights that resulted in the dawn of peace led the van. That I may say, I think, without fear of contradiction. From Nashville came the first sure sign that the bubble was pricked and that the Confederacy was gone forever. In his indomitable courage, moral courage, against the greatest dangers which our country was ever threatened with, as so graphically depicted and presented, he displayed one of the grandest features of soldiership that it has been my good fortune to study, and to profit by, should the occasion ever come. He stood quietly in Nashville gathering his troops from far and near, and from among the rag and tag and bob-tail of all the armies. I do not

mean that the rag and tag and bob-tail were not good soldiers and good men, for they were. At that time in the several armies all men, no matter where they might stand or what position they might fill, remained in their places and died like men when the time came without shrinking. I do not mean to have the term rag and tag and bob-tail taken in its general acceptance.

Thomas stood there when Grant urged him—that man before whom no man was found able to stand—and said to him, “I am not ready,” feeling in his heart that the stake was too great to strike before he was ready. He wanted to gather behind him those things which are necessary in a swift pursuit, while he unquestionably contemplated and he meant to destroy Hood’s army, and we all know that for all practical purposes of war Hood’s army ceased to exist on the night of the 16th of December, 1864.

The battle of Nashville commenced actually in its bloody features about 10 o’clock on the morning of the 15th of December, pursuant to this order :

“Major General A. J. Smith, commanding detachment of the Army of the Tennessee, after forming his troops on and near the Harding pike in front of his present position, will make a vigorous assault on the enemy’s left. Major General Wilson, commanding the Cavalry corps, Military Division of the Mississippi, with three divisions, will move on and support General Smith’s right, assisting as far as possible in carrying the left of the enemy’s position, and be in readiness to throw his force upon the enemy the moment a favorable opportunity occurs. Major General Wilson will also send one division on the Charlotte pike to clear that road of the enemy and observe in the direction of Bell’s Landing to protect our right rear until the enemy’s position is fairly turned, when it will rejoin the main force. Brigadier General T. J. Wood, commanding Fourth corps, after leaving a strong skirmish line in his works from Lawren’s Hill to his extreme right, will form the remainder of the Fourth corps on the Hillsboro pike to support General Smith’s left and operate on the left and rear of the enemy’s advanced positions on the Montgomery Hill. Major General Schofield, commanding the Twenty-third army corps, will replace Brigadier General Kimball’s division of the Fourth corps with his troops and occupy the trenches from Fort Negley to Lawren’s Hill with a strong skirmish line. He will move the remainder of his force in front of the

works and co-operate with General Wood, protecting the latter's left flank against an attack by the enemy. Major General Steadman, commanding District of Etowah, will occupy the interior line in rear of his present position, stretching from the reservoir on the Cumberland river at Fort Negley with a strong skirmish line, and mass the remainder of his force in its present position to act according to the exigencies which may arise during these operations. Brigadier General Miller, with troops forming the garrison of Nashville, will occupy the interior line from the battery on hill 210 to the extreme right, including the enclosed work on the Hyde's Ferry road. The quartermaster's troops, under command of Brigadier General Donaldson, will, if necessary, be posted on the interior line from Fort Morton to the battery on hill 210. The troops occupying the interior line will be under the direction of Major General Steadman, who is charged with the immediate defense of Nashville during the operations around the city. Should the weather permit, the troops will be formed to commence operations at 6 a. m. on the 15th, or as soon thereafter as practicable."

History records no more complete order of battle than this. History records no more close attention and close compliance with the original plans than does the history of the battle of the 15th of December. It is in keeping with the character of the man who won that battle that he had all things ready when he moved. Had it not been for a severe storm which covered the country with ice—and, old soldiers, you know what those storms were—he would have moved some days earlier and Hood would have met his fate that much sooner. There were some slight modifications when the general plan was carried out in its entirety. Let us hear what General Hood says:

"Finding that the main movement of the Federals was directed against our left, the Chief Engineer was instructed to carefully select a line in prolongation of the left flank; Cheatham's corps was withdrawn from the right during the night of the 15th and posted on the left of Stewart—Cheatham's left flank resting near the Brentwood Hills. In this position the men were ordered to construct breastworks during that same night."

General S. D. Lee says: "During the night Cheatham's corps was withdrawn from my right and moved to the extreme left

of the army. The army then took position about one mile in rear of its original line, my corps being on the extreme right."

They did not like to say whipped, but Hood says it there in that little expression of his; so does S. D. Lee, and we know what occurred on the 15th, and we know why they had to form a new line—we had the old line. For the action of the 16th I would quote again from General Thomas' report:

"At 6 a. m. on the 16th Wood's corps pressed back the enemy's skirmishers across the Franklin pike to the eastward of it, and then swinging slightly to the right, advanced due south from Nashville, driving the enemy before him, until he came upon his new main line of works, constructed during the night on what is called Overton's Hill, about five miles south of the city and east of the Franklin pike. General Steadman moved out from Nashville by the Nolensville pike and formed his command on the left of General Wood, effectually securing the latter's left flank, and made preparations to co-operate in the operations of the day. General A. J. Smith's command moved out on the right of the Fourth corps (Wood's) and, establishing connection with General Wood's right, completed the new line of battle. General Schofield's troops remained in the position taken up by them at dark on the day previous, facing eastward and towards the enemy's left flank, the line of the corps running perpendicular to General Smith's troops. General Wilson's cavalry, which had rested for the night at the six-mile post on the Hillsboro pike, was dismounted and formed on the right of Schofield's command, and by noon of the 16th had succeeded in gaining the enemy's rear and stretched across the Granny White pike, one of his two outlets towards Franklin. As soon as the above dispositions were completed, and, having visited the different commands, I gave directions that the movement against the enemy's left flank should be continued. Our entire line approached to within 600 yards of the enemy's at all points. His center was weak as compared to either his right at Overton's Hill or his left on the hills bordering the Granny White pike. Still, I had hopes of gaining his rear and cutting off his retreat from Franklin."

Companions and old soldiers, what more is there for me to state than the history of the battle of Nashville as written by his order of battle and by his final modest report of it?

GEORGE H. THOMAS.

BY

HON. JAMES M. WOOLWORTH.

(December 16, 1889.)

The choicest treasures of a people are its historic names. The story of the deeds and the contemplation of the civic virtues of the great of a past generation feed, quicken and exalt the sentiments and passions which make the savor of life unto life. Like the tonic of gracious cordials, the winds from mountains and salted sea, they carry men beyond the customary bounds of action and of thought. Uncounted riches may be gathered from fields and mines and by trade and industries. But the disasters of war and the elements may sweep them all away; the decay of public virtue may turn them all into dust and the withered remnants of sorrowing memories.

It is not so with the heritage of great names; that is above and beyond calamity. The legends of the Cocles and the Horatii, and the tales of the Scipios and the Fabii, told and retold, around the campfires of the armies in Gaul and Africa, roused to the highest pitch the spirit of the Roman soldiers. The single word, "Napoleon," ever an inspiration and a glory to the son of France, made possible the splendors of the second Empire and the victories of the third of that mighty name.

In our civil war, when men's hearts failed them for fear, what revived the will of the nation, steadied the hopes of statesmen, and nerved the arm of the soldier, as the story of the courage, the deeds, the words of Washington?

I share your disappointment that General Stanley could not be with you tonight to speak of General Thomas. Himself a splendid soldier and accomplished officer, who at a supreme moment in the retreat on Nashville, saved the army by an act of intrepid courage, unsurpassed in the annals of the war, General Stanley could have given an adequate account of the career of

his great commander. He could have told you, in picturesque phrase, the story of what he did. I shall be happy if in simple words I can help you to dimly see what he was.

In mien and stature Thomas was grand. His countenance was, in features, large; in caste, grave. A broad and heavy brow, an eye of color blue, like that of great warriors, steady and far-seeing; a square jaw and firm mouth, a complexion dark and sallow; the expression was, when in the midst of serious business, not so much rigid and severe as impassive. Men who looked upon it then felt the imperturbable soul. And yet at times, though they were infrequent, there sat upon that grave face benignity and gentleness and grace. The large head, well covered with dark hair, sat strong upon the broad shoulders. The stature, rising above the height of most, was massive. The frame was large and well covered with flesh, or, rather, with the strength of muscle, so that the idea was not of inactivity, but of momentum. There was a certain heaviness, but it was saved from sluggishness by strong nerves that gave to weight vigor and power, and carried the impression of health, strength, endurance, force. We may apply to him the description of Thomas Coventry, in Charles Lamb's account of the old Bencher of the Inner Temple: "His step was massy and elephantine * * his gait was peremptory and path-keeping, indivertible from his way as a moving column." And thus countenance, figure and bearing gave promise of the man.

His character was solid and massive, calm and impressive, consistent and symmetrical. If I were to state his characteristic in one word, I would say it was firmness, which implies many things. He was slow in his mental operations. Although in part of French descent, he had none of the Gallic vivacity of his mother's ancestry. He patiently went over the matter to which his attention was addressed in all its details, following it through to the end; no element in the problem overlooked or slighted; no contingency unscanned; and when at last the conclusion was reached, he rested in it with perfect confidence. His convictions were ardent, hearty and earnest, and he clung to them with tenacity and firmness. But if he was slow, he was sure. One of his earlier friendly nick-names was "Old Slow Trot," and another "Old Sure Enough," and his troops sometimes called him "Old Pap Safety."

As such men always are, he was systematic. He accepted

with natural aptness the instructions of West Point, and was given to routine. He might yield to exigencies, but not without hesitating at the irregularity. Accordingly he planned his campaigns and battles with extreme care and exactness, applying to them the approved rules of war. He did not make an experiment of what study would teach in order to find out that he had erred. He provided for dilemmas, and suffered no surprises, and thus organized victory before he sought to grasp it.

Such an officer was well fitted to be wise in counsel. And so he was. Considerate of the opinions of others, withholding his own as long as he could, he expressed himself with few words, with directness, clearness and candor, without an appearance of ostentation or self-assertation. He prayed for a calm and considerate justice without sign of wrath or passion.

But he was not only great in counsel. On the field of battle he was calm, self-poised, self-possessed and imperturbable. When the supreme moment came, that tries the reins and the heart, then he was greatest; he was roused to fullest action, and the battle-fire flamed from his steady, quiet eyes. He had that great quality of the true commander, which inspired his soldiers with perfect confidence. He reached this end by none of the little arts that gain a short applause and fictitious popularity. It came of the simplicity, robustness and hardness of his character. He was too straightforward and magnanimous to excite jealousy or envy; too decorous and dignified for familiarity.

Always a good student, as must be one to whom life is a serious business and duty an ever-present and absorbing motive, he studied and mastered and made a part of himself the principles of the American Government. He cherished the maxims of liberty on which it was founded, and understood its complex system and the relation of the States to the nation. He not only read, but he thought upon these things, profoundly and wisely. No officer of the war thought more profoundly and wisely, no matter whether he was educated for the army or the forum.

With this bare outline of a portraiture of General Thomas' character, I know that I have not impressed you as I could wish with its grandeur. I beg you to indulge me while I attempt to illustrate it by two passages in his career. They were the crises of his life and illustrate his character. Both branches of his family were among the earliest settlers of Southeastern Virginia, and

he was born on the soil of the Old Dominion. He was held in the highest esteem in the aristocratic community of that proud State. In token of appreciation for his services in the Mexican war he was the recipient of a splendid sword from his native and well-beloved Virginia. At the breaking out of the rebellion he was the junior Major of the Second Cavalry—the crack regiment of the old army. The Colonel was A. S. Johnston; the Lieutenant Colonel, Robert E. Lee; the senior Major, W. J. Hardee; Van Dorn, Kirby Smith, Fitzhugh Lee, Hood and others were the junior officers. All, inspired by that State pride which overleaped their love for the old flag, espoused the cause of the south. He shared the general sentiments of his State. He felt intensely that what seemed to him attacks upon her social institutions were fatally wrong. He was on leave and in the midst of the most violent of the southerners. His ears were filled with the denunciations of Abolitionists and Yankees, and exultant boasts of the issue of the conflict. Everything drew him to the south. The other officers of his regiment held out their hands in entreaty; the friends, men and men, of his childhood and manhood drew him; the State on whose soil he had his birth, which had greatly honored him, which he fondly loved, supplicated his aid. All the affections of his heart, all the blandishments of ambition, and, above all, a deep sense of wrong and injustice to his people, were on one side. On the other were his profound knowledge of the relations of the States and the nation and his sense of duty to the power to which he had sworn allegiance. We do not know how long he held the high debate within his own soul, how uncertain was the issue, how hard the struggle. All we know is that when the first shot was fired on the flag at Sumter he took his way, that “peremptory and path-keeping” way, to his regiment at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and there renewed his consecration to his country.

It is an easy thing to float with the tide. All that is needed is to surrender to the mighty forces; they will do the rest. And it is hard to feel that drawing out to the open sea with almost irresistible power, and strike out for the land. But it is harder to stem the rapid, sweeping current of opinion, to breast its waves bellowing with passion, and strike for the right, with no voice to cheer, no hand outstretched to help.

Take not too much to yourselves that you chanced to be on

the right side in the war. Ask rather where you would have gone had you lived in the south. You know now where was the right and where the wrong, but would you have withstood the multitude to draw you to the wrong, and chosen the right alone and undisputed? Would you have gone with Lee, or with Thomas? He who hath conquered his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city.

When, hereafter, this passion of patriotism shall die in the hearts of Americans, and they hesitate to answer the call of duty and heroic sacrifice, then shall be told in their ears the story of Thomas; then will be pictured before their eyes the grandeur of his character, and their hearts shall be lifted up and their spirits refreshed, and they shall do deeds of daring until the country is saved again. Tell me what choicer treasure has America than the historic names of such as George H. Thomas?

There was another crisis in the history of this grand man. Sherman lay at Atlanta—doubtful whether to march to the sea or return to protect Tennessee and Kentucky. Hood was at the head of an army of 50,000 veterans, the flower of the southwest. Himself gallant and daring to rashness, he was, of all others, the commander for an army whose spirit was not broken by its long retreats and successive defeats, and believed that he would recover what, under Johnston, had been lost. Hood's object was to draw Sherman from Georgia. In hopes of bringing his adversary to an engagement, Sherman did pursue the Confederate army, but soon found the chase useless. Then he abandoned his line of communication with the north and set forth on his great march. His success, however, called for some measure to occupy Hood's attention and protect Tennessee and Kentucky. Thomas was with him in the Atlanta campaign, commanding 60,000 troops—three-fifths of the army. Sherman knew Thomas well and selected him for the task. The troops which were given Thomas were ill-fitted for so severe a service. Fifteen thousand veterans had gone home, some to vote, others because their enlistment had expired. They were partially replaced by raw men, convalescents and stragglers, gathered from all parts of the department. The cavalry had been dismounted to provide Sherman's army with horses. As soon as Sherman left Atlanta for the sea, Hood resolved on the counter strategy of a like march to the Ohio, in the expectation that he would compel Sherman's return, or inflict

upon the north punishment for the march through Georgia. The movement has been denounced as foolhardy and Hood called the Hotspur of the south. Sherman says it was what he desired of all things. Jefferson Davis disclaimed all responsibility for it. But had Thomas failed to defeat the Confederate General, success would have approved the strategy of Hood.

The movement forward began on the 17th of November from Florence, and, as you know, followed the railroad to Nashville, where Thomas' headquarters were established. Schofield was in command of the Army of Observation. Then began the retreat of our army, so full of heroic courage and severe trials. It is not within my purpose to follow it. Upon three occasions Schofield was saved from imminent peril by Hood's failure to seize them, and by the valor of his troops and the skill of his subordinates. At last the army was within the fortifications of Nashville, and on the 2nd of December Hood invested the city on three sides and began to cut the communications. Two weeks slipped away without his attempting an attack. These days were golden to Thomas. He employed them in remounting his cavalry and in bringing in reinforcements. A. J. Smith, ordered from Missouri with 5,000 men, after many vexatious detentions, at last reached Nashville. Bodies of detached troops of all sizes, from companies to brigades, were brought in from Missouri and Louisiana, Kentucky and Georgia. No less than twenty-one regiments joined Thomas. And all these forces had to be organized and a new army formed. At last the 9th of December was appointed for the attack upon the besieging forces. But on the night before a violent storm sheeted the earth with ice and made the movement of troops impossible. On the 13th a thaw came; the next day the ice embargo was removed. In the afternoon Thomas called his corps commanders to his headquarters and, according to his custom, went over the plans of the battle with great care and exactness. The next morning the battle opened; you know with what magnificent result. There was no failure anywhere—no surprise, no unexpected exigency occurred. More than any battle of the war, it was fought precisely according to the plan. The retreat of the Confederates followed and was pursued, until the army that was to duplicate Sherman's march was annihilated.

I have recounted these events, already familiar to you, for a particular purpose—namely, to illustrate the great characteristic

of General Thomas. While yet his army was falling back on Nashville the authorities at Washington were greatly chagrined at the retreat, and hardly had he withdrawn his troops within the works before the taunt was thrown in his face that he was imitating the do-nothing policy of M'Clellan. The irritation increased at his persistent maintenance of the defensive. General Grant, from City Point, peremptorily ordered him to make the attack without waiting for reinforcements and without regard to weather. Still he would not move. The order was repeated, and not obeyed. Then followed the threat that if he did not move at once he would be relieved. Still he held his own. General Logan was sent with an order that Thomas should hand the command over to him. Grant himself started from City Point to take command in person. Logan reached Louisville and Grant reached Washington on their way to Nashville, when they received news of the victory on the first day of the battle. Had Thomas risked a battle while his forces were retreating on Nashville, he would have been overwhelmed by the superior army of Hood. Had he brought on the final battle before he was ready, before his forces were in some measure equal to the Confederates and well organized, and his cavalry remounted, the issue would have been doubtful and pursuit and the destruction of the Confederate army impossible. He knew this, and he dared to risk his own fame by following his own judgment, rather than that the country should miss the opportunity to crush the rebellion in the west. On the one side of the balance was his name—on the other, his country. As he sat in brooding silence in his open window, looking upon the country sheeted in ice, holding in his hand the order to move regardless of the weather or be disgraced, his fate seemed hard; but he would not sacrifice victory to save himself. There was the hero greater than Napoleon or Caesar. There was an act more sublime than the rout of the Confederate army. To my mind, in some respects, the grandeur of the character of Thomas surpasses that of any other General of the war.

Oh, my country! blessed art thou among the nations, for thine are the treasures of historic names.

WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA.

BY

BRIG. GEN. AMASA COBB, U. S. VOLS.

(Read March 2, 1893.)

The Army of the Potomac having been held in front of Yorktown and its line of defenses for an entire month, on the morning of the 4th of May, 1862, found the works of the enemy in its front no longer occupied. My regiment, the 5th Wisconsin Infantry Volunteers, being on the right of Smith's division of the Fourth corps, had the lead of that part of the infantry that in following up the retreating rebels took the Williamsburg and Lees Mills road.

Some time in the afternoon we learned that the division of our cavalry, with several batteries of horse artillery, under the command of General Stoneman, had, by an intersecting road, passed to our front, and by artillery firing, which soon opened, we knew that it had come up with the enemy. We hurried forward for the purpose of supporting it; but soon the firing ceased, and upon proceeding about a mile farther we met the cavalry returning, when we were ordered to wheel out of the road to let the cavalry pass to our rear. General Stoneman coming up, entered into conversation with General Hancock, in which I heard him say that he had been engaged with a cavalry force of the enemy, and that the reason why he had fallen back was that he had found the enemy were armed with carbines, while his cavalry had only pistols and sabers, and they could keep out of the way of his fire and still reach his men and horses with their carbines.

Marching on and crossing King's Creek, we came to a large farm, upon which was a white farm house, sometimes called the White House. Here, under command of General Hancock, our brigade was formed in line of battle and marched across the farm and nearly to the woods west and north of it, when we were overtaken by General E. V. Sumner. This officer, being senior in rank

to General Hancock, assumed command and ordered an assault upon Fort Magruder. As I had never heard mention of Fort Magruder, and as no fort or enemy was in sight or hearing, General Hancock then telling me to make ready to obey the order, I asked for information as to the direction and distance of the work to be assaulted. In reply General Sumner pointed to a smoke curling above the tree tops about a mile away in our left front and said: "That smoke is rising from Fort Magruder." I then ordered the pioneers of my regiment to throw down the rail fence in our front enclosing the field, and which was nearly hidden from view by thick briars and undergrowth. I asked General Hancock whether I should dismount for the purpose of leading the charge, as the timber and undergrowth were very thick. General Sumner, overhearing this inquiry, replied that a mounted officer on duty should never leave the saddle, and that cavalry had been all through the woods that afternoon. General Hancock then said to me, *soto voce*, to do as I pleased. I immediately dismounted and, turning my mare over to my servant, at a signal from General Hancock commenced the movement. It was now near sundown and dark clouds were rising over the James river, towards which we were moving. The woods and underbrush, quite thick at the point at which we entered, grew thicker as we proceeded, so that it was impossible for troops marching in line of battle to make any considerable progress or keep to alignment for any distance, and even before it began to grow dark it was impossible for me to see more than the length of one of the ten companies constituting my command. Upon entering the woods the column of smoke given us as marking the point upon which we were to march was entirely hidden from view by the tree tops. Just as it began to grow dark we reached a point where the timber had been felled by the enemy for the purpose of constructing an abattis, and in such a manner as to render it almost impenetrable. This continued for about two hundred yards, and before the troops got through it night had come on, and the darkness of that order designated as Egyptian. Upon emerging from this abattis we found ourselves upon ploughed ground.

After advancing some distance and endeavoring, with the assistance of the company officers, to rectify our disordered line, we were somewhat startled and quite exhilarated by a loud cheering by the troops well to the left of the brigade line. I was fearful

that our line had inclined so far to the right that instead of striking Fort Magruder and having the glory of its capture, my regiment, by swerving too much to the right, had passed that stronghold and allowed it to fall within the prowess of the 43rd New York, the extreme left regiment of the brigade. But the cheering soon ceased, and it turned out that the point charged on with these cheers was marked with burning leaves set on fire by shells from the artillery engaged in the skirmish that afternoon, and was about a mile and a quarter from Fort Magruder. In ignorance of this, however, and expecting every moment that the opening fire from advancing friends and retreating enemies would indicate the point of attack, we continued to advance across; and just as we were expecting to enter the outer ditch of the enemy's defenses our line was brought to a sudden halt by a rift of cord wood marking the westerly side of the field across which we had marched, considerably longer than my regimental front and at least eight feet high.

Just as we had ascertained the character of this obstacle, and had commenced pulling it down for the purpose of passing over it, an order reached me from General W. F. Smith, our division commander, through his mounted orderly to halt and hold our position until morning. So the troops continued to tear down the wood, but for the purpose of lying upon it, for, rough as it was, it was preferable as a bed to the fast accumulating mire. Despite my downy couch I awoke between 4 and 5 o'clock. The men were nearly all sleeping soundly, but amongst those who were up before me was my bandmaster, Joseph Craig, who had arisen and taken a walk in the woods in our front. Here he had been captured as a rebel spy and carried before General Joseph E. Hooker, by whom, as he gave the name of his Colonel, he was sent to me under guard for identification. Almost at the moment of my learning in this way that General Hooker with his division was in our front the artillery at his command opened fire, and very soon thereafter the return shots of the enemy from Fort Magruder, as it proved, fell very near our position.

Stepping a few paces to the right, past a corner of the woods, that stronghold was in full view, though about a mile away and across what seemed to be a large mill pond. I mounted and went to the left to find my superior officers. About a quarter of a mile to the south of the point where the 43rd New York made the

charge the night before I found General Hancock, General Sumner and other officers. I informed General Hancock of the incident of my bandmaster's arrest by Hooker's pickets, which those present scarcely believed, as they said that Hooker ought not to be on that road. General Hancock ordered me to return to my regiment and retire it into the woods in its rear, that the men might cook and eat their breakfast.

After breakfast the brigade was marched to the left and rear back to the Whittaker farm near the point from which we started the evening before. Here we found the other two brigades of our division, several batteries of artillery and a part at least of the cavalry division, all drawn up and apparently ready to move. About 9 o'clock the rain became very heavy and fairly poured. Meantime the infantry stood in line and the artillerymen by the guns; cavalry and mounted officers sat in the saddle. All the time the engagement in the direction of Fort Magruder and Williamsburg continued. By this time it had become known to the general officers and many of the rest of us there present that Williamsburg was fortified by a succession of dams of a small stream running nearly across the peninsula from northeast to southwest from near York river to the James river. Those dams were composed of earth and were barely broad enough at the top to make a single roadway for a cart. The water on either side was of considerable depth, sufficient, with mud upon which it rested, to render the stream, which was thus given a breadth of about one hundred and fifty yards, impassable to either horse or foot, and the northwest end of each dam was crowned by an earthwork pierced for cannon on the side next to the stream.

About 10 a. m. General Hancock rode to the right of my regiment, accompanied by two other mounted officers, one of whom was Captain West, an officer of engineers, attached to the staff of General W. F. Smith; the other he introduced to me as Lieutenant Custer of General McClellan's staff, and said: "He says that he has found a place where he can cross the stream and turn the enemy's left flank. You will follow him with your regiment and effect a crossing if possible. Keep a sharp lookout for surprises and keep me advised of everything of importance. I will be near you with the brigade."

I immediately put my regiment in motion, taking an obscure wagon track through heavy timber to the north, Lieutenant Cus-

ter and Captain West leading the way. In about a mile, our road debouching from the woods upon an open field, we came in sight of an earthwork of the enemy at the farther end of one of the dams above described. Here, turning to the left, I put my regiment at double quick, and, still following Custer, crossed the dam and entered the work, which was found unoccupied. Since that day, on many fields and in more than one war, thousands have followed Custer to glorious victory, and once, only once, to sad and fatal, yet victorious, defeat. But of all his followers, on any field, I claim for the 5th Wisconsin precedence in point of time. Marching out of the earthwork, I formed in line perpendicular to the stream and fronting the west. Lieutenant Custer, now returning to the south side of the stream, informed General Hancock of the success of the crossing, when the latter hurried forward with the 6th Maine and 49th Pennsylvania regiments of his own and the 33rd New York of Davidson's brigade. Coming up he ordered me to march by the right flank and thus increase the space between my left and the stream sufficiently to admit the three regiments accompanying him.

Again facing to the left, the brigade marched upon the next earthwork, situated about eight hundred yards from the first, Companies A, E and G of my regiment being deployed as skirmishers covering the brigade front. We were also followed by Cowan's battery, New York Light Artillery, of six guns, and some time afterwards were joined by Wheeler's battery of four guns from the same State. Advancing, we found the second fort also unoccupied. Upon passing the fort, and reaching the brow of the low hill upon which it was situated, three larger forts were in sight, from each of which the rebel flag was displayed, besides giving other evidence of their being occupied by the enemy. We were also now in sight as well as hearing of the battle being fought by General Hooker. Here three companies of the regiment occupying the left of our brigade were placed in the earthwork in our rear and the other seven companies placed upon the right of that position with its right well refused, as a protection against a possible attack from the woods to our right.

From General Hancock's report of this day's operations I learn that we were accompanied also by the 7th Maine of Davidson's brigade, and that this regiment was placed upon our extreme right and rear to guard any possible flank movements of the en-

emy from that direction. The three regiments of Hancock's brigade were thrown forward in echelon on the right, in order much more open than usual in that formation. The right regiment, my own, advanced about four hundred yards to a position in the rear of a large frame house, negro quarters and barns, pointed out to me by the General. The 6th Maine advanced about two hundred and fifty yards; the 49th Pennsylvania, occupying the left of the troops participating in this movement, halted some hundred yards in the rear of the line of the 6th Maine, and my three companies of skirmishers advanced some 300 yards beyond my position. Here, under the General's orders, I detached Companies D and K of my regiment and sent them forward under the immediate command of Lieutenant Colonel H. W. Emery to form a support to the line of skirmishers, with direction to take a position in a skirt of timber on which the right of said line was supposed to rest. This left me five companies with which to support the guns which went into battery a little in advance and from one to two hundred yards to the left of my position.

The making of these dispositions consumed considerable time, besides the General delayed the opening of fire by the artillery upon the enemy's works for the arrival of additional troops, which he said had been promised him, but learning that the promised reinforcements would not be sent, at about 4 o'clock he ordered the artillery to open fire. Very soon the guns of the enemy at Fort Magruder were turned upon us. The fire continued with considerable rapidity for about half an hour. I observed that the guns were one at a time being limbered up and sent to the rear. The horses of the mounted officers of the 5th Wisconsin had been sent to the rear to keep them out of range of the enemy's fire. When most of the guns had been retired Sergeant George E. Bissell of Company B called by attention to what was going on in our rear and left, where I saw the 49th Pennsylvania marching to the rear and a mounted officer, Lieutenant Isaac Brown Parker of General Hancock's staff, galloping rapidly from the late position of the 49th Pennsylvania to that of the 6th Maine. He made a slight halt near that regiment and then came rapidly towards us, the 6th Maine immediately facing by the rear rank and following the 49th Pennsylvania. Just at this time Major C. H. Larrabee and one of the battery officers were about a hundred yards in the rear of the only one of our guns remaining in

the field, searching for a shell thrown by the enemy that had struck about there and had not exploded, as they wished to ascertain the caliber of the enemy's artillery.

The Major thus being at a point some two hundred yards nearer the approaching Lieutenant, and shells exploding with great frequency near that officer, he delivered his order to the Major instead of myself. I heard it, however; it was from General Hancock to retreat. The use of this word retreat on a field of battle had already become the unpardonable sin in military theology. To it had been attributed the disasters of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff, and it had endangered the withdrawal at Belmont, so that it was with horror that I heard the Major repeat this odious word and give the name of Hancock as the authority for it. At this moment the last gun was limbered up and taken off the field in great haste.

A sharp fire of musketry now opened along my line of skirmishers, announcing the approach of the enemy, who appeared in a long line of infantry and cavalry at a distance of about four hundred yards in my front, and penetrating the skirt of timber upon my right front heretofore spoken of, as the location of the skirmish support under Lieutenant Colonel Emery. Seeing a large mounted force advancing upon my force of five companies, and realizing the impossibility of either resisting it in line or of executing the General's order by retreating to the main line, I hastily put in execution the somewhat novel military movement of forming a five-company square to resist the cavalry with the bayonet until succor would come from my General, whom I knew was observing me at a distance of four or five hundred yards. I formed the square, and by the assistance of an athletic young officer of my regiment, who climbed to the top of one of the buildings in my immediate front, discovered that the mounted force had been checked by the fire of my skirmishers and was falling back and behind the skirt of timber, but that the line of infantry was advancing with rapidity and only about two hundred yards away. I immediately reduced the square, bringing my five companies into line, and my right company opened fire on a part of a regiment of the enemy which had commenced firing upon us from the right hand side of the farm house. They immediately took shelter behind the buildings. I now faced my command to the left and marched in that direction until unmasked by the buildings.

I now found myself in front of the enemy's center, and less than two hundred yards distant. A heavy regiment, afterwards ascertained to be the 5th North Carolina Infantry, was in our immediate front and was supported on either flank by other troops, all of whom advanced rapidly, concentrating upon us a rapid and heavy fire. I halted my men, faced them to the right and delivered a fire by the entire command, which perceptibly checked the advance. Just at this time I saw my other five companies falling back along the edge of the skirt of timber on our right. We then faced to the rear and marched at quick time while the men loaded their pieces, which were Austrian rifles of the bright pattern, the best muzzle-loading arm of which I ever had knowledge. When I saw that the pieces were generally charged I ordered a halt, about face and fire. As the men were raising their pieces I heard Lieutenant Enoch Tolten of Company F calling their attention to the "Bastard Flag" which was following us, and calling to the men near him to knock it down, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the man fall who carried it. In this way my men, exhausting nearly or quite their supply of ammunition we fell back to the position held by the brigade and took our place in the line. After firing a few shots from the artillery and a few rounds by the infantry the General ordered a charge, using the unusual military language: "Now, gentlemen, charge!" In response to this the whole line sprang forward with a cheer. This movement extended to the brow of the hill and a short distance down the slope, when the enemy, having hastily withdrawn and it already beginning to grown dark, the line was retired to its former position, and several detachments were sent out to bring in the wounded on either side. The casualties of the 5th Wisconsin were: Killed, enlisted men, 8; wounded, officers, 4; enlisted men, 66; captured or missing, enlisted men, 1; aggregate, 79. The only officer severely wounded was Captain W. A. Bugh of Company G, who fell in the skirmish line. From this wound he lost a leg and died a few years later.

General Hancock in his official report of this battle to General McClellan says: "The enemy's assault was of the most determined character. No troops could have made a more desperate or resolute charge. The 5th North Carolina was annihilated. Nearly all of its superior officers were left dead or wounded on the field. The 24th Virginia suffered greatly in superior officers and

men. The battle flag of one of the enemy's regiments was captured by the 5th Wisconsin Volunteers and sent by me as a trophy to General Smith. For 600 yards in front of our line the whole field was strewn with the enemy's dead and wounded."

General Jubal A. Early in his official report of this day, after speaking of his being ordered by General Longstreet to move the troops under his command to the left of Fort Magruder, etc., says: "The brigade advanced through the wheat field and then through the woods, about half a mile in all, when it came upon an open field in view of Fort Magruder, at the end of which farthest from the fort the enemy had taken position with a battery of six pieces, since ascertained to be Wheeler's New York battery, and some two or three pieces from another battery called Kennedy's, which were supported by a brigade of infantry under the command of Brigadier General Hancock. In this field were two or three redoubts previously built by our troops, of at least one of which the enemy had possession, his artillery being posted in front of it near some farm houses and supported by a body of infantry, the balance of the infantry being in the redoubt and in the edge of the woods close by. The 24th Virginia regiment, as I had anticipated, came directly upon the battery, emerging from the woods over the fence into the field within musket range of the farm houses at which the battery was posted. This regiment, without pausing or wavering, charged upon the enemy under a heavy fire and drove back his guns and the infantry supporting them to the cover of the redoubt mentioned and of the woods and a fence close by, and continued to advance upon him in the most gallant manner. I looked to the right to see if the other regiments were coming up to the support of the 24th, but not observing them I sent orders for them to advance. These were anticipated by Colonel McRae of the 5th North Carolina regiment, who was on the extreme right of my brigade, and marched down with his regiment as soon as it was possible for him to do so to the support of the 24th and the attack of the enemy, traversing the whole front that should have been occupied by other regiments.

"Having received a severe wound shortly after the charge made by the 24th Virginia on the enemy's battery, I became so weak from the loss of blood and suffered such excruciating pain that I was unable to direct the operations of the brigade and was compelled to retire from the field just as the 5th North Carolina

regiment, under the lead of its gallant Colonel, made its charge upon the enemy's artillery and infantry, but its conduct has been reported to me by impartial witnesses. * * * A number of valuable officers were killed in both regiments. The 5th North Carolina regiment lost its Lieutenant Colonel, J. C. Badham, a most excellent and gallant officer. It lost also several Captains and Lieutenants while gallantly performing their duty. The 24th Virginia regiment did not suffer so severely in killed, but Captain Jennings and First Lieutenant Radford, two officers of great worth, were killed on the field, and Captain Hayden mortally wounded."

Colonel D. K. McRae, 5th North Carolina Infantry, commanding the brigade, in his report, after stating that his brigade on this day consisted of his own regiment, the 5th North Carolina, the 23rd North Carolina (Colonel Hoke), the 38th Virginia (Lieutenant Colonel Whittle) and the 24th Virginia (Colonel Terry), and stating that in marching upon the batteries and troops attacked, his line became broken and that he "could neither see Colonel Hoke with the 23rd North Carolina nor Lieutenant Colonel Whittle with the 38th Virginia," proceeds: "About this time a regiment, which I found afterwards was the 24th Virginia, Colonel Terry, engaged the enemy at some 300 yards to my left in front and drove him out of some houses toward his redoubt. Finding the 23rd and 38th still absent, I saw the necessity of connecting my line with this regiment to support it, and at the same time to get the cover of the houses referred to. I ordered my line to advance, obliquing to the left, and when I found my men advancing too rapidly and not sufficiently obliquing I ordered a halt, passed to the front of the line and urged my men to move less rapidly and to press more sensibly to the left, and to compose them I ordered them to lie down. The enemy had now commenced to fire upon us with rifles, which began to be fatal, and at this moment I saw Captain Early, General Early's aide, waving me on. I then pushed on. My color bearer was first struck down and his comrade seized the flag, who fell immediately; a third took it and shared the same fate; then Captain Benjamin Robinson of Company A, who carried it until the staff was shivered to pieces in his hand. * * * The fire was terrific; my men and officers were falling on every side. The 24th Virginia on my left was suffering in like proportion. * * *

At this time Colonel Terry fell upon my left; Lieutenant Colonel Hairston also, and the horse of Major Sinclair had been shot from under him. Lieutenant Colonel Badham fell upon my right, and I found that Major Maury of the 24th Virginia and myself were the only field officers remaining mounted. * * * The charge upon the battery was not attended by success."

Again referring to the report of General Hancock, I quote: "By the evidence of an officer who noted the time, the action continued twenty-three minutes from the time of the enemy's appearance until his repulse. When it commenced the contest in front of Fort Magruder appeared to have ended." The enemy's appearance here referred to by the General doubtless was his charge upon the battery and the five companies with me, and not the attack upon my line of skirmishers or the reserve in the skirt of timber, and I will say that even then it seemed much more than twenty-three minutes to me. During the following night the enemy evacuated Fort Magruder with its line of defense and Williamsburg and took up their line of retreat, to make no further resistance until behind the line of the Chickahominy.

The next day while the 5th Wisconsin regiment was on parade for inspection and review, General George B. McClellan rode to its front and, addressing the men, thanked them for their gallantry of the day before and said that by their bravery and discipline they had saved the day. The regiment maintained the character thus earned until the close of the war, adding to the name of Williamsburg, which was placed upon its flag, those of Gaines' Mill, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Antietam and Fredericksburg under my own command; under the command of Major Enoch Totten those of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania; under the command of Major Charles W. Kempf those of Winchester and Opequan, and under the command of Colonel T. S. Allen those of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Petersburg and Saylor's Creek.

A PRISONER OF WAR.

BY

LIEUT. COL. ROLLIN M. STRONG, 19TH WISCONSIN INFANTRY.

(Read March 7, 1894.)

In October, 1864, I was called to Richmond, Va., by a medical necessity and other causes over which I had no control—I was a Prisoner of War. I arrived in that distinguished city at midnight. There was no delegation with a band to welcome me (though the band came later) and the only welcoming speech was from a very sleepy guard to the effect that “Here was another load of d—n Yankees wounded.” This was not particularly exhilarating at the time, as I had ridden in on my back in the bottom of an ambulance twelve miles, over a corduroy road, with one knee shot away and the lower leg flopping about loose whenever I would get faint and half lose consciousness and neglect to hold it. With me was Sergeant Nolan badly wounded and who died the next day, but who, during this long, painful ride, never groaned or whined, and but for his sand and bravery I believe I should have howled with pain, but did not dare in the presence of such unflinching manhood.

We were received with all the care and solicitude with which prisoners were received (wounded or otherwise) by the world-famed chivalry of the south. (See records of Belle Isle, Libby, Andersonville, etc.) My first breakfast consisted of two and one-half inches square of cornbread (and I found in that a half-inch piece of cob), parched corn or barley coffee and rancid bacon. This was a fair sample of all my breakfasts for five weary months, varied at times with a small allowance of beer.

After breakfast a surgeon came and informed me that my leg must be cut off. I had a racket with him and finally drove him off, telling him I thought they intended to disable us by amputation or otherwise and that I would not submit.

Dinner consisted of cow pea soup and the top was covered

with the shells of worms which infest the peas. I did not relish the soup and gave it to a hungrier man than I, who went under the stairs where it was dark and with his face to the wall ate it. I made my dinner off a bit of ox rib, and thought then, and do yet, that the ox came over with John Smith of Pocahontas fame, and a cup of James river water to drink. My supper was what I saved from my rib and breakfast bread. This was substantially the bill of fare at Hotel de Libby of fifty-five wounded men in the winter of 1864-5, and the hospital was considered the Delmonico of Libby.

Three days after my arrival at Libby, through the earnest solicitation of prisoners who had been there some months and knew the surgeon, I concluded to have the amputation performed, which was done that afternoon, and well done, too. That surgeon I never saw again. The day following a surgeon came to look us over, but was too drunk to be of any use, and no surgeon ever saw my limb in Libby thereafter. Several days after the amputation, while lying on my back counting the knots in the floor above, my attention was attracted by a small scrap of paper dangling on the end of a string from a crack in said floor. Calling the nurse, he reached and read: "Colonel, for the love of God, send me some money. I haven't had a bit of tobacker for four days." This was from one of my Company A boys, known as "The Wild Irishman of Company A," who now resides in Holt county, Nebraska, and declares that the money I then sent saved his life. We had no means for killing time but to talk, and I soon knew the history of every man in that room and each knew mine, even to the color of the eyes and the weight of the last baby.

We obtained cards and played all known games, and would have played marbles, but we had no marbles; we had plenty of Confederate money and wagered it with great recklessness at poker, faro and other games of chance. A Richmond daily paper was bought at 50 cents per copy greenbacks or \$10 graybacks. This was read to squads and passed around, and many a laugh we enjoyed over the predictions that Johnston had Sherman just where he wanted him and was just about to smash him, and that Grant was played out and that Lee was about to climb on his back. The laugh was intensified at night by the prison guard, which, except officers, was composed of boys, many of whom were

just changing their voices. They would start off with a good bass voice and change to a childish treble their cry of "Twelve o'clock and all's well!" We were counted every morning by Dick Turner, and to make the ceremony more impressive he would bring into our room a drum corps of ten pieces and order them to play while he counted. You can imagine the effect upon men with arms and legs just off and others shot through and those sick with fever. After a time we drove him out of the room, and then he would open wide the double doors and have them play on the walk. Dick Turner's reputation is so well established I will not elaborate, but anathemas will arise whenever I think of that beast.

We had a red-hot election in November, and a ward caucus was not in it with ours—Lincoln and a-fight-to-a-finish, McClellan and the-war-a-failure arguments were loud and long, though the Mac men were in the hopeless minority. On election day polls were regularly opened with three inspectors and a clerk, and nearly every man in the room voted within an hour. Lincoln received (as I remember) all but three or four of the fifty-six votes cast, and those three or four flocked by themselves for several weeks after.

About these days the weather was getting cold and we were under our blanket (only one thin one each) most of the time, and then not at all comfortable. Finally we were granted some stove wood and one armful per day was our allowance. The stove was a small cannon ball kind such as you see in a railroad caboose; the wood was two feet long, and we could only burn it by allowing it to stand on end and out of the stove door. The room was 110 feet long and 45 feet wide, and the only comfort we enjoyed from the fire was knowledge of the fact that we had a fire. One tallow candle was our allowance per week, and that was saved for the nurse at night. Some poor fellow would be in great pain, or some sick or wounded man parched with thirst would desire a drink of water, when the nurse would light his candle, assist as best he could to get the drink, blow out his candle and grope back to his cot.

When we began to get stronger singing at night was a favorite amusement, and "America," "John Brown" and negro melodies made the old walls ring, and often brought the guard in with plenty of curses, loud and deep, and wishing that all the d—d

Yankees were in hades, though I don't think he used that word. Whenever a particularly irascible officer of the guard was on duty, the singing continued until the wee small hours, until the poor devil was near having an apoplectic fit from anger and worn out from the loss of cuss words.

Christmas came and with it thoughts of home and all that appertains to that dear word and occasion, and what to do and how to celebrate that day was the question. Finally it was decided to bribe the guard at the front door and have him bring us a canteen of whiskey, which was done; then we arranged for a gallon of milk and one nutmeg, the latter costing us one dollar in greenbacks, and somehow we managed to get some sugar. Christmas morn this was mixed in a horse bucket and every man received his portion with thankfulness and "a merry Christmas to each and all, and best wishes to the loved ones at home." I would state that I was most fortunate in my capture, as I was not robbed, and took into Libby all my personal belongings (except sword, pistol and spurs), which included my watch, knife and greenbacks, and the only greenbacks in Libby at that time. I have the watch and knife now.

We all had the blues at times, but never all at once, and so passed the blue times with the help of each other, and but for the unflagging energy and high courage of a few comrades we would have all sunk in despair. God alone knows the suffering of Libby prisoners from semi-starvation, enforced idleness and ceaseless monotony. Then would come rumors of a flag of truce boat and hopes for a word or box from home. (Many were sent, but none reached us.) Then talk of exchange of prisoners, but Butler was mad and would not allow it, and so we remained until February 22, 1865, when the long-looked for exchange came and we could see with the eye of faith God's country. Soon we were on the boat with some 300 other prisoners and were landed some miles down James river. After a brief ride we climbed up the bank, and there two or three miles away was "Old Glory," and such shouts as we could give were given with a will, and tears were in every eye and on every cheek, and we wept and cheered and were glad.

DEFENSE OF ROBINETTE.

BY

LIEUT. J. H. M'CLAY, 47TH ILLINOIS INFANTRY.

(Read November 6, 1895.)

More than thirty-three years have passed into history since Confederate guns at Sumter sounded the proclamation of an internecine conflict that has no parallel in the annals of either ancient or modern wars, a war in which Greek met Greek, and gave to history and to the world examples of heroism not surpassed at Marathon or Thermopyle, nor by the six hundred led by Cardigan at Balaklava. Looking back through the vista of all these years, the mists of time, perhaps, obscure our mental vision and we are surprised, in attempting to call from the recesses of memory scenes and incidents of the march, the camp or the battle field, that our recollection does not always coincide with what is today accredited as history.

At Corinth, Mississippi, on October 3rd and 4th, 1862, there was fought one of the most notable and decisive battles of the war. The Federal forces, commanded by General Rosecrans, numbered about 20,000. The Confederates, under command of Generals Price and Van Dorn, numbered 40,000. The advantage on the first day of the engagement has been claimed by both General Rosecrans and General Van Dorn. General Rosecrans, in his *Century* account of the battle, writes as follows:

"At nightfall, on the 3rd, it was evident that unless the enemy should withdraw he was where I wished him to be." General Van Dorn in his account says: "I saw with regret the sun sink behind the horizon as the last shots of our sharpshooters followed the retreating enemy into their innermost line. One hour more of daylight and the victory would have soothed our grief for the loss of the gallant dead, who sleep on that lost but not dishonored field. The army slept on its arms within 600 yards of Corinth, victorious so far."

I am willing to confess that the remnant of my regiment (less than 100 men), as we lay on the porch of the Tishamingo House at 9 o'clock that night, felt thoroughly defeated. In fact, at that hour, so far as I was able to judge, there was nothing to hinder the Confederate army from marching in unbroken line through the town, and do not understand the reason for General Grant's satisfaction with the situation, unless it was his hope and determination to retrieve a bitter defeat, which he did on the following day. I desire to speak more particularly of that part of this engagement that came under my personal observation on the second day of the battle.

The second brigade of Stanley's division was assigned to the defense of Fort Robinette. This brigade was composed of the 47th Illinois, 11th Missouri (enlisted from Illinois, but accredited to the State of Missouri), 5th Minnesota, 8th Wisconsin and 2nd Iowa battery, known in war times as the "Eagle Brigade," for the reason that the 8th Wisconsin carried with it in company with the colors the eagle, "Old Abe." Stanley's division had been on forced march since the battle of Iuka, September 19th preceding, and after an all-night march went into action at Corinth at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 3rd. Fort Robinette was a small three-gun redan situated to the northwest of the town, between the two railroads, on a high ridge, naturally a strong position. Forts Powell, Robinette, Williams, Phillips, Madison and Lathrop were constructed in a semi-circle, enclosing the town from east to west by way of the north, Robinette being on the outer angle. Our brigade got into position about midnight, the 47th Illinois and 8th Wisconsin supporting on the left, the 11th Missouri and 2nd Iowa battery on the right, with the 5th Minnesota in reserve directly in rear of the fort.

Thus the army lay on arms, hungry and tired, thinking of the morrow and what might be its fortune, listening to the enemy 200 yards away, cutting passages through the felled timber, bringing artillery into position and hearing the commands of their officers as they changed and advanced their lines. Just before daylight the enemy opened on our lines directly in front of Robinette with heavy field guns, their shots going over our ranks down into the town, creating a stampede among the wagon train, hospital corps and stragglers. Our guns did not reply until daylight, when the gunners in Robinette got the range, and the en-

emy's guns being not more than 200 yards in our front, grape and cannister could be used effectively.

The enemy's guns were soon silenced, the artillerymen, assisted by the infantry, making a gallant effort to get the guns to the rear, but neither horse nor gun was taken from the field, and more than one-half of those manning this battery found a last resting place with gun and horse, trampled under foot of the charging hosts in the terrible encounter soon to follow. At this time General (then Colonel) Mower was ordered to take a strong skirmish party and, if possible, locate the enemy's line of battle, they being covered by a heavy abattis of felled timber. For this service Mower took the 5th Minnesota, which regiment, being composed for the most part of Indians, was well adapted for this work. The skirmish line had not advanced more than 300 yards when it came in contact with the enemy's main line of battle and was driven back with heavy loss, Mower himself being wounded and taken prisoner. The enemy could now be seen strongly massed in front of Robinette and about one-fourth of a mile away, evidently about to attack. Their object was not long in doubt; their columns began to advance in the direction of the fort at once. They came on, through and over the abattis. Our artillery with grape and cannister, added to the infantry fire, cut down their ranks by sections and platoons. Their places were filled by others and the advance continued to the open ground, extending about 200 feet in front of the fort, reforming under a most terrific fire of artillery and musketry. They advanced to the ditch surrounding the fort, when they wavered and fell back into the woods. The second attack was made and repulsed as was the first.

When the smoke of battle cleared away the enemy could be seen occupying their old position in our front, greatly reinforced, forming for the third assault. At this time General Rosecrans rode down our line from its right to Robinette and gave commands in person, no doubt anticipating that the enemy would gain possession of the works at their next attempt, and arranging for such an emergency by ordering an enfilading fire from the forts on the right and left rear angles of the defenses, and the infantry to lie flat on their faces at the rear of Robinette, changing somewhat the position of the support on the right and left. The enemy outnumbered the Federal forces so greatly that troops

could not be spared for any part of the lines to reinforce at this point, there being heavy and continuous fighting along our entire front. The enemy began to advance, as before, in column, but in much greater numbers. They came on over the abattis and every obstacle covering the open space in front of the fort without formation of any kind. Notwithstanding the constant and rapid fire of infantry and artillery, doing fearful execution, the enemy showed no signs of wavering. They swept over the ditch and into the fort like a human hurricane, carrying infantry and artillery before them, literally filling the standing space enclosed by the works, many stand of Confederate colors appearing on the fort and on every gun. Tremendous cheers by the apparently victorious enemy, added to the clash of battle on every side, bursting shells in our very midst, thrown from our forts on the inner angle of the line, united to create a perfect pandemonium.

This was the supreme moment. The enemy, elated with what appeared to them to be a certain victory, allowed themselves to fall into utter confusion, many running over our line as it lay at the rear of the fort. These were all killed or taken prisoners by the stragglers from our army held in reserve near the public well in the town. The artillerymen, having armed themselves with rifles, lay in line with the infantry. The support at right, left and rear of the fort advanced simultaneously, delivering their fire at pistol range and charged with bayonet. The enemy was taken completely by surprise and driven from the works. The retreating mass coming in contact with advancing columns of the enemy threw them into confusion. At this time our gunners got to their pieces, and finding them undisturbed, double charged with grape, poured shot after shot into the retreating foe. The smoke of battle, enveloping the enemy and shutting them from view, aided them in making such a retreat as a terrible defeat would permit. This practically ended the battle, the Confederates not halting in their retreat until they reached Tupelo, sixty miles from Corinth.

The third assault on Robinette was led by Colonel Rogers of the 2nd Texas, carrying the Confederate colors. He and his staff rode through one of the numerous passages cleared from the felled timber by the Confederates during the night of the 3rd. His horse was killed, as well as those of his staff, as soon as they

appeared on the open ground, Rogers himself falling, shot through the forehead by a musket ball or grape shot, and many of his officers falling near him. It is stated that he planted the Confederate colors on our works. He fell about forty feet from the ditch. In all my service, covering a period of nearly five years in the front, I have never witnessed such matchless bravery as was displayed by Colonel Rogers in leading his men in the charge of Robinette. Who can blame his people for revering his memory? Plumed knight in chivalric days never won his spurs by deeds more heroic, acts more courageous!

In closing his report of the battle of Corinth and referring to the assault on Robinette, General Van Dorn says: "A hand-to-hand contest was being enacted in the very yard of General Rosecrans' headquarters and in the streets of the towns. The heavy guns were silenced and all seemed about ended, when a heavy fire from fresh troops from Iuka, Burnsville and Rienza, who had succeeded in reaching Corinth, poured into our thinned ranks." Van Dorn may not have known of the fact, and General Rosecrans does not mention it in his account, but it is a fact notwithstanding that these "fresh troops" spoken of by Van Dorn were none other than Stanley's division, who, as before stated, left Iuka on the morning after the battle at that place September 19th, marched by way of Burnsville and Rienza and, after marching all the night of the 2nd, arrived at Corinth and went into action on the morning of October 3rd.

General Van Dorn closes his report in these words: "The attempt at Corinth has failed and in consequence I am condemned and superceded in my command. In my zeal for my country I have ventured too far without adequate means, and I bow to the opinion of the people whom I serve, yet I feel that if the spirit of the gallant dead who now lie beneath the batteries of Corinth see and judge the motives of men, they do not rebuke me, for there is no sting in my conscience, nor does retrospection admonish me of error or of reckless disregard for their valued lives."

General Price, in his report of this engagement to the Confederate War Department, speaks as follows: "The history of war contains no bloodier page than that which will record this fiercely contested battle. The strongest expressions fall short of my admiration of the gallant conduct of the officers and men

under my command. Words cannot add luster to the fame they have acquired through deeds of noble daring, which, living through future time, will shed about every man, officer and soldier who stood to his arms through this struggle a halo of glory as imperishable as it is brilliant. They have won to their sisters and their daughters the distinguished honor of the proud exclamation: "My brother, father was at the battle of Corinth!"

The lapse of these many years since the full sunrise of perfect peace has brought us to the "meridian," the 12 o'clock of life; our heads frosted by the magic touch of time. These years have brought to us a better light, maturer judgment, tempering our judgment of the actions and motives of all men with charity, remembering the past as a lesson taught and learned for the good of men and of nations, facing the present with brave hearts and looking to the future for fulfillment of our brightest hopes. They have changed foemen into friends and countrymen—years in which our flag has floated to the loyal winds in every part of our perfect Union and in every part of the known world with no hostile hand raised against it, feared, loved and honored the more for the sacrifice that has been made in its behalf by a loyal people and for its baptism of blood.

These years of peace have crumbled to dust the bastion and the earthwork, and with their returning seasons have clothed in verdant green the scarred fields of battle, and garlanded in beauty alike the graves of friend and foe.

THE BORDER WAR—WHEN—WHERE.

BY

CAPT. H. E. PALMER, 11TH KANSAS CAVALRY.

(Read July 6, 1898.)

A soldier's first duty is obedience to orders from his superior officer. Little did I think when I first heard of the firing on Fort Sumter, nearly three months after the dastardly act was committed, that I should ever volunteer or that my service would be needed. I thought all traitors would be promptly arrested and hanged. I was in far-off Colorado, and there were no railroads or telegraph lines west of the Missouri. Coming to Denver about July 7th, 1861, I learned that war had been declared and 75,000 volunteers were wanted. Colorado had not been asked for help. I met two young men unemployed, Crawford and Goodrich, and proposed that if they would go with me to the States and enlist I would "pay the freight." They accepted, and on July 9th, 1861, we left Denver in a light wagon drawn by two mules driven by a Missourian homeward bound. We made a remarkably quick trip, only eighteen days from Denver to Leavenworth, Kansas. We tried to enlist at Fort Kearney, Nebraska, where there were two companies of regular troops, but were refused and advised that our nearest enlistment station was at Leavenworth.

At Marysville, Kansas, Crawford and myself (being in splendid physical condition, having averaged about eight miles a day on foot and fearing that the war would be over before we could reach Fort Leavenworth) left the wagon at 4 p. m., just after our Missouri teamster had camped for the night, and pushed on on foot, walking and trotting until 3 a. m., then laid down on the prairie for sleep and rest. Having no overcoats or blankets, two hours' exposure was all we could stand; then we "doubled-quickened" about eight miles to the first ranch, where we received a good breakfast and two hours' rest and sleep, then until 3 p. m. we tried to outwalk and outrun each other. A good

dinner and three hours' rest at an Indian agency gave us strength for an all-night rapid march to Atchison, Kansas, 127 miles in forty consecutive hours, feet blistered and tired beyond description.

A short steamboat ride brought us to Leavenworth on the eve of July 30th. By 10 a. m. on the 31st day of July, 1861, my twentieth birthday, I enlisted, and was mustered out November 2nd, 1865, Crawford joining with me and Goodrich a few days later on his arrival. If I had dreamed that my four years, three months and three days' service was to be all the time west of the Mississippi on the border, on the extreme right wing of our great army, that obedience to orders and soldierly duty would deprive me of the glory of the "Army of the Tennessee," the "Atlanta Campaign," the "Army of the Potomac," the march in the "Grand Review;" that the twenty-four general engagements and hundreds of bushwhacking fights in which I participated were to be comparatively insignificant, to be barely mentioned in the history to be written of the great struggle; if I had but dreamed of the possibility of such a fate I would have walked to Washington before enlisting.

Within ten days I participated in the fight at Independence, Missouri, and only a few days later in a fierce little battle at Morristown, Missouri, where I learned my first lesson of the horrors of what was then called the "border war." In a charge upon the rebels commanded by General Rains, Colonel Johnson, a gallant officer of the 5th Kansas Cavalry, was killed. We won the fight and captured several Confederates, seven of whom were called before a drumhead court martial and sentenced to death, their graves dug and they were compelled to kneel down by the edge of the grave, when they were blindfolded and shot by a regularly detailed file of soldiers, the graves filled up and we marched away. It was a sickening evidence that we were fighting under the black flag. This execution was in retaliation for the murder only a few days previous of seven men of our command.

The story of the cowardly murder that caused this revenging retaliatory act is thus told by the brilliant editor, author and rebel soldier, John Edwards, who used his masterly pen to paint Quantrill a hero in his book, entitled "Noted Guerrillas, or the Warfare of the Border:"

"A military execution is where one man kills another; it is horrible. In battle one does not see death. He is there surely—he is in that battery's smoke, on the crest of that hill fringed with the fringe of pallid faces, under the hoofs of the horses, yonder where the blue or the gray line creeps onward, trailing ominous guns—but his cold, calm eyes look at no single victim. He kills there—yes, but he does not discriminate. Harold, the dauntless, or Robin, the hunchback—what matters a crown or a crutch to the immortal reaper?

"The seven prisoners rode into Missouri from Shawneetown puzzled; when the heavy timber along the Big Blue was reached and a halt was had they were praying. Quantrill sat upon his horse looking at the Kansans. His voice was unmoved, his countenance indifferent as he ordered: 'Bring the ropes; four on one tree—three on another!' All of a sudden death stood in the midst of them and was recognized. One poor fellow gave a cry as piercing as the neigh of a frightened horse. Two trembled, and trembling is the first step towards kneeling. They had not talked any save among themselves up to this time, but when they saw Blunt busy with some ropes one spoke up to Quantrill: 'Captain, just a word; the pistol before the rope—a soldier's before a dog's death. As for me, I'm ready.' Of all the seven this was the youngest; how brave he was!

"The prisoners were aranged in a line, the guerrillas opposite to them. They had confessed to belonging to Jennison, but denied the charge of killing and burning. Quantrill hesitated a moment. His blue eyes searched each face from left to right and back again, and then he ordered: 'Take six men, Blunt, and do the work. Shoot the young man and hang the balance.'

"Hurry away! The oldest man there—some white hairs were in his beard—prayed audibly. Some embraced. Silence and twilight, as twin ghosts, crept up the river bank together. Blunt made haste, and before Quantrill had ridden far he heard a pistol shot. He did not even look up; it affected him no more than the tapping of a woodpecker. At daylight the next morning a wood-chopper going early to work saw six stark figures swaying in the early breeze. At the foot of another tree was a dead man and in his forehead a bullet hole—the old mark."

I was a member of the original 1st Kansas battery, then equipped with one 12-pound brass cannon and a mountain how-

itzer. We were attached to the 4th Kansas Infantry, commanded by Colonel William Weer. The 3rd Kansas, then part infantry and part cavalry, was with us and was commanded by Colonel James Montgomery, a border warrior since 1856 and a co-partner in the John Brown conspiracy. We had also part of the 5th and 6th Kansas Cavalry with us, all commanded by United States Senator "General" James H. Lane and called "Lane's Brigade."

The battle of Drywood, Missouri, east of Fort Scott, Kansas, September 2nd, 1861, was a dash by Colonel Montgomery with about 1,200 men and our mountain howitzer, then known as "Moonlight's Battery," against over 5,000 rebels with six Parrot guns, the famous "Bledsoe Battery," the Confederate force commanded by General Rains—a late regular army officer. So bold and determined was our assault that Rains was content, after he had shaken us off, to move on south without trying to capture Fort Scott, as he intended to do.

At Bald's Mill, September 26th, we charged upon Colonel Rosser's Confederate regiment, about 600 men, and whipped them badly. Here I saw a man escaping through a cornfield. Being on horseback I gave chase and soon came up with him. He threw himself on his knees and prayed for life. Though he was nearly six feet high, yet he was only a 16-year-old boy, son of Colonel Rosser, his home at Westport, Missouri, and had just reached his father's command with letters and clothing sent by his mother. I took him to General Lane, then at Fort Lincoln, and having won General Lane's friendship and commendation for services rendered at Drywood, I persuaded him to let young Rosser go to his home and mother—out of what he thought was the jaws of hell. For this act Rosser, seven months later, saved my life by preventing my capture by Dick Yeager's band of guerillas.

About October 1st, 1861, we captured Osceola, Missouri, defeating a large force of rebels, securing about 400 mules and a large amount of stores gathered for the Confederate army. Among these supplies were several wagon loads of liquors stored in a brick building. Our men were dangerously thirsty. Some officers and men, myself among the number, were detailed to break in the heads of the barrels and spill this stock of "wet goods," to prevent the men from indulging too freely. The "mixed drinks"

filled the side hill cellar and ran out of a rear door down a ravine, where the boys filled their canteens and "tanks" with the stuff, more deadly for a while than rebel bullets, and nearly 300 of our men had to be hauled from town in wagons and carriages impressed into the service for that purpose. Had the rebels then rallied and renewed the fight we would have been captured and shot. The town was fired and was burning as we left.

After Osceola we camped at West Point, Missouri, on the Kansas line. I was on duty as sergeant of the guard on picket nearly a mile from the main camp. It had been raining all night, a cold, drizzly October rain. At 10 a. m. we saw a woman approaching from down the dreary, uninhabited roadway. She was on foot and was carrying a babe hugged to her breast, with four little children also walking, two boys and two girls, the oldest a girl of seven years. All were in their night clothes and all wet to the skin, children crying and suffering with cold and hunger. We soldiers quickly shed our coats to shelter them from the storm and gave them our dog tent by the rail camp fire. The babe was dead. I sent for a wagon and soon we had them in camp. The mother died from this exposure within thirty-six hours. The four children were sent to four different homes by friendly officers and soldiers.

The story told by the woman before her death revealed the fact that her husband had, as a member of the Missouri legislature of '60 and '61, bitterly fought the secession scheme. He was a rich man, owned 500 acres of improved land, fine house, barn and other outbuildings, and owned several slaves; yet he loved the flag and was for the Union. In January, 1861, he freed his slaves and then his neighbors damned him as a "black abolitionist." They finally in July, 1861, drove him from his home. The Union army was the only safe resort, so he joined Montgomery's Kansas regiment and was on this October day 110 miles south of West Point. Bushwhackers had at divers times robbed his home until every head of stock had been driven away save a yoke of old, worn-out oxen. His wife with one old black aunty had remained at the persecuted home, and during her confinement in August no friends came to see her, only the old slave woman, who would not accept her freedom, being left to help her. On this cold, dreary October night the bushwhackers came for their last damnable raid, burst in the doors suddenly, drove her and her

children out into the storm, set fire to the house, barn and other outbuildings. The burning home gave generous heat until morning, when the old colored woman yoked the oxen to an old wagon, filled the box with straw, loaded in the children and started for Kansas. Within four miles of our camp a band of bushwhacking fiends rode out of the brush and asked: "Where are you going?" Answer, "To Kansas." "Go on, and give our compliments to your husband." With this reply they shot the oxen and rode away, leaving a helpless mother and five children, near no habitation, to walk in the rain and mud to our camp. When the soldier-husband and father heard the news only four survivors of his once happy family were left, and they in four different homes widely separated. *Did he thirst for revenge?*

In October, 1863, Mr. Lawrence, a Virginian, a rebel sympathizer, nearly sixty years old, feeble and weak, unable to do harm to anybody, was living near the Big Blue in Jackson county, Missouri, three miles from my headquarters, where I had 130 men specially detailed to fight the guerrilla chief, Quantrill. Lawrence owned a fine home, was a slaveholder before the war and reputed quite wealthy. It was a lonesome neighborhood, and he lived quite alone with his wife and two daughters between 25 and 30 years old and two or three old darky servants. An unmarried son about 35 years old lived in New Mexico, serving as clerk for Jesus Perea at Cimmaron. He had gone to New Mexico some years before the war and at this time, October, 1863, had not taken side in the struggle. Captain J. B. Swain, commanding Company K of the 15th Kansas Cavalry (which regiment was then commanded by Colonel C. R. Jennison, late commander of the 7th Kansas Cavalry—"Jayhawkers"), with seven of his squadron, made a night raid on Mr. Lawrence on the very day of the death by disease of Mrs. Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence was ordered to produce his money and silver plate, to which he answered that his money and silver were in a bank in Canada. Captain Swain's party dragged old man Lawrence into the orchard in front of his home and three times hung him to a tree to force him to produce the money and valuables wanted. Lawrence had told the truth and his persecutors, leaving him nearer dead than alive, commenced a search of the house, opening drawers with an ax when locked, emptying trunks upon the floor and ripping open

bed ticks. Passing from room to room, they had passed the coffin containing the remains of Mrs. Lawrence resting on chairs in the parlor. One fellow, Beardsley, suggested that maybe money was hid in the coffin, and with that he knocked off the lid of the casket and searched for gold. A ring on the finger of the dead woman attracted his attention, and whipping out his bowie knife he cut off the finger to release the ring. Before leaving this gallant party of Union defenders said to the two terror-stricken daughters: "If you want to plant the old lady drag her out, for we are going to fire the ranch." Unaided they dragged the coffin from the burning home, nursed their father back to life and watched for the dawn of day. A colored servant came to tell me the story early next morning. I did all I could to relieve their distress, tried to locate the villains, but did not for over a year learn who the night raiders were. My vote as a member of a court martial held in March, 1865, helped to give this same Captain a dishonorable dismissal from the service, which he had from the first disgraced. Young Lawrence came home from New Mexico and joined Quantrill *for revenge*—in fact, "revenge" was the watchword from the north line of Kansas south on the line between Kansas and Missouri into Arkansas. Old scores from the early Kansas troubles had to be settled. The war was not commenced at Fort Sumter; it started in Kansas in 1856, and the fires had been kept bright until the Fort Sumter breeze had fanned the entire border counties into a flame.

Thus from early spring of '61 until in October, 1861, Lane's brigade fought, under the black flag, the rebels opposed to us. Up Hayes, General Rains, Davidson, Standwatie and his Choc-taws and Chickasaw Indians; Coon Thornton, the worst dare-devil of them all; Quantrill, Thrailkill, Bill Anderson, Arch Clements, Jesse James (who made Missouri notorious after the war), his brother Frank, Cole Younger, Si Porter, Si Gordon, Bill Todd, Dick Yeager—all officers under Quantrill, commanding guerrilla bands—started in under the war cry: "No surrender except in death!" The Kansans under Lane, Montgomery, Blunt, Jennison, Anthony, Hoyt and others accepted the challenge and until General Fremont in October, 1861, issued his order against this retaliatory work and forced a reorganization of Lane's brigade—which forced Lane out of the army and back to the

Senate—there was no pretention to the common amenities of civilized war, and, in fact, with the guerrillas and bushwhackers, there was no quarter given or taken until the surrender of Lee. It was a fight to the death on both sides all through the war. The bushwhackers, who were the demon devils of this border war—personally more for plunder and dare-devil notoriety than for patriotic impulses—were led by men holding roving commissions from the Confederate Government; they paid and supported themselves by robbery, by plundering homes and villages, wrecking and robbing trains, attacking weakly-protected supply trains and ambushing soldiers. In fights with Union men they were treated as pirates should be—no quarter was given and of course our men expected like treatment from them. Two of my troopers were scalped by Quantrill's men, and I saw five of his men hung on the present site of the New Coates House, Kansas City.

This demoralized, inhuman condition of affairs in the "District of the Border" was not confined to one side. The 7th Kansas Cavalry, organized October 28th, 1861, commanded by Charles R. Jennison, gained under Jennison's control a world-wide reputation as the "Jayhawkers." Returning from their first raid into Missouri, they marched through Kansas City nearly all dressed in women's clothes, old bonnets and outlandish hats on their heads, spinning wheels and even grave stones lashed to their saddles; their pathway through the country strewn with, to them, worthless household goods, their route lighted by burning homes. This regiment was little less than an armed mob until Jennison was forced to resign May 1st, 1862. As might be inferred, this man Jennison brought only disgrace to Kansas soldiery. He was a coward and a murderer, and for shooting, while he was commanding the 15th Kansas Cavalry, four brave Kansas State militiamen October 23rd, 1864, was tried in June, 1865, by a court martial, of which Major General George Sykes of Antietam fame was President and myself the junior member. The death sentence was changed by the commander of the department to imprisonment for life, and finally, through the great influence of Senator James H. Lane with President Andrew Johnson, to simply a dishonorable dismissal from the service. Lane was a warm friend of Jennison's and morally nearly as bad, and died a coward's death—suicide.

William Clark Quantrill, the bravest, most successful guerrilla of the War of the Rebellion and chief bushwhacker of the "Border War," was born in Canal Dover, Ohio, in 1837. His father, Thomas H. Quantrill, was principal of the public school. Both parents were from Hagerstown, Maryland. The elder Quantrill was a Whig—a religious, enthusiastic educator. Young Quantrill enjoyed the best advantages, was under strict religious training. At sixteen he taught a country school, and in 1857, in his twentieth year, he went to Kansas to secure a homestead. Being under age, he was compelled to trust a supposed friend, who proved false. This embittered the young man and from that time it seems he lost control of the moral instincts that should be the guiding star of true manhood. For two or three years he taught school in Kansas; between terms worked with the immortal John Brown, who was stealing slaves from Missouri, and as slaves were chattels he also took horses, mules and anything else of value to compensate himself and companions for the risk incurred and to supply the sinews of war, for the freedom of a suppressed and benighted race. John Brown could pray, shoot, steal slaves or horses, and really thought he was serving God in his almost single-handed war against slavery, an institution supported by the laws of our country and enforced by the courts and by the army, but not a dollar's worth of Brown's captured booty was used by him for selfish purposes. Quantrill became one of Brown's best men. The false friend and an embittered mind caused him to start with his elder brother in 1860 for California by team. They were attacked by Indians on the Little Cottonwood in Kansas, when the brother was killed and scalped. Young Quantrill, badly wounded, escaped to the brush, and after the Indians left with the horses and provisions he crawled to the creek and laid there for nearly three days, when a friendly Indian found him and nursed him back to health and strength. From this date Quantrill became one of the most cruel and desperate robbers and murderers that ever lived. He was a blonde-haired, handsome, mild-mannered man with nothing indicating the desperado or robber in appearance.

Edwards in his "Noted Guerrillas of the Border War" tells of Quantrill's interview, in Richmond, Va., with the Confederate Secretary of War in November, 1861, after Quantrill had been for more than seven months murdering his Kansas neighbors and

comrades in the name and behalf of the southern cause, which he had so suddenly and so unexpectedly espoused, after years of work on the opposite side of the question. Like Saul of Tarsus, this fiend had experienced a change of heart, but the devil had engineered the change. I quote the interview as reported to Edwards and written up by him in his laudatory work of showing Quantrill as a hero, a patriot, a chivalrous southern soldier, who was willing to lay down his life for the south, as was Cushing, who sunk the Albemarle:

"His interview at Richmond with the Confederate Secretary of War was a memorable one. General Louis T. Wigfall, then a Senator from Texas, was present and described it afterwards in his rapid, vivid, picturesque way. Quantrill asked to be commissioned as a Colonel under the Partisan Ranger act, and to be so recognized by the department as to have accorded to him whatever protection the Confederate Government might be in a condition to exercise. Never mind the question of men; he would have the complement required in a month after he reached Western Missouri. The warfare was desperate, he knew, the service desperate—everything connected with it was desperate; but the southern people, to succeed, had to fight a desperate fight. The Secretary suggested that war had its amenities and its refinements, and that in the nineteenth century it was simply barbarism to talk of a black flag.

"‘Barbarism!’ and Quantrill’s blue eyes blazed and his whole manner and attitude underwent a transformation; ‘barbarism, Mr. Secretary, means war and war means barbarism. Since you have touched upon this subject, let us discuss it a little. Times have their crimes as well as men. For twenty years this cloud has been gathering; for twenty years, inch by inch and little by little, those people called abolitionists have been on the track of slavery; for twenty years the people of the south have been robbed, here of a negro and there of a negro; for twenty years hates have been engendered and wrathful things laid up against the day of wrath. The cloud has burst. Do not condemn the thunderbolt.’

"The War Secretary bowed his head. Quantrill, leaving his own seat and standing over him as it were and above him, went on: ‘Who are these people you call Confederates? Rebels, unless they succeed—outcasts, traitors, food for hemp and gun-

powder. There were no great statesmen in the south or this war would have happened ten years ago; no inspired men or it would have happened fifteen years ago. Today the odds are desperate. The world hates slavery; the world is fighting you. The ocean belongs to the Union navy. There is a recruiting officer in every foreign port. I have captured and killed many who did not know the English tongue. Mile by mile the cordon is being drawn about the granaries of the south. Missouri will go first, next Kentucky, next Tennessee, by and by Mississippi and Arkansas, and then what? That we must put gloves on our hands and honey in our mouths and fight this war as Christ fought the wickedness of the world!

“The War Secretary did not speak. Quantrill, perhaps, did not desire that he should. ‘You ask an impossible thing, Mr. Secretary. This secession, or revolution, or whatever you call it, cannot conquer without violence, nor can those who hate it and hope to stifle it resist without vindictiveness. Every struggle has its philosophy, but this is not the hour for philosophers. Your young Confederacy wants victory and champions who are not judges. Men must be killed. To impel the people to passion there must be some slight illusion mingled with the truth; to arouse them to enthusiasm something out of nature must occur. That illusion should be a crusade in the name of conquest, and that something out of nature should be the black flag. Woe be unto all of you if the Federals come with an oath of loyalty in one hand and a torch in the other. I have seen Missouri bound hand and foot by this Christless thing called conservatism, and where today she should have 200,000 heroes fighting for liberty, beneath her banners there are scarcely 20,000.’

“‘What would you do, Captain Quantrill, were your’s the power and the opportunity?’

“‘Do, Mr. Secretary? Why, I would wage such a war and have such a war waged by land and sea as to make surrender forever impossible. I would cover the armies of the Confederacy all over with blood. I would invade. I would reward audacity. I would exterminate. I would break up foreign enlistments by indiscriminate massacre. I would win the independence of my people or I would find them graves!’

“‘And our prisoners, what of them?’

“‘Nothing of them; there would be no prisoners. Do they

take any prisoners from me? Surrounded, I do not surrender; surprised, I do not give way to panic; outnumbered, I rely upon common sense and stubborn fighting; proscribed, I answer proclamation with proclamation; outlawed, I feel through it my power; hunted, I hunt my hunters in turn; hated and made blacker than a dozen devils, I add to my hoofs the swiftness of a horse, and to my horns the terrors of a savage following. Kansas should be laid waste at once. Meet the torch with the torch, pillage with pillage, slaughter with slaughter, subjugation with extermination. You have my ideas of war, Mr. Secretary, and I am sorry they do not accord with your own, nor the ideas of the Government you have the honor to represent so well.' And Quantrill, without his commission as a Partisan Ranger or without any authorization to raise a regiment of Partisan Rangers, bowed himself away from the presence of the Secretary and away from Richmond."

General Thomas Ewing while in command of the "District of the Border," headquarters at Kansas City, Mo., detailed June 17th, 1863, my company, A, 11th Kansas Cavalry, and fifty picked men from ten companies of cavalry to trail and hunt Quantrill, who had become the terror of the country. His men were mostly toughs and desperadoes from the plains, Northern Texas and the Kansas border, were dead-shots, the best riders in the world, and while he could concentrate in a day or two 500 men, he generally moved in small squads of from ten to forty men, and occupied the timber and brush of every border county south of the Missouri river to the Boston mountains of Arkansas. He was enabled by his daring and dashing, unexpected attacks to keep 4,000 Federal cavalry busy for three years, and four or five thousand infantry guarding towns, trains and supply depots. The hairbreadth escapes of this guerrilla chief, the wonderful experience of his men and the daily adventure of his pursuers, our men, who were lost in wonderment if we failed to have half a dozen fights with bushwhackers each week; the miles of night riding, skulking through wooded ravines; the byroads and cow paths traveled, hunting for an enemy worse than Indians; houses, villages and cities sacked and burned by guerrillas and retaliatory acts of our commanders resulted in a perfect "hell of a war."

The story of the events from Sterling Price's first march to the south; of his several attempts to wrest Missouri from the Union; of Joe Shelby's raids and up to Price's last disastrous raid in September and October, 1864; of Quantrill's Lawrence raid, August 21st, 1863, when he slaughtered in cold blood 143 unarmed non-combatants and sacked and burned the undefended city; of Quantrill's escape from eighty men of Pomeroy's command, the 9th Kansas, when they had him and five of his men in a house surrounded and the house on fire; of the ambushade and cowardly murder June 17th, 1863, of eighteen of Captain Flesher's men, Company E of the 9th Kansas Cavalry, at Brush Creek, within a mile of Westport, Missouri, then a military station, by Bill Todd; of Bill Anderson's wrecking and capturing a railroad train on the North Missouri railroad at Centralia in November, 1861, and slaughtering eighty unarmed and wounded soldiers; of the massacre of Blunt's band and teamsters at Baxter Springs October 6th, 1863; of Captain Cleveland's desertion with part of his company of the 7th Kansas Black Horse Cavalry, turning highwayman, and how it took nearly 2,000 cavalry four months to disperse his band and kill him; how George H. Hoyt, the young Boston lawyer, came to Kansas after defending John Brown at Charlestown, Virginia, was first Captain of Company K, 7th Kansas Cavalry, with John Brown, Jr., as First Lieutenant, and after resigning raised a band of over 300 Red Legs (an organization sworn to shoot rebels, take no prisoners, free slaves and respect no property rights of rebels or of sympathizers); of our chase for Quantrill from the Missouri river to Arkansas and back before and after the Lawrence raid; how the sacking of Lawrence and the massacre of 143 people might have been averted had it not been for a mistake of judgment on the part of one of our best and most loyal officers; of how we finally drove Quantrill and his men beyond the Mississippi and of his tragic death near Louisville, Kentucky, in February, 1865.

All these incidents come before my mind as a panorama, vivid as life, a story that can never be told, the record of which would fill a hundred volumes of intensely interesting matter, a story which can never be forgotten by any one of the men who were active witnesses of the sickening details. I have cited a few instances to show barely a sketch of the "Border War" near the Kansas and Missouri line, a war that forced fully 80 per cent. of

the male population of that region between the ages of fifteen and fifty into the army, made mourners in every household, and left monuments of desolation and war in burned homes, marked by stone and brick chimney, from the north to the south line of the district covered.

The two incidents cited near the beginning of this story are given as extremely aggravating cases—not as every-day, commonplace affairs. With the exception of the 7th and 15th Kansas Cavalry there were no better disciplined or better behaved troops in the Union army than the Kansas men. The 1st Kansas Infantry, organized in May, 1861, fought like regulars under General Lyon at Wilson Creek and lost in that fight August 10th, 1861, 51 per cent. of the entire regiment in killed and wounded, stood their ground to the end and won the fight. The seventeen Kansas regiments, three batteries and three colored regiments, with the exception above noted, gave the enemy no good cause for guerrilla warfare, but all left good records for brave and soldierly conduct, and the 7th fully redeemed itself under Colonel Lee with Sherman's army, 1862 to 1864.

The guerrillas who fought with Quantrill under the black flag, excusing their bloodthirsty acts as deeds of revenge, charged the first cause to acts committed before the war, 1856 to 1861, and to the early campaigning of Lane, Montgomery and Jennison to October, 1861. As all the guerrillas were outlawed by that time, there was no possible way of ending their crimes except in annihilation. While our men had become desperate hunters of desperate criminals, and had for years given and asked no quarter, yet when General Sterling Price and Joe Shelby led their armies into our field they were met and fought with as much chivalry and soldierly courtesy as was accorded to the regular Confederate army by our men on the Potomac. When General Marmaduke, General Cabbell and seven Confederate Colonels surrendered with over 1,000 men at Mine Creek, Kansas, in October, 1864, some of their captors were Kansas men of my company and regiment, who were prompt in according them fair treatment, and no spirit of revenge was manifested. Our men divided the contents of their haversacks with the hungry rebels. So at Prairie Grove, Van Buren, Newtonia, Westport and wherever and whenever we met the regular Confederate army (an organization that wore the gray, supported and carried a flag) no regular Confederate sol-

dier had cause to complain of ungenerous or unkind treatment from Kansas soldiers.

I might tell of deeds of individual heroism and bravery, of devoted loyalty to our country and our flag, and of loyalty to a wrong and losing cause. Sufferings in camp and on the march, short rations, no medicine and poor surgeons (fully 80 per cent. of the amputations at and immediately after the battle of Prairie Grove, Arkansas, December 7th, 1862, were fatal); of the 1,100 miles tramped on foot by my regiment in ten months before we were mounted; of five days and nights' scout of myself and twenty men on the front and flank of Joe Shelby's command in October, 1864, with no sleep except in the saddle—and yet we were not at Vicksburg, at Donelson, Nashville, Gettysburg or in any of the great battles of the war save at Wilson Creek, Pea Ridge, Cane Hill, Prairie Grove, Van Buren and two Lexington fights, Little Blue, Big Blue, Westport, Mound City and Newtonia.

We were regularly mustered and drew our pay; wore the blue and fought the grey; obeyed orders and after Lee's surrender fought Indians from the Missouri river to the crest of the Rockies and north to the Yellowstone. The soldiers constituting the large armies east of the Mississippi were indeed fortunate in comparison with troops in the "Army of the Frontier" and "District of the Border" and others detailed on the fearful and thankless duty of fighting bushwhackers. Were the former killed in battle and left in the hands of the enemy, an honorable burial and un mutilated body was awarded them; were they wounded, medical aid and care was bestowed upon them; if captured, the prospect of an exchange of prisoners was ever before them. Contrast this treatment with the unfortunate fate of the Union soldier on the border in the hands of the guerrillas. If killed, their poor, inanimate bodies were outraged and mutilated; if wounded, they were often forced to suicide, or torture and death in the end. There were practically no captures, for surrender meant death; no battle-stained flags, no heroic pages in history, no honor or special credit. "Murdered by bushwhackers; killed by Indians," is the brief record to be found in the Adjutant General's office. Don't forget that our enemy was as often clad in the Union blue as in the butternut or rebel gray. We met sometimes face to face

with hands on our weapons, both parties in doubt; some short questioning, a faltering answer, a sign, a move, draw, fire! and let the dead bite the dust.

I quote again from Quantrill's historian, Edwards: "From Jackson county to the Arkansas line the whole country was swarming with militia, and but for the fact that every guerrilla was clad in Federal clothing the march would have been an incessant battle. As it was, it will never be known how many isolated Federals, mistaking Quantrill's men for comrades of other regiments not on duty with them, fell into traps that never gave up their victims alive. Near Cassville, in Barry county, twenty-two were killed thus. They were coming up from Cassville and were meeting the guerrillas, who were going south. The order given by Quantrill was a most simple but a most murderous one. By the side of each Federal in the approaching column a guerrilla was to range himself, engage him in conversation, and then at a given signal blow his brains out. Quantrill gave the signal, shooting the militiaman assigned to him through the middle of the forehead, and where upon their horses twenty-two confident men laughed and talked in comrade fashion a second before there were now twenty-two dead men."

Edwards in his laudatory history of the guerrillas says, on page 327, speaking of Arch Clements, who succeeded to the command of Anderson's guerrillas, that on one raid lasting but a few days he kept an accurate diary of each day's work killing Federals: Those shot to death, 152; killed by having their throats cut, 20; hung, 76; shot and scalped, 33; shot and mutilated, 11, a grand total of 292, a ten days' job for 60 men—something worth boasting of.

In the same book, in describing 183 engagements by the bushwhackers with Federals on the border, Edwards reports a grand total of 6,388 Federal and Union sympathizers killed. The reports of these engagements are Quixotic in the extreme. The actual number killed by the bushwhackers could not have been more than 2,000 to 2,500, bad enough, and fully 70 per cent. of those killed are among the unknown dead.

A picture of the horrors of border warfare as painted by the enemy.

We saved Kansas and Nebraska from the rebel horde; saved our western settlements from General Albert Pike's Chris-

tian scheme of annihilation by his Indian allies; kept open and comparatively safe communication with the Pacific coast, and preserved the proper alignment of the right wing of that grand phalanx of army corps that extended from the Atlantic to the crest of the Rockies; served where we were commanded to serve, and have the consciousness of having done our duty. Kansas furnished for the war in defense of the Union 20,097 soldiers out of a population of 160,665—one out of eight a soldier. The census of 1860 shows 107,110. Enlistments from Kansas were 3,443 more than the quota—and *no draft was ever suggested*. The proportion of deaths in action or from wounds was 2.79 per cent. more than that of any other of the twenty-four loyal states, and 25.91 per cent. above the average of all the States.

THE LAWRENCE RAID.

BY

CAPT. H. E. PALMER, 11TH KANSAS CAVALRY.

(Read May 3, 1899.)

For several months prior to the "Lawrence Raid" my command, consisting of Company A, 11th Kansas Cavalry, and a detachment of the 1st Missouri State Militia Artillery (two mountain howitzers) had been constantly employed scouting through Jackson, Saline, Bates and Butler counties, Missouri, with instructions from General Thomas Ewing, commanding the District of the Border, to destroy bushwhackers infesting that region, and by all means to prevent the gathering of any large force of the enemy at any one point. Westport, Missouri, was designated as headquarters—the point to come for rations, ammunition, horses, etc.

To better prosecute this dangerous and thankless work, I divided my command into squads of from seven to twenty men and patrolled every road and cowpath in all that region of country, covering as much of the territory as possible. We were forced to adopt bushwhacking tactics, keep in the brush, follow wood roads and trails, watch fords and other crossings of streams where the bushwhackers were apt to come—day and night with constant vigil—hunting as one would hunt Indians. Hardly a day passed without meeting the enemy, and many unburied and unknown dead marked the meeting place. This scouting and everlasting vigilance on our part was made necessary by the rapid and desperate moves made by the enemy. Quantrill had enrolled under his black flag 600 men. Like ourselves, they were divided up into small bands under able captains and lieutenants. His men were brave and more dangerous than the Apache or Comanche Indians, better riders and armed with carbines and from two to four Colt's revolvers to the man. They were industrious, bloodthirsty devils, who apparently never slept. Today they

would attack with a mad rush of twenty or forty men against a hundred if they could see a chance of surprise, and in one night's ride they would be fifty miles away. As they possessed the entire country south of the Missouri river to the Arkansas line—a region well stocked with good horses—they would swap their jaded steeds for anything better that came in the way; familiar with every cowpath, knowing nearly every farmer, 95 per cent. of whom would give his all to help a "bushwhacker" fighting the "northern invader," the "Lincoln hirelings."

The bushwhacker or guerrilla had the advantage of Union men in more ways than superior mounting and knowledge of the country. A great advantage was in their being untrammelled by any of the rules of civilized warfare. Taking no prisoners, they had no encumbrances; wearing no regular uniform except for disguise and carrying no flag, except in saddle pockets, to be used to decoy unsuspecting Union soldiers into the ambush for slaughter. To meet these devils on anything like equal terms we had to learn new tactics, drill by signs and signals and learn to read a villainous face whose heart was covered by "Federal blue." We had to know whether or not other Federal comrades were hunting guerrillas in our territory. Our work had to be prosecuted within certain limits—absolutely so, otherwise we might be firing upon friends instead of upon foes.

To make my work more effective it was agreed between General Ewing, commanding the district; Major P. B. Plumb, Acting Provost Marshal, and myself that I might select two men from my command to desert to the enemy and serve as spies. I selected two men who were patriotic enough to accept the detail without one word of protest, volunteering for the very dangerous work promptly. To anyone familiar with the "border war" or the character of Missouri bushwhackers under Quantrill, made up of desperadoes of the frontier, from the Missouri to the gulf and from the Mississippi to the mountains, the bravery of these two Federal soldiers who volunteered to take their lives in their hands, engaging in the most dangerous service of the war, will be fully appreciated. One lost his life within ninety days, shot in the back of his head by the notorious Captain Bill Todd without one word of warning. Sitting at the campfire, laughing and joking with his comrades, the assassin Todd stepped out from the dark, placing his pistol close to the back of his victim's head

*George
Todd - No
Bill Todd
in war time
I know of.
W. L. L.*

and fired and Henry Starr, the spy, fell forward near the feet of his unsuspected comrade—the other spy. Captain Dick Yeager, who commanded the guerrilla band of which Starr was a member, sprang forward with drawn revolver and demanded of Todd an explanation. Todd replied by asserting that Starr had sent a letter to Palmer—that he was a spy. The soldier who had joined the guerrillas with Starr remained with the band until the end of the war and is now a resident of Texas.

It will be understood from the foregoing statement of facts that everything possible was being done to protect the State of Kansas and the loyal districts of Northern Missouri from the guerrillas and rebel raiders. There were fully 3,000 troops in the District of the Border, and as many more in the Department of Kansas. Troops were stationed, within from ten to fifteen miles apart, from Kansas City to Fort Scott; there were soldiers north of Kansas City, at Parkville, Leavenworth, Weston, Iatan, Atchison and St. Joseph, and at nearly every county seat town in Northern Missouri and in the border counties between Missouri and Kansas to the Arkansas line; scouting parties were constantly passing from post to post, and my command was especially detailed to trail and bushwhack the bushwhackers.

Quantrill was not the only enemy to be feared. Joe Shelby, the most daring rebel raider that ever straddled a horse, was often hammering our lines when we thought him hundreds of miles away; Quantrill was not advertising his raids or billing himself to be at a given point on a certain date. No one in Kansas, in Kansas City or Westport had an inkling even of Quantrill's intention to raid Lawrence until I received the news at 11 p. m., August 20th, 1863. Not a man in Quantrill's command except three or four of his best officers knew of the intended raid until 8 p. m. that evening. I was expecting a serious attack at some point near Kansas City. I had seen messengers, here and there—well mounted guerrillas—passing north and south near the eastern line of Jackson and Bates counties; for weeks I had been breaking up their rendezvous in the Sni Hills. Finally I had fallen back to Westport for supplies and ammunition and to be near the point of attack. My men were ready, horses saddled day and night, men sleeping with their carbines in their arms, every man fully dressed and ready at any hour of the night to respond to the bugle call, to spring to his horse's side, tighten the girth,

slip the bits in the animal's mouth, mount and ride into line, calling their numbers as they rode into their places.

An orderly mounted was at my house, a bugler on the porch, my horse in care of my colored servant ready for the signal. At 11 p. m., August 20th, 1863, I received a cipher dispatch from Henry Starr, the spy in Dick Yeager's band; it was handed to me by his sweetheart, a sister of the notorious bushwhacker chieftain, Bill Anderson. She had ridden ten miles from Little Santa Fe, Missouri, to hand me the message which she thought was to allure me to my death. Translated it read: "Quantrill 300 strong crossed the line at Santa Fe 9:30 p. m., going to Lawrence." I gave the signal and the bugle sounded the alarm. I wrote a copy of the dispatch and directed the orderly to ride as fast as he could to Ewing's headquarters at Kansas City, three miles away, adding that I would move on a walk on the direct road to Lawrence, awaiting his return with orders, if any. I left Westport at 11:05 p. m. About four miles out my orderly returned with an order signed "Thos. Ewing," directing me to take the most direct route for Little Santa Fe, find Quantrill's trail and follow it, engaging him if possible. This fatal dispatch and my answer were read and written by the light of matches while the command was halted. I wrote in reply that a mistake was certainly being made; to go now to "Little Santa Fe" meant more than fifteen miles out of my way to Lawrence. I advised that I should still keep moving slowly towards Lawrence; that I could put my entire command, 130 men and two pieces of artillery, in Lawrence by 3:30 a. m. A fresh mount was sent back to Kansas City, or to meet Ewing's command, which was then on the march. In less than fifty minutes he returned with a most positive order for me to go to Little Santa Fe, then fully twenty miles out of my way to Lawrence. The order stated that Lawrence was not in danger; that a messenger had been sent there. To disobey this order twice repeated meant death.

I called Lieutenants Thornton, Slane and Wachsmann, my junior officers, for council. They all said: "Obey orders; don't chance the consequences of disobedience." I reluctantly turned to the left. Instead of going to Little Santa Fe I pushed on directly south and at Aubrey, Kansas, several miles west of Little Santa Fe and that much nearer Lawrence, I struck Quantrill's trail going to Lawrence. I turned to the right and followed the

Impossible.
One of Anderson's
sisters horse
from Little Santa Fe
the call of the
bugle in the
6 and the
other would be
and were
prisoners.
N. E. C.

All this, I
am sorry to hear
to say is
untrue.
N. E. C.

According to this tale he started from Matfork at 11:05 a.m. with Kirby - 22 miles. The same news on the 21st of August about 5:20 a.m. At that time he says he was in 7 miles of Lawrence. This was about 40 miles from Kirby - 62 miles for this leg of the journey. He would have passed Captain Johnson on the way - if he had gone. On such Quantrill was just entering Lawrence when this warrior was at the Blue-jackets crossing. He was about 20 miles behind Quantrill by his story.

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CIVIL WAR SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS.

broad trail straight across the prairie. The grass for a space of twenty feet wide had been beaten down deep into the soil, so that for more than two years the trail was well marked. Here I found myself, twenty miles in the rear, about 3 a. m., with horses fatigued and a trot over level ground was the best I could do.

At sunrise I was within about seven miles of Lawrence, my horses so tired that I could not move faster than a walk. The smoke of the burning city indicated that I was too late. One hundred and ninety buildings had been burned and 143 lives had been sacrificed. Starr had told the truth—Quantrill was bound for Lawrence. I had obeyed orders against my best judgment; against a premonition that I was doing wrong in obeying the order to turn south. There was an intuition, a first thought, that directed me to go to Lawrence; a second thought that argued that the General commanding had sent messengers to alarm the city—possibly other troops were en route for Lawrence or already there—and that if I did not push on towards Paola, Kansas, where there were several hundred thousand dollars worth of military stores, guarded by only 100 infantrymen, there might occur a terrible massacre and the loss of a large amount of Government stores, badly needed at that time. Certainly Paola seemed to be a point worthy of attack by a commander serving the rebel cause. Realizing that it was too late to save Lawrence, and that the logical route for Quantrill's retreat was via Paola, I turned to the left and at Lanefield (three horses having dropped to the ground, unable to move a step farther) I stopped an hour, bathed the horses in cold water, rubbing them dry, gave them a light feed of oats and then pushed on to Bull Creek, en route to Paola. At Bull Creek I ran into Quantrill's command and then commenced a running fight, or rather a walking fight, as my horses could not move faster than a walk. The heat was intense, at least 100 degrees in the shade. The enemy had captured many fresh horses in Lawrence and could ride all around us, yet they had many of their weary nags and many loads of plunder and could not move much faster on the march than ourselves. We turned their column, for instead of pushing on to Paola as he intended, Quantrill turned towards Missouri. Major Plumb's command coming from Kansas City struck Quantrill's left flank about 5 p. m., but Plumb's stock was exhausted. We all followed Quantrill, firing as often as we came near his rear guard, until

He never was in 20 miles of Lawrence on this route.

He did nothing of the kind. N.E.C.

This is all false N.E.C.

False N.E.C.

and it was a great stroke of genius to loan Lawrence post-
it was attacking and taking out for Paola forty five miles away to
protect some stores. A great warrior, truly! Now Palmer nearly got
beyond Lawrenceville, and he may not have gone that far. He spent the
evening around Springfield and Fayetteville and did not come
up with the slave and boy etc. etc. Paola, who was stumbling
back the same neighbor here.

THE LAWRENCE RAID.

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after dark, when we had reached the Grand River timber directly
east of Paola. As we could go no further, we camped there until
morning, when we found only tracks of the bushwhacking fiends.
They had pushed on during the night and were safe in Missouri
brush, their band scattered and divided into small squads, with
no possible show of overhauling or capturing them.

My horses had travelled over seventy-five miles with only an
hour's rest; we had fought Quantrill for about ten miles on his
route and turned him from Paola, where he undoubtedly in-
tended to go. We had no rations, except a few pieces of hard-
tack which I had ordered my men to store in their saddle pockets
along with an extra supply of cartridges; no blankets except our
wet saddle blankets; the men slept on the green grass under the
starry canopy of heaven, huddled together spoon fashion to keep
off the cold night air; no supper, no breakfast or dinner.

The next day, August 22nd, after scouting Grand River
valley and timber for over ten miles, we gave up the fruitless
chase and marched toward Westport, foraging among the farm-
ers for something to eat, and camped that night near Little
Santa Fe. August 24th we reached Westport by 9 a. m. Next
day General Ewing, who was stopping temporarily at my head-
quarters, issued General Order No. 11, as follows:

"Headquarters District of the Border, Kansas City, Mo.,
August 25th, 1863.

"I. All persons living in Jackson, Cass and Bates counties,
Missouri, and in that part of Vernon included in this district, ex-
cept those living within one mile of the limits of Independence,
Hickman's Mills, Pleasant Hill and Harrisonville, and except
those in that part of Kaw township, Jackson county, north of
Brush Creek and west of the Big Blue, are hereby ordered to re-
move from their present places of residence within fifteen days
from the date hereof. Those who, within that time, establish
their loyalty to the satisfaction of the commanding officer of the
military station nearest their present places of residence will re-
ceive from him certificates stating the fact of their loyalty and
the names of the witnesses by whom it can be shown. All who
receive such certificates will be permitted to remove to any mili-
tary station in this district or to any part of the State of Kansas,
except the counties on the eastern border of the State. All others

the world of
truth here,
W. C. C.
He was Quantrill
back to Lawrence
the 21st Palmer is
an angel car.
He couldn't with getting started to Lawrence - 62 miles in 5th hour - the get
back to Paola - 40 miles or more by 5 o'clock, and leave Quantrill & Ewing
Rover by a little after 10 o'clock - 30 miles in 1st hour - at least 130 miles in
18 hours. He knows that Quantrill did not get back to Lawrence
until the 22nd, but that he went back after noon. He seems that he did not
know the Quantrill back by him the same day. Seems that he did not
know them in Lawrence or not. When Palmer's plan to go north
K. C. C. is to be the same for nothing. And the same day of night here from
W. C. C.

shall remove out of this district. Officers commanding companies and detachments serving in the counties named will see that this paragraph is promptly obeyed.

"2. All grain and hay in the field or under shelter, in the district from which the inhabitants are required to remove, within reach of military stations, after the 9th day of September next will be taken to such stations and turned over to the proper officers there, and report of the amount so turned over made to district headquarters, specifying the names of all loyal owners and the amount of such produce taken from them. All grain and hay found in such district after the 9th day of September next, not convenient to such stations, will be destroyed.

"3. The provisions of General Orders No. 10 from these headquarters will be at once vigorously executed by officers commanding in the parts of the district and at the stations not subject to the operation of paragraph 1 of this order, and especially in the towns of Independence, Westport and Kansas City.

"4. Paragraph 3, General Orders No. 10, is revoked as to all who have borne arms against the Government in this district since the 20th day of August, 1863.

"By order of

BRIG. GENERAL EWING.

"H. HANNAHS, A. A. A. G."

The reference to General Order No. 10, in paragraph No. 3, of this order refers to sections 1 and 2 of No. 10, which reads as follows:

"Headquarters District of the Border, Kansas City, Mo., August 18th, 1863.

"1. Officers commanding companies and detachments will give escort and subsistence, as far as practicable, through that part of Missouri included in this district, to all loyal free persons desiring to remove to the State of Kansas or to permanent military stations in Missouri, including all persons who have been ascertained, in the manner provided in General Order No. 9 of this district, to have been the slaves of persons engaged in aiding the rebellion since July 17th, 1862. Where necessary the teams of persons who have aided the rebellion since September 25th, 1862, will be taken to help such removal, and after being used for that purpose will be turned over to the officer commanding

the nearest military station, who will at once report them to an Assistant Provost Marshal or to the District Provost Marshal, and hold them subject to his order.

"2. Such officers will arrest and send to the District Provost Marshal for punishment all men (and all women not heads of families) who wilfully aid and encourage guerrillas, with a written statement of the names and residence of such persons and of the proof against them. They will discriminate as carefully as possible between those who are compelled by threats or fear to aid the rebels and those who aid them from disloyal motives. The wives and children of known guerrillas, and also women who are heads of families and are wilfully engaged in aiding guerrillas, will be notified by such officers to remove out of this district and out of the State of Missouri forthwith. They will be permitted to take, unmolested, their stock, provisions and household goods. If they fail to remove promptly they will be sent by such officers under escort to Kansas City for shipment south, with their clothes and such necessary household furniture and provisions as may be worth removing.

* * * * *

"By order of BRIG. GENERAL EWING.

"P. B. PLUMB, Major and Chief of Staff."

This order he read to a few of his officers; I was present. All agreed that it was the best thing that could be done; it was the only plan that would make it impossible for Quantrill to maintain and support a large command in that district; his friends and supporters must be brought to military camps where they could not feed guerrillas.

After the issuance of this order and after the other officers had left, being alone with General Ewing and Major Plumb, I asked how it was possible that my message to them about Quantrill's intended raid on Lawrence should have been misunderstood. Major Plumb, afterwards Lieutenant Colonel of my regiment and after the war for many years a United States Senator, explained that General Ewing had gone on the 20th to Leavenworth City, Kansas, outside of his own district, into the district of Kansas, to visit his sick wife, no serious danger from bushwhackers being apprehended. It was not considered a serious matter for the commanding officer to absent himself from his

command for twenty-four hours ; if, however, an attack was made by the enemy the absence of the commander without leave was a serious question. And considering the horrible massacre that had occurred, General Ewing was nearly prostrated with grief. The District of Kansas and District of the Border were in the Department of the Missouri, headquarters in St. Louis, then under the command of General John M. Schofield. To get a formal leave of absence to cross the line on unofficial business meant a week's work of red-tape formality, so it had been considered that a "French leave" for a few hours was all right. He had left his command under the control of his chief of staff, Major Plumb. For himself, Major Plumb said he had other information that Quantrill was bound for Paola. He felt sure that there could be no doubt on this point and that he had sent a messenger to Lawrence. Afterwards it transpired that this messenger got lost ; rode several miles out of his way, and finally reached a point near Lawrence in time to see the charging hosts of Quantrill's band filling the streets of the doomed city. The man fled back to Kansas City and never boasted of the service rendered on that night's lonely ride on the timbered "Kaw" bottom to Lawrence.

Two or three days after the issuance of General Order No. 11 startling news came from Kansas to the effect that General James H. Lane—then a United States Senator from Kansas, who had escaped from Lawrence and Quantrill's murderous gang by fleeing in his night shirt through the back yard of a house where Quantrill did not think of finding him and into a cornfield (Quantrill's excuse for raiding Lawrence, which had been his home, was to kill "Jim Lane")—that Lane, with over 500 country and towns people, was marching on Westport, Kansas City and Independence, Missouri, vowing vengeance against the citizens of these three towns and swearing to burn every house in retaliation for the destruction of Lawrence. A majority of General Ewing's force were Kansas men. Feeling ran high. The naked, half-burned and otherwise mutilated corpses of 143 innocent non-combatants just buried by the grief-stricken citizens of Lawrence cried aloud for revenge. The border spirit of rapine and murder and the frontier instinct of self-protection by demanding life for life, with big interest for the first transgressor, prevailed to a large extent.

The people of the three threatened Missouri towns were in-

nocent—nearly all of them—of any sympathy for Quantrill's horrid act. Yet reason and right cannot stand against mob law. The people became terror stricken. General Ewing sent for me and asked if I could depend on my men to fire on Kansas men if necessary to stop Lane. I replied that I thought I could, and he ordered me to meet Lane on the Kansas line. With 130 men, cavalry and artillery (two mountain howitzers), I formed my command in battle line on the open prairie about four miles southwest of Westport. When Lane appeared I rode forward half a mile in advance of my men and met him at the creek crossing. I saluted and asked him to receive a paper which I handed him. He said if it was from General Ewing he would not take it. General Lane knew me well, as I had served on his staff in 1861, when he commanded Lane's Brigade.

I said: "General, I must read it then."

"No," said he, "you need not do it. Damn Ewing; tell him to keep out of my way; all hell can't stop me!"

I said: "Ewing has issued an order forcing all people in Jackson, Bates, Butler and Saline counties to abandon their homes. This means an end to bushwhacking as soon as we can destroy their supplies, and, further, the people of Westport, Kansas City and Independence denounce Quantrill for the Lawrence raid. A few may be sympathizers, but they are old men and women—non-combatants."

"Palmer, you must not plead with me," replied the General.

"I have orders to stop you and must obey them," I replied.

"May I talk with your men?" Lane asked.

"Yes, General," I said, "if you will halt your command here and ride up to my command with me."

Lane conceded to this and I introduced him to my little army. He made one of his typical speeches, a fiery, red-hot talk for ten minutes, in which he told us of the horrors of the massacre. After he had finished I said: "Now, General, I will reply to your speech." I said: "Men, if there is a man in line before me who will not shoot, and shoot to kill, at yonder mob at my command to fire let him ride out ten paces to the front." Not one man stirred from the ranks. I then commanded "In battery!" to the gunners and ordered the cavalry to load their carbines. Turning to the General I said: "General Lane, I wish you would go into camp where you are and let us all sleep over this affair before opening

the ball, for just as long as I have any command left I am going to forcibly oppose your crossing the line, and I shall try not to waste any ammunition."

General Lane went into camp and the next day started back to Lawrence, and from there he went to Leavenworth, where, a few days later, he spoke from the Mansion House steps to over 10,000 people, denouncing General Ewing in the most scathing, bitter manner possible. General Ewing had sent me to Leavenworth in citizen's dress to report Lane's speech. Before opening the harangue Lane said that Ewing had sent one of his Captains to Leavenworth to report to him what he (Lane) had to say of Ewing, and he called on Captain H. E. Palmer of Company A, of Ewing's old regiment, the 11th Kansas, to step up and take a seat on the platform. The crowd yelled their approval of this complimentary attention to me and I had to go to the front, and could not say that I did not hear all that Lane said.

The "Lawrence Raid" was the culmination of border outrages that had grown from bad to worse, unchecked for seven years. Considering the fact that there were no troops in the fated city, except a few sick, unarmed soldiers, and that of the male population nearly all the able-bodied men were far away fighting for the flag of the Union, it could not be expected that *brave men*, no matter how bloodthirsty, could for one moment consider the question of murdering the few unarmed boys and old men—destroying the city with fire and sword. No wonder that Major Plumb should believe that I was mistaken; that Quantrill was en route for Paola to massacre the few soldiers there and destroy half a million dollars worth of ordnance stores, quartermaster and commissary stores.

Preston B. Plumb was intensely loyal and brave to a fault; no better soldier ever took the oath that bound him to his country's service. He was loved by his men and highly respected by every officer who had the pleasure and honor of his acquaintance. Ninety-nine out of 100 officers would have done just what Plumb did, but there is nothing so damning as a mistake that causes defeat and loss of life. The entire country from Maine to California, and I might say from the lakes to the gulf, was appalled by the diabolical deed of Quantrill's band; such warfare might be expected from Indians, but not from white men who spoke the

same language and who only a few years previous had been neighbors and friends.

The people who had lost their relatives and their homes did not feel disposed to forgive anyone, officer or soldier, who could not show conclusively that the success of the murderous devils was in no wise attributable to lack of courage or caution of the troops who were attempting to destroy the guerrillas and protect the defenseless citizens of Lawrence and other Kansas towns. This was the one question discussed pro and con for many months after the raid. General Thomas Ewing, Jr., had to bear the burden of all the abuse of those who, if they had a chance equal to their self-esteem, might have prevented this raid and might have ended the war in three short months. Lane, for instance, saw in this Lawrence affair an opportunity to crush a man who, before the raid, stood a fair chance of succeeding him in the United States Senate, so he frothed at the mouth and charged all the responsibility to Ewing—charged that he was a rebel, traitor, a coward and everything else that was bad.

The excited and maddened people who had escaped from Lawrence and their friends in the country and people from neighboring towns gathered their guns and hastened to join "General" Senator Lane in the good work of meteing out revenge by helping in the great and glorious work of destroying the three Missouri towns—so full of border war memories—Westport, Kansas City and Independence, the last named town having been the first to flaunt the rebel flag in Missouri and to raise the first Confederate company. Why should Ewing prevent the destruction of these pest holes of rebellion if he was not in sympathy with their treacherous ideas? Such was the argument of the men who wished to retaliate.

General Ewing was the son of Thomas Ewing of Ohio, a brother-in-law of General Sherman. He left the bench to assume command of the 11th Kansas Infantry, afterwards changed to cavalry. He was loved by all of his men, was brave, true and in every sense of the word a most worthy officer, and more than earned his Brigadier General's commission at Prairie Grove December 7, 1862. No honest, intelligent Kansan blamed him for the Lawrence raid. For his General Orders Nos. 10 and 11 all the "yellow journals," called during the war of the rebellion "copperhead sheets," held him up as an infamous destroyer of

peaceable homes. George C. Bingham, the renowned Missouri artist, drew on his rebellious imagination in a painting of General Order No. 11, showing Union soldiers burning farm houses, destroying crops and personal property and driving women and children before them like cattle. This damnable lie of paint and canvas was exhibited all over the country, and when General Ewing, after the war, stood as the nominee of his party for Governor of Ohio, the Bingham painting was credited with his defeat. The following letter, copied from the Rebellion Records, speaks for itself:

“Headquarters District of the Border,
“Kansas City, Mo., August 25th, 1863.

“Major General John M. Schofield, St. Louis, Mo.

“Sir: I got in late yesterday afternoon. I send in enclosed paper General Order No. 11, which I found it necessary to issue at once, or I would have first consulted you. The excitement in Kansas is great, and there is (or was before this order) great danger of a raid of citizens for the purpose of destroying the towns along the border. My political enemies are fanning the flames and wish me for a burnt offering to satisfy the just passion of the people.

“If you think it best, please consider me as applying for a court of inquiry. It should be appointed by the General-in-Chief or the Secretary of War. General Deitzler of Lawrence is the only officer of rank, I think, in Kansas who would be regarded as perfectly impartial. He is at Lawrence now on sick furlough, but is well enough for such duty and knows the district.

“I do not make unconditional application for the court, because I have seen no censure of any one act of mine, or omission even, except my absence from headquarters. It is all mere mob clamor and all at Leavenworth. Besides, I do not—with my want of familiarity with the custom of the service in such matters and with the horrors of the massacre distressing me—feel confidence in my judgment as to the matter. I therefore ask your friendly advice and action, with the statement that if a full clearance of me by the court is worth anything to you or me, or the service, I would like to have the court.

“I left my headquarters to go to Leavenworth the day before the massacre on public business. I have never taken an hour

of ease or rest with anything undone which I thought necessary for the protection of the border. No man, woman or child even suggested the idea of stationing troops permanently at Lawrence. The whole border has been patrolled night and day for ninety miles, and all the troops under my command posted and employed as well as I know how to do it.

"I have not the slightest doubt that any fair court would not only acquit me of all suspicion of negligence, but also give me credit for great precaution and some skill in my adjustment of troops. I assure you, General, I would quit the service at once if I were accused, after candid investigation, of the slightest negligence or of a want of average skill in the command of the forces you have given me. I am, General, very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS EWING, JR., Brigadier General."

General John M. Schofield, in his reply to Colonel Townsend, A. A. G. at Washington, D. C., under date of September 14th, 1863, says of Ewing:

"It is possible that General Ewing might have done more than he did do to guard against such a calamity as that at Lawrence, but I believe he is entitled to great credit for the energy, wisdom and zeal displayed while in command of that district."

Again referring to Quantrill's destruction of Lawrence, if there is no monument there commemorating this event, one should be built, if only to bear testimony of "man's inhumanity to man." Testimony of the sacrifice and trials endured by the pioneer settlers of the first strictly abolition city, the place where first appeared the light of "Liberty Enlightening the World." The first battle culminating in the most gigantic struggle of armed forces of any age of the world's history was fought at or near Lawrence, Kansas, May 21st, 1856—nearly seven years previous to Quantrill's raid. John Brown and his little band of soldiers were the first recruits to inaugurate the great struggle which cost nearly a million lives and billions of money. And to think that one of John Brown's band was the demon chief, Quantrill, who led this unprovoked onslaught of murder and rapine against a defenseless, unarmed community of human beings! We reflect

that Christ chose twelve Apostles, and one kissed Him as a signal that 'twas Him that he had sold for thirty pieces of silver.

While this long-drawn-out story does not tell of the fearful scenes that occurred in Lawrence between daylight and 10 o'clock August 21st, 1863, it does tell of the failure to prevent the raid and gives to the world an unwritten history that may be interesting.

I must here record that of all lives,
my good friend, Capt. Palmer is the most
dense and stupid who has written on the
subject of the war on the border. In the first
place, he does not know what he is talking
about, and in the second place he wants to
pass as a great hero. The truth is Palmer
did not cut much of a figure in the army,
but was half the time under suspicion of being
disloyal at heart. He married soon after the war
began, Betty Howell, of Moberly, daughter of a
disloyal man.

H. E. L.

THE TELEGRAPH IN THE CIVIL WAR.

BY

COMPANION L. H. KORTY OF THE MILITARY TELEGRAPH SERVICE.

The signal service was, up to the time of breaking out of the rebellion, the best applied means of communication in the great armies of the world, and it was left to our Government to make the first practical application of the electric telegraph in the operations of warfare and demonstrate the utility of this new science to be as potent in war as in the peaceful pursuits of commerce.

In the light of subsequent events, it is conceded by military authorities that if Generals Scott, McDowell and Patterson had been in telegraphic communication with each other the battle of Bull Run, instead of a disaster to our cause, could have been turned into a victory so grand and decisive as might have shortened the war very materially. This first great disaster to the Union army strikingly illustrated the necessity for a thoroughly organized and well equipped telegraph system in the army to facilitate the operations of our advancing forces. General Anson Stager, Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company at Cleveland, was commissioned with authority to organize such a system, and the United States Military Telegraph Corps came into existence. To the sagacity, energy and patriotism of General Stager is largely due the important results achieved by that organization. He picked his operators from the best in the profession—men of tried integrity and experience.

The telegraph was soon extended to all the armies assembled and the constantly increasing outposts. It followed the Army of the Potomac, Washington was easily connected with the defensive works around the city, the country about Frederick, Harper's Ferry, Cumberland City to Wheeling, the headquarters of the principal commanders of the Army of the Potomac and adjacent outposts, thus making an invasion into Maryland and Pennsylvania or a movement against the capital, without notice, impos-

sible. Hundreds of miles of wire were put up in Western Virginia, Kentucky and Missouri in an inconceivably short space of time, extending directly to the headquarters in the field of the department, corps and division commanders, enabling McClellan, commander of all the armies, to receive daily, and even hourly, reports from the entire field of military operations. From all department headquarters radiated those wondrous tongues whereby the commanders constantly knew the wants and conditions of their forces at all hours of the day and night. It was not infrequent that McClellan, on the Potomac, was placed in direct conversation with General Halleck and Admiral Foote on the Mississippi and General Buell in Kentucky. At Yorktown the wires became McClellan's trusted sentinels. It was here that his operator, Lathrop, a most worthy young man, was killed by a shell while in the performance of his duty.

The importance of the field telegraph to our army became more and more apparent and its utility and scope were increased as the war progressed. Field telegraph trains were organized and equipped. Reels, carrying a mile of fine insulated wire each, were fitted to pack saddles borne by mules. Portables batteries were placed in the pack saddles. Small telegraph instruments capable of being carried in the vest pocket were supplied to operators in the field. Whenever a marching army took up a position, or halted for the night, the much-abused mule was trotted off with his load, the wire unreeled and attached to the batteries as packed on the backs of the mules, and instruments connected at desired points. Thus in a very short space of time the telegraph was ready to transmit orders, exchange advices and exercise a vigilance and protection over the surrounding camps..

The telegraph followed McClellan into the Wilderness and, threading the forests and swamps of Chickahominy, by day and by night, kept him advised of events and made known at Washington his hopes, his fears and his wants. It followed McDowell's force to Fredericksburg, Banks up the Shenandoah and Fremont in the Alleghanies, and enabled them to co-operate and drive Jackson out of the valley and protect Pennsylvania and Washington.

It followed Foote from Cairo to Fort Henry, whence it was extended to Nashville. The telegraph corps quickly gladdened the hearts of Union people with Mitchell's wonderful success in

Northern Alabama, and enabled him to capture valuable railroad trains by false telegrams transmitted by our operators over Confederate wires, by means of which forty-eight miles of the Memphis & Charleston railroad were captured and Corinth and Chattanooga menaced. Operations about New Madrid and Island No. 10 were greatly forwarded by the military telegraph.

So close and complete were the extensions of the field wires in the Vicksburg campaign that Grant was enabled to watch Pemberton's every move and to communicate constantly with Sherman, who was holding Johnston's Confederate forces east of Big Black river to prevent co-operation with Pemberton's army at Vicksburg. The announcement of the surrender of that place was communicated to Sherman in front of Jackson, forty-five miles east, and a congratulatory answer placed in Grant's hands within an hour of the occurrence of that important event. From his tent on the Potomac General Grant telegraphed his orders to all the armies throughout the armed front and kept himself informed daily of the exact state of facts with Banks on Red river, Sherman at Chattanooga, Butler at Fort Monroe and Sigel in West Virginia.

General Eckert, in his report of operations of the telegraph corps under his charge on the Potomac, says: "My field telegraph continues to work like a charm. Instead of letting down it has improved every day since we left Brandy Station, and is complimented by all. Doran has built and taken down an average of twenty-four miles daily. Most of his work has been after night and under great disadvantages. All corps headquarters and many brigades have been in constant connection with Generals Grant's and Meade's headquarters during every engagement; also every reconnoissance that has been made in force has had telegraphic connection with headquarters. Last, but not least, connection has been kept up while on the march. This was accomplished by making a halt at stated times (intervals of thirty minutes to one hour), reporting any change with the advance that might occur, or any change in orders from headquarters to the advance or rear."

• Nine operators accompanied General Sherman's army in its march to the sea and performed valuable service, frequently tapping the rebel lines and obtaining much valuable information. The army, however, was cut off from all communication with the

north and great anxiety felt throughout the Union for its safety, until it reached Savannah and the following telegram sent via Fortress Monroe:

"Savannah, Ga., December 2nd, 1864.

"To His Excellency, President Lincoln, Washington, D. C.

"I beg to present you, as a Christmas gift, the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition; also about 25,000 bales of cotton.

W. T. SHERMAN,

"Major General."

This message reached the President on Christmas eve and made many a home happy on Christmas day.

The lines were generally built under very trying circumstances and the work beset by difficulties constantly arising in a strange country overrun by guerrillas and inhabited by enemies. Wires were frequently strung under the enemy's fire and through the mountains, among rocky cliffs and along roads impassable to troops.

Plumb's History of the Military Telegraph tells of an operator with General Porter's force at Gaines' Mill who connected his instrument with a wire within 100 yards of the line of battle, sat down behind a tree and called "MC," the signal for McClellan's headquarters, whose operator answered promptly. McClellan and the officers about him regarded the opening of telegraphic communication at that point and moment as a godsend. Orderlies were placed at the operators' command and for several hours the beardless youth sat close behind the tree and sent and received many messages of the progress of the battle. The roar of cannon, rattle of musketry and Federal cheers and rebel yells were not favorable to telegraphing by ear, but being one of the best telegraphers in the country and daring and brave he was not disconcerted. Several of the messages brought to him from Porter for transmission to McClellan were bespattered with the blood of the orderlies, and he was obliged to forward telegrams to Porter by two or three messengers to insure delivery, as several were shot on the way. It can be truly said McClellan fought this battle by telegraph. This is only a sample of the service performed by the operators in the army. Battles have been fought over ground where the insulated wire lay stretched carrying telegrams directing the movements and disposition of our forces in

action. The field telegraph oftentimes sped reports of the progress of battle throughout the land before either side had won the day.

It would be difficult to enumerate the hazards and obstacles incident to the construction, maintenance and operation of military lines, but the telegraph was ever to the front occupying the post of danger and of honor, and frequently in advance of the army, at the foremost picket posts, in the rifle pits and in the advanced parallel at any hour day or night, and amidst the strife of battle and whistling of bullets the mysterious yet intellectual click of the telegraph instruments was heard. The operators were mostly young, many under age, but their bravery and courage was not excelled in any branch of the service, often performing duties in the face of the enemy, exposed to fire without shelter day and night. Frequently the operator was the last to leave an abandoned position, even when it meant capture and imprisonment. Often during retreat he would be left in the rear, exposed to the enemy until the last moment, in order to take advantage of any hope which might be sent in way of intelligence that reinforcements were at hand. Often he climbed the telegraph pole to connect his instruments with a wire, and would communicate while exposed to the galling fire of rebel sharpshooters. He boldly connected his instrument with the rebel telegraph lines, exposing himself in this manner for days and weeks to capture and death as a spv. He slept in the swamps and laid down his life on the battle field as bravely as the bravest soldier. The utmost confidence was reposed in him by his commander, and by the special authority of the Secretary of War he was made the custodian of the cipher key and all important correspondence, whether sent by wire, by courier or otherwise, was framed under cover of the cipher by the operator. Thus information of the utmost importance was often confided to him before it became known to even the staff officers.

Copies of our cipher dispatches frequently fell in the hands of the enemy when our couriers were captured or wires tampered with by rebel operators, and some of these were published in Confederate newspapers with a general request, and offers of reward, for translations, but without success, as the cipher system devised by the telegraph corps was too secure to translate without a key, while on the other hand the cipher messages of the

Confederates when captured were invariably deciphered by our cipher operators and valuable information was thus obtained. No cipher operator ever proved recreant to his sacred trust, and let it be said to the credit of the average American operator that he will not divulge a secret committed to his trust. He has been known to burn a message, and even go to jail, rather than divulge its contents.

General Sherman in his memoirs relates that on the morning of April 17th, 1865, just as he with some of his staff were starting from Raleigh, N. C., with an engine and car for Durham Station to meet General Joseph E. Johnston and arrange terms of surrender of the latter's army, his operator ran with bated breath to stop the train and inform the General that he was just receiving a most important telegram, which he ought to see. After some delay the operator brought a long telegram from Mr. Stanton, announcing the assassination of Mr. Lincoln. Dreading the effect of such a message at that critical moment upon the soldiers, who were peculiarly endeared to Mr. Lincoln, and who might retaliate, and that Raleigh would meet a fate even worse than that which befell Columbia, General Sherman bade the operator not to reveal the information to any one until he returned, and the startling and important secret was faithfully kept by the operator during the entire day. How many of us, companions, would have kept silently within our breasts the news of this awful calamity, except to hold our breath in horror at the enormity of the deed?

The telegraph corps were all civilians, except the superintendents, who were regularly commissioned officers. The corps aggregated about 1,200 operators, besides the line builders and repairmen. The conduct of the war was so largely dependent upon the telegraph that nearly 16,000 miles of military lines were built, many miles of which being built under the enemy's fire. A large number of operators and linemen were killed or died of disease contracted by exposure. Others were wounded, and about one hundred were taken to southern prisons to languish, with no prospect of parole or exchange, as the Union operator was regarded by the Confederates as dangerous to their cause. His intrepidity and bold exploits in tapping rebel wires, intercepting dispatches and transmitting false messages, calculated to deceive the enemy, was well known to his captor, who was loth

to release or exchange him. Many operators remained in rebel prisons until the close of the war.

As a result of the achievements of the telegraph during the War of the Rebellion, all the great Governments of Europe now have a thoroughly equipped telegraph corps connected with their armies, fashioned after the system used by our army. The German Emperor recently, in speaking of our war, said that besides the splendid examples of entrenchments, quick transportation and forced marches, we also taught Europe how to telegraph in war.

General Grant wrote that "the telegraph and the signal service, its co-ordinate, were as necessary to our success as the railroad is to commerce. Nothing could be more complete than this body of brave and intelligent men. The moment the troops were put in position to go into camp, all the men connected with this branch of the service would proceed to put up their wires. Then, in a few minutes longer than it took a mule to walk the length of its coil, telegraphic communication would be effected between all headquarters of the army. No orders ever had to be given to establish the telegraph."

General Sheridan said: "In my own experience I found the military telegraphers invariably active, brave and honorable."

General Logan said: "No part of the army during the war discharged its duties more diligently and faithfully than the telegraph corps."

Also General Warren, who wrote of an operator "bringing his line and operating his instrument within musket range of the enemy under a heavy cannonading," and again of another "under a severe musketry fire."

General Franklin said: "It was always a pleasant surprise within an hour or two after a long day's march that the wires were brought to my headquarters, thus saving lives and time of couriers and horses, and giving a comfortable feeling of security which would otherwise be wanting. The duties were so well performed and the men themselves so modest and unobtrusive that their merits have not received sufficient notice from the Generals with whom they served. I know of no class of men in the army who were more faithful and energetic. I always found them alert, intelligent and courageous."

Secretary Santon officially reported: "The military telegraph

has been of inestimable value to the service and no corps has surpassed—few have equaled—the telegraph operators in diligence and devotion to their duties.”

General McClellan said: “I do not think that any one appreciates more highly than I do the value of those services and the loyal and invaluable devotion so constantly displayed by the men. I had ample occasion to recognize the devotion to duty which so often kept them at their posts in the midst of danger, the patience, intelligence and thorough honesty they displayed and the great debt still unpaid, and too little recognized, due them by the country.”

Quartermaster General Meigs in his annual report of 1864 says: “The operations of the military telegraph have been conducted with fidelity and skill. The operators have shown great zeal, intrepidity and fidelity. Their duties are arduous and the trust reposed in them is great. I have seen a telegraph operator in charge of a station in a tent pitched from necessity in a malarious locality, shivering with ague, lying upon his camp cot, with his ear near the instrument, listening for the messages which might direct or arrest the movement of mighty armies. Night and day they are at their posts. Their duties constantly place them in exposed positions, and they are favorite objects of rebel surprise. It is much desired that some mode of recognizing and rewarding the bold, faithful and most important services of these gentlemen should be provided.”

This is the testimony of some of our country's great Generals as to the proud record of the military telegraph in the War of the Rebellion. But to this day the general Government has failed to recognize these services, and the army operator who, in common with the rest of the army, shared the hardships, exposures, wounds, capture, sufferings, and even death, all from the same patriotic impulse, is not accorded the recognition enjoyed by the private soldier.

AN OUTING IN ARKANSAS, OR FORTY DAYS AND A WEEK IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY

CAPT. H. E. PALMER, 11TH KANSAS CAVALRY.

(Read November 7, 1899.)

The 11th Kansas Infantry, after a march of 300 miles in Southeastern Kansas and Southwestern Missouri, crossed the Arkansas line on the "wire road" from Springfield to Fayetteville on the 20th day of October, 1862. We camped for the night not far from Elkhorn Tavern, on a part of the famous battle ground of Pea Ridge. Just after the boys had finished their supper of hardtack, bacon and coffee, and were busy spreading their blankets for the night, the order came to get ready for a night march, strict orders being given to preserve absolute silence—no bugles or drums were to be sounded; no talking, singing or whistling was to be indulged in, and company commanders were to be held accountable for any disobedience of these orders. They were instructed to give their commands in a low tone of voice, to particularly caution the men that we were in the face of the enemy, and that it was absolutely necessary for the success of our expedition to preserve the most profound silence. My duty as company commander was fully acquitted; although only a Second Lieutenant, I was the only officer on duty with my company. Over 900 tired, travel-worn, foot-blistered men of the 11th Kansas, after a hard day's march—covering fully twenty-five miles—rolled up their blankets, slung their knapsacks, picked up their heavy Prussian muskets and other accoutrements, and at the command "Fall in—twos right, forward route step, march!" left their camp ground on a road leading through the woods in a westerly direction. Where bound? No one in camp, except possibly the Colonel, knew. For more than two hours after it had become so dark that we could only see our file leaders we continued to plod along; no music, no singing, no

talking—all as still as death. Then came a halt that appeared at the head of the column, whereupon the men, without orders, threw themselves on the ground, to the right and left, without taking their feet from the beaten pathway, and rested. After ten minutes' rest the advance started. Those who had not fallen asleep while lying upon the ground would kick or pull at their nearest comrades and start them on the weary tramp for another hour or two, and then another rest. Two or three quite deep and rapid streams had to be forded, shoes and stockings in hand, naked feet against flinty gravel and sharp rocks, night very dark, not a pleasant job of wading, and a mighty unpleasant tramp it was. At daylight we camped in an orchard; cooked our ration of bacon by impaling it on sharpened sticks and toasting the meat over the camp fire. We made our coffee in our tin drinking cups, which we carried hooked on to our belts, and with the hard-tack from our haversacks enjoyed a sumptuous breakfast. We were cautioned to preserve silence in camp, the men being allowed to converse in an ordinary tone of voice, and no hog hunting or foraging was allowed.

The day was warm; the flies about to go into winter quarters were very hungry, and so annoying were they that it was impossible for one to sleep. We all thought from indications that our train would overtake us during the day, when we could have our tents and would probably rest for a day or two. I had no idea that we would be compelled to resume our march at night-fall, but we did, and a more sorry-looking crowd never obeyed orders than ours. Scarcely a man had slept during the day—the pesky flies and fool jokers had kept them awake—and before the dawn of day on this second night's march, having been awake more than forty consecutive hours, I thought I would never live to see the sun again. I was so awful tired and sleepy, and my feet were so badly blistered, that I was compelled to do what nearly half my men did, pull off my shoes and march with only my stockings to shield my feet from the sharp stones and sticks. I swore, and the only sounds I heard during that awful night's march—one never to be forgotten—was a snore or a muttered curse from some poor devil who had fallen asleep during the ten minutes' rest or on the march had stubbed his toes on some infernal rock with which the road was studded.

Our course was westerly from near Bentonville, Arkansas,

toward Maysville, Indian Territory, and was up and down the rocky flint hills of that region, nearly all the time through the timber, with here an there an ice-cold stream to wade. Oh, it was hell!

It is truly said that "'tis a long road that has no turn." Just after daylight we heard a few scattering shots ahead; then came the "double quick" order, and more shots, increasing to volleys. A battle was on; our tired feeling vanished; blistered feet were forgotten. It is truly wonderful what a stimulating influence a few whistling bullets have, for when the "zip!" "zip!" was heard we broke into a run in obedience to the order to swing on the right into line and "commence firing." Before sunrise we had fought the battle of Maysville, Indian Territory, October 22nd, 1862; had captured about 250 prisoners and four splendid Parrot guns and had thoroughly routed General Standwaitie's army. The cavalry did about all the fighting, as the rebels would not stand for our infantry attack.

After pursuing the fleeing enemy for a few miles the cavalry returned, loaded down with chickens, turkeys, pigs, apples and other appetizers, which they freely divided up with the tired "dough boys." By noon our train, which had been kept about ten miles in our rear, came up, and then with our tents, camp kettles, coffee, baked beans, and with blankets to sleep upon, we forgot our blistered feet and aching limbs, sang our songs as we never sung before, and when taps sounded slept and dreamed as only soldiers can.

The captured prisoners were turned over to my care, guarded by my company, and a dozen large Sibley tents pitched close to each other formed the quarters. A chain of armed sentinels around a space about 200 feet square completed the prison, or the "bull ring;" the sentinels' pathway the "dead line." For two or three days nothing out of the ordinary routine of camp life in an enemy's country happened. I had listed all the prisoners' names, service and rank, with brief descriptions.

While seated in my tent writing my orderly announced the arrival of an old lady. She had come to camp on horseback—I might say "critter-back," for the old horse was as poor as a crow and nearly as old as the old, white-haired woman, who, after the orderly had helped her to dismount, asked to see the "General" who commanded the prison camp. I was advanced sev-

eral rank insignias as the orderly pointed me out. The old lady with a courtly courtesy begged my indulgence and permission to see and talk to the prisoners. She said she had lived in "these 'ere parts nigh onto seventy years" and knew most everybody.

I called the sergeant of the guard and instructed him to order the prisoners to fall into line, which they did in short order, and I escorted the old lady down the line. She shook hands with all the captives, and nearly all seemed to know her and all appeared glad to meet her, trusting that she would tell their friends of their misfortune, and that they expected soon to be shot by the terrible Kansans, or possibly sent north to be tortured by the "hairy-horned Yanks;" perhaps to be burned at the stake. The poor devils absolutely expected nothing less than death. It was quite interesting to me to hear them tell the old lady to bid good-bye to their friends for them.

When the good old woman left I told her to say to the "folks at home" that if anyone wanted to see the prisoners, to give them clothing or food, before they were marched northward, to come into camp. No woman, child or old man would be harmed or stopped from coming or going, and that they would be permitted to pass the guards as she had done. She thanked me kindly and rode away.

Next day about 2 p. m. I was startled by the sound of horses' feet near my tent. The rustling of a riding habit and, "ye gods!" the melodious, angelic sound of a woman's voice. I stepped from my tent and beheld, to me, six months from civilization, an apparition—two beautiful young ladies, handsomely dressed in stylish riding habits, on prancing steeds, and this in Arkansas. I waived my orderly to one side as he attempted to assist the ladies to dismount and said to him: "Hold the horses, sir; I will assist the ladies," and I did. I soon had them inside my tent away from the vulgar, envious eyes of a thousand men, who were as much interested in the apparition as a country boy seeing the first circus parade. The elder of the two young ladies, probably a girl of 20 summers, introduced herself to me as Miss Blanche McPhail and the other as Susie, her sister, probably two years younger. She said that her only brother, Samuel McPhail, was a prisoner in my camp; could they be permitted to see their brother and give him a package of provisions and some clothes which they had tied to their saddles? "You bet your

life; yes, certainly they could," and my tent was at their disposal. "Sergeant of the guard, call Prisoner McPhail." He came. I dropped the flap of the tent and stepped outside, not quick enough, however, to bar my ears from the sound of a dozen kisses and joyous hugs of the sisters and brother. And yet we are at war—and why? I thought and wished myself at home, where I might enjoy the same blessing. Soon Miss Blanche called me and formally introduced her brother, and begged me to advise her what his fate might be. Of course I told her it would not be disagreeable; he would be treated kindly, well fed and kept for exchange. We were not murderers, were not fighting under the black flag, were Americans loyal to our flag, but humane to our enemies; no serious harm could come to Samuel if he did not attempt to escape. This talk seemed to reassure them. The girls opened the package of provisions—fried chicken, nice biscuits well buttered, pickles, cake and cheese—and insisted that I should share of the feast. Their cordial invitation could not be refused. We ate, talked and chatted for nearly an hour (only a few minutes by my time) and then they called for their horses.

The brother was fearful that our Cherokee Indians, of which we had two regiments, might intercept the girls before they could get clear of our lines, and I admitted there was danger. "Would I kindly escort his sisters beyond our picket line?" Of course I would if the young ladies would accept my services. They blushing assented. "Orderly, go to the cavalry camp and ask Lieutenant Blake to loan me his horse." "My kingdom for a horse!" I rode with Blanche and Susie before two or three thousand envious eyes to the advance picket line, a mile or more from my camp. As I passed the Lieutenant and his squad of ten cavalymen he said: "Palmer, don't go far; we saw some bushwhackers down the road about a mile away half an hour ago." I answered: "No, I won't go far, only to the bend over there." After passing the picket a few rods Blanche pulled up her horse and rode to my right, remarking that now I was under her care and I had better ride between her and her sister, and that if I was not afraid I might go home with them; that she would pledge me on her honor that no harm would come to me, and I should surely return to camp without any hindrance or danger to myself. I asked how she could guarantee this. She

replied with one of her sweetest, most winning smiles: "You will trust me, I know. I will soon prove that my guarantee is a good one; you are not afraid?" I was a "goner," a prisoner without having been ordered to surrender. I answered: "No, I am not afraid; I will go where you dare to lead, and I believe in you heart and soul."

About three miles from our lines (I had not thought of distance or location) a mounted man rode out from a patch of brush and timber adjoining the road about a quarter of a mile in advance. Blanche touched her horse and dashed a few yards to the front and waived a white handkerchief to the right and left. The bushwhacker, for such he was, waved his hand in salute and rode back to his hiding place. I halted for a moment, thought that perhaps I had been as gallant as any discreet Federal officer should be in the wild region of Arkansas, where no quarter was asked by or expected of the guerrillas, who were constantly scouting along our flanks, hunting and killing foragers, stragglers, flankers, front and rear guards, shooting at any Union soldiers who came in range of their guns or into the ambush that they were always planning. My two charmers both noticed the hesitating look on my face and laughingly chided me for apparently doubting their ability to fully protect me from my deadly enemies. Like the fly that flew into the spider's web, or the bird that dropped into the snake's mouth, I was where I could not turn back. I felt that I had entered upon the adventure and must "face the music." I was too young and too reckless to think of anything but the novelty of my position; it was a new and interesting adventure with a beautiful girl who was chief of the guerrillas. I would ride on and fight if need be. I felt sure she would keep her word.

It was ten good, long miles from camp to the McPhail home, which I found to be a fine plantation, good buildings, a well furnished house, piano in the parlor, fine books and pictures, showing good taste and cultivation. The girls had both attended school in Boston, but they were intensely southern and rebel to the core. The mother was an austere looking woman, a good hater. My uniform made her eyes snap fire that looked too warm for love.

Blanche ordered a slave to take my horse and "care for him nicely." Inviting me into the parlor, she excused herself for a

moment to bring her mother in and undoubtedly to explain to her my presence there, while the darkey women and children, a dozen or more, appeared very much excited over my coming. Susie joined me quickly, so that I had but little time to myself during the absence of Blanche, who came with her mother, who thanked me for sparing her son's life and escorting her daughters home. I was glad to excuse her, and soon both Blanche and Susie were doing their best to entertain me. Both sang and played well. "Dixie Land," "My Maryland," "Richmond on the James" and many other southern songs were charmingly sung; the music and the lovely songsters were simply captivating. Living in the mountains and in the army for two and one-half years previous, I had heard nothing like it. I shall never forget the sweet abandon that lulled me to unconsciousness as to time. Not until candles were brought in did I think of "home and friends once more," with camp ten miles away. No, no, I could not go until after supper. It was just ready, and it was a fine one, too: nice white biscuits and honey, tender chicken fried in butter—a supper fit for a king. About 8 p. m. I suddenly became conscious for a moment and said *I must go*. No, they were not ready yet. Finally to quiet me Blanche admitted that she was awaiting an answer from a message sent to the commanding officer of the guerrillas. She had asked for a pledge that I should not be harmed on my way back to camp. I thought it was awfully good of them, and before I left, at 9 p. m., I swore that they were two as nice angels as I had ever seen. I was proud, indeed; to know them, and I would come back again in a few days, "sure." It was a lonely ride to camp over a dark and lonely road, a good portion of the way through timber, through two covered bridges, yet I thought only of my afternoon's experience. "Did I love Blanche?" By George, I did. Just then a voice rang out on the night air: "Halt! who goes there?" I pulled up my steed, drew my revolver and tried to think of what Blanche had said should be my countersign. Yes, I had it—"A friend from McPhail's." "Advance and pass on!" was the reply. The challenge had come from in front of a covered bridge. When I reached the spot there was no one in sight. The dark passage way of the bridge was particularly lonesome just at that time—twice was I halted before I reached camp.

The next day I called on General Blunt and explained to

him that Prisoner Samuel McPhail had a widowed mother and two sisters dependent upon him; that, as a matter of fact, he had been impressed into the Confederate service; that if permitted he would take the oath of allegiance and never again take up arms against the United States. The oath was duly administered and McPhail liberated. [The next day we broke camp, marched southeast to Elm Creek, where, after a few days, First Lieutenant Owens overtook our command and for the first time assumed command of my company. As we sat by the rail camp fire that night, after the usual camp talk, the question was raised as to what we would do with the officer who might die during the campaign. Owens said if I should die he would bury me in the middle of some well-traveled road and pile up rocks four feet high over my grave, to make everybody turn out, as indicative of my disposition. That night he was stricken with pneumonia and in less than twenty-four hours he was dead, and a few days later I was delirious with the same disease. The command was ordered to march. With other sick soldiers I was taken to a farm house, over which a hospital flag was hoisted and a guard was detailed to protect same.

The next morning, though very dangerously sick, my delirium ceased. I heard that my company had marched away and that a great battle was pending. I stole out of the hospital by a back entrance, taking my overcoat and revolvers that were near the head of my bed. After reaching the road, being unable to walk, I drew my pistol on a straggling cavalryman, made him dismount and help me mount his horse and then I rode to the front just in time to assume command of my company in line for the Cane Hill fight, November 28th, 1862. A charge, a sharp-contested struggle, then a stampede. We drove the Confederates before us through the town up into the Boston mountains, and nightfall caught us in the woods with no food, except a little hardtack in a few haversacks, which had not been thrown away in the charge. (Soldiers will drop everything save their gun and ammunition in the race for victory.) There were no overcoats or blankets; all had been left under a guard on the firing line just before the charge. Big camp fires were built and between two large logs my boys piled up a bed of leaves, in which they buried me and held me there for hours while I was shouting and

swearing, wildly insane with fever. Finally, after midnight, I fell asleep.

In the morning I was very weak, but well of the pneumonia and without anything to eat until near noon, when we received some bacon, hard bread and coffee, and our blankets and overcoats. My company, A, and Company H of the same regiment were kept on this advance picket line until the morning of December 7th, 1862, when at daylight we were attacked by rebel cavalry. They did not press us very hard and about 10 a. m. we heard the boom of artillery east and north of us far in our rear. Orders came to fall back on Cane Hill, two miles away. When we reached the town we found that all of Blunt's army was in motion. "To the rear, double quick!" was the order. We would double quick for half a mile, then walk another half mile. Men in the ranks cried out that they could not travel so fast. The officers had to tell them that unless they kept up they would certainly be killed or captured. *Andersonville* or *hell*—not much choice. Every man did his level best to keep up. We walked and double quicked twelve miles and at Prairie Grove swung right into line before Hindman's rebel army of 25,000 men and twelve pieces of artillery. The rebels had made a feint on our front, had marched ten miles by our left flank, and were within three miles of our train of 600 wagons at Rhea's Mills. Their left wing had swung in between us and our train. We were 350 miles from our base of supplies, and all our stores and ammunition were at Rhea's Mills, with only the 9th Wisconsin Infantry as a guard. The capture of the train meant absolutely our surrender. Just then Hindman's advance unexpectedly ran into the advance of General Herron, who, with about 5,000 men, was hastening by forced marches to reinforce the small army of only 5,000 with Blunt. Herron had twelve pieces of artillery, Blunt eighteen fine Parrott guns and three mountain howitzers; combined both Herron and Blunt had about 10,000 men and thirty-three pieces of artillery.

We were not fairly matched, but as we had nearly three pieces of artillery to one of the enemy the odds were not so great, had we had an even start in the fight, but by this flank movement Hindman was enabled to fight us in detail. Before Blunt could reach the field of battle Herron had, after a most stubborn and gallant fight, been badly whipped and driven across the Illi-

nois Creek, simply overwhelmed four to one. When we came upon the scene about 3:30 p. m. our first cannon shot was towards Herron's retreating forces, but in a moment the rebel army swung on the left into line and opened up a line of fire and leaden hail that was simply awful. Their two batteries also got our range very quickly, but our men stood like veterans. Other regiments coming from Blunt's army kept swinging into line and our three batteries, Captain Rabb's Indiana battery, Captain Hopkins' Ohio battery and Captain Tenney's 1st Kansas battery, were all soon sweeping the rebel lines, filling the timber where most of their forces lay with shot and shell and broken limbs from trees. We charged into the timber and were driven back to our first line, where we rallied our shattered forces. General Herron had soon after our impetuous attack gathered his forces and again assaulted the enemy. I witnessed a grand charge made by the 19th Iowa and 20th Wisconsin Infantry through an orchard up a hill to the crest, unmindful of leaden bullets, grape and cannister, to capture the famous Bledsoe battery, the best six-Parrott gun battery in the rebel trans-Mississippi army. They captured the battery, but the rebels rallied and retook it and drove the Iowa and Wisconsin boys back. The 37th Illinois Infantry and 26th Indiana Infantry had captured this battery about 1 p. m. and lost it. Four times in a half day were these six guns captured by the contending forces, and over 300 soldiers of both armies lay dead on less than two acres of ground about and in front of it.

Finally, half an hour before dark, twelve of our Parrott guns were massed. Two hundred infantrymen (my company among the number) were ordered to lie down twenty paces in front of the two batteries. The rebels, 7,000 strong, came sweeping out of the timber in solid column more than thirty deep, lifting their guns with fixed bayonets above their heads. They came on with a yell, like 7,000 demons as they were, and were within 300 yards of us when the command "Fire!" was given and twelve guns, double shotted with grape and cannister, swept great holes through their column. They staggered back like drunken men, then rallied and pushed on again. Our cannon belched forth death and destruction to their compact ranks a second time. Again they wavered, but for only a moment. Men mad with powdered whiskey and sight of blood filled the depleted ranks and came on

again. Again the command "Fire!" It was more than they could stand. The main body turned and fled. Only a few, about 200 of the bravest of the brave, rushed past us on to the guns. Our caissons were going to the rear, the drivers urging their horses under whip and spur. Our infantry rose to their feet and, clubbing their guns, drove the few "Johnnies" who had pierced our lines to the rear as prisoners. The next day 237 dead bodies were thrown into one cellar—all that was left of a burned home just in front of those two batteries .

Night was upon us. Firing ceased. We were whipped and driven to a swamp, Illinois Creek valley, one-fourth of a mile north of our last line, and such a night! It was cold, the ground frozen; nearly all the men had thrown their overcoats and blankets into the ambulances just before going into the battle and the ambulances had unloaded them near the field hospitals, which, with one exception, were still inside our lines. It being dark and the ambulances being loaded with wounded, no information could be had as to where our overcoats and blankets were. We were ordered not to build fires, and I was detailed to go into the Cherokee Indian camp and stamp out the very small fire that some Indians were building and trying to cover from sight by blankets stretched around two or three stalwart Indians as they crouched upon the ground. The officers and men on guard succeeded in completing the misery of the tired, cold and hungry men; we had had nothing to eat since early morn—not one morsel of food. We drank the dirtiest slough water, dodging among the horses' feet to get it. The men laid down, spoon fashion, in rows of twenty to forty, trying to keep warm by natural heat. Men died from exposure and cold on that battle field on this awful December night. Not one living rational soul who survived that night at Prairie Grove, Arkansas, will ever forget it to his dying day.

I was relieved at midnight and wandered half a mile to the right, trying to find some place where I might keep warm enough to fall asleep, not caring whether I ever awoke again or not. Finally I came to a wedge tent large enough to keep the night air off of five men if they lay reasonably close. I thought to myself, these are officers of high rank probably. I crowded into the tent and found just room enough to wedge myself in between one of the sleepers and the edge of the side of the tent, moving

so cautiously that my bed-fellow did not object to my presence. He had a blanket over him. I pulled on the edge of the blanket and slowly dragged it over me. Lying on the cold ground, with the blanket and tent for covering, I was very soon asleep, and it was sunrise when I awoke. Many men were tramping and calling outside, and yet my companions slept, unconscious of my having gone to bed with them and of my having stolen a part of their covering. I raised on my elbow to study the situation and saw five sleepers all lying close together—all dead.

A blanket had been thrown over them and the tent stretched to protect them from the hogs. They were all officers. A half hour later I was sent on the battle field with a flag of truce, ten men and an ambulance to help gather up the poor wounded soldiers who had lived through that awful night. As soon as I reached the field I saw that there was no rebel army in sight—only a few cavalymen gathering rebel wounded. I soon learned from wounded men of both sides that Hindman had, early in the evening, drawn off his forces, believing that reinforcements had reached us and that he was severely whipped. His retreating column was then at least ten miles away. We found some hard cornbread in haversacks of dead Confederates, which we were glad to eat. Many of the canteens of the dead rebels contained gunpowdered whiskey.

I quickly returned to our lines and told General Blunt of the retreat of Hindman, and then learned that early in the morning of December 8th, about 3 a. m., General Blunt had received a flag of truce from Hindman, asking for twenty-four hours' armistice to care for the wounded and bury the dead. Under this arrangement I, with other officers and squads of men, had been sent on the battle field. Of course Blunt and Herron took possession of the battle field, and no particular effort was made to pursue the enemy except to send a few hundred cavalry to reconnoiter and locate if possible Hindman's army.

At the time of our last struggle on the field, about dark December 7th, our wagon train of over 600 wagons was retreating towards Missouri and was strung out for over ten miles. After dark many of the teams were mired in a creek between Prairie Grove and Fayetteville, and the darkness of the night added to the confusion and mixing of things generally until there was a jam of teams that made it impossible to move a wheel. It was

fully noon, December 8th, before the teams could be disentangled, straightened out from the mud and mire, and brought to camp, when we were soon fed and made comfortable.

For the forces engaged, there was no more stubborn fight and no greater casualties in any battle of the war than at Prairie Grove, Arkansas. The enemy's infantry were mostly armed with Enfield rifles, at that time the best gun in use. My regiment was armed with condemned Prussian muskets, dangerous at both ends. They would "kick worse than a mule." We had less than 7,000 men engaged in both Herron's and Blunt's commands (James G. Blunt of Kansas, being senior Brigadier General, commanded). Out of our less than 7,000 troops engaged we lost in killed and wounded 1,251—more than one out of six. The rebels had about 25,000 men, with over 22,000 engaged; 3,000 of their force were Arkansas conscripts (not the best soldiers). About 2,000 of their men were Choctaw and Chickasaw Indians. Their loss in killed and wounded aggregated nearly 3,200—700 men killed and 2,500 wounded. Victory for the Confederates meant the annihilation or capture of our entire army with its thirty-three pieces of artillery, Blunt's and Herron's trains, fully 1,000 wagons—six-mule teams, and, worse than all, the over-running and entire control of Missouri, Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico, and possibly Nebraska, by rebel forces. It would have prolonged the war another year. The issue was well understood; privates as well as the officers knew what the stakes were.

FORTY YEARS IN THE FIELD.

BY

S. D. MERCER, LIEUT. AND ASST. SURGEON 149TH ILLINOIS INF.

(Read November 7, 1900.)

Forty years, when we look forward in the dim vista of the future, seems a long time, but when we take a retrospective view it seems but a little while, and we can only realize that so much time has passed by comparing "then" and "now," even though we must measure events by epochs through which we have passed, to make us realize and appreciate what has happened in these fleeting years.

All of us, as actors on the stage of public events, as all patriotic citizens must be, can remember the "then," and we know much of what came between; and equally well do we realize the zealous, watchful care bestowed on every condition, never ceasing, as far as we could, to pluck the evil symptom from the current of public events.

As young men and boys, we commenced life with war, learned to be alert, sagacious and daring, so that when our environments changed to civic life we remained, none the less, in the field, and even more alert, because every day was picket duty. The enemy, too, were equally strong men, subtle and ever-present. Vicious purposes, prompted by selfish motives, came in successive squad and phalanx, sometimes with double-quick movement. Under this kind of life we started and have lived our active years, believing at all times that fruition would be the result and consciousness of patriotism the reward.

To *be* and to *feel* patriotic we must consistently approve our past acts, reconcile our present motives and philosophically comprehend possible results as an entailment of our doctrines and influences.

If the above picture be truly drawn, men of active, truly earnest work on such lines are imbued with patriotism, which, tersely defined, means love of country. And to love one's coun-

try it is necessary to love and obey all its laws, conventionalities and mandates, whether they be directly from the source of government or indirectly acknowledged as the social laws of society, commerce or incidental environment. First of all, to be patriotic, we must love and protect ourselves, to the end that we may do for and protect others and pay to the nation obligation that all owe when duty calls from selfish or personal affairs to the defense of country, the source from which all temporal protections come.

If men would be true, firm and brave as individuals they must abandon fear and discard doubt in things earnestly undertaken, and not look back (pillar of salt) in the immediate affairs of life, especially to that which has been sorrowful, evil or of ill results. "Forward march!" should be the constant command to ourselves. To obey such a command right royally there must be an object to which we march, a mark of excellence possible to reach, and when attained be a cause, clad with righteousness, resting upon a pedestal of strength, securely anchored by sacred environments of justice, philanthropy and patriotism.

After we have passed such a mark, attained such a victory and built such a monument, it is not well that we should look back and exclaim, even mentally: "We did it," for the reason that such expression might deprecate its impressions. If the cause is worthy, conception complete, and if the labor on our part has produced the results, the influences will be potent, stimulating where they may and prompting whomsoever they can to press onward to similar and better things on the same or other lines.

The above suggestions about individuals are none the less true in public affairs, because bodies politic are composed of individuals, each being but an integral part of the whole and all having a caste similar to the individual elements which make the whole; hence, in all conditions good or bad prevails according to the majority or minority of the good or bad individual elements, mentally, morally or physically. Egotism, selfishness nor vain ambition should cast no shade on individual or collective character, but, on the contrary, all emotions of vigor should be cultivated and turned to emulating influences, to the end of our own enjoyment and ability to reflect the good of our actions upon others. First of all is, therefore, self-protection, home, family,

and all the social environments bequeathed to man by Deity, for man to have and to enjoy with practical realization of such conditions.

In the midst of such full enjoyment it would seem, in fact, that the beatific attainments of life had been reached and that man with such environments would have no more to get, no more to do, but only to live and enjoy. Yet how false to so conceive when more remains, ever present, never done, and always to do. *It is duty—duty of life.* Duty must be paid to every department from which we draw these elements of happiness. The demands must not be met grudgingly or the obligations discharged indifferently, for such duty is brave, true and complete. We think it means *patriotism* in all things.

When we are enjoying all these conditions and feel the emotion of satisfaction in recognition that the goal of human happiness and ambition is almost reached, there comes a sudden change—the call to duty. Our country is in danger. The mandate to abandon all and march to the battle field is a duty which, when obeyed, constitutes the highest order of patriotism. It gives up all other things to pay the debt to the cause of country, upon which all civil blessings rest. When such work is done it always wins applause, not only for duty, but because it is an extraordinary discharge of duty; because it involves sacrifice of home, life and all, to the end that the institutions of our fathers may be maintained and bequeathed to other generations.

It is not egotism nor misconception of our position when, as members of this loyal body of men, we assume to espouse any earnest military or civic cause, to the end that we may make the momentous results already attained more impressive upon the young men. May we not, therefore, without egotism, but with complacent pride, point to the splendid monument of this free country, established by Washington and the Revolution and maintained by us, with equally earnest discharge of duty, valor, fortitude and self-sacrifice?

The splendid ultimate consequences of the war in which we served shed honor and glory upon its participants and upon the heroic men and women who gave us aid and succor outside of military ranks. It is not only America, but all the nations of the world as well, that acknowledge and commend that patriotic devotion shown by our armies, individually and collectively. But

we, left alone here, are not the only honored ones. Many fell in the conflict as we might have done, but as the remnants of our equal fellows let us in our associations keep the flame of memory burning, so that those who look upon us may be stimulated to do likewise should the ever-seething circumstances demand earnest, practical patriotism of them. Let us impress upon them that the conflict through which we passed, between father and son, brother and brother, and all of our own, was in a patriotic cause deeper even than life, for we did shed our own and our brother's blood—not that we loved him less, but our country more.

This nation as it is now was the object to which we looked when we obeyed the mandate of our country's call. This is the liberty to which we went when we obeyed the command "Forward march!" Now, as a result, see our constitution protected, repaired and saved with all depending rights resting on and with every citizen. The objective lesson is "liberty for all." This liberty, law and safety for all, by all, and of all, is beautifully impressed upon the world by our simple but comprehensive motto, "The Flag."

As a body of veterans, though the sands of life are well shaken, we must not stand idly by and see the causes grow that portend evil. We may differ in detail or manner of doing, but upon one thing we never can disagree, and that is our nation's honor, and our duty is on land or sea, whether our flag is established by conflict or by treaty. To look back in individual matters perhaps may lessen our ambition or effort to press on, but in affairs national we must measure the future by the history of the past. If our precepts demand "government by consent of the governed," it should not be construed to mean individual consent, for it does mean majority and collective consent.

When Napoleon sold us Louisiana that quit claim did not carry with it the consent of the citizens in that vast territory, but we made laws, and they and their posterity and their acquisitions accepted, consented to and lived under those laws as acceptable to this nation and thus became a part of the governed. When the southern Confederacy rebelled individually they refused to be governed by consent, but collectively we persuaded them to consent, and now we are all governed by consent. When Luzon and the Archipelago became ours by purchase and treaty her people

became our people and we became morally their protectors; we offered them humanity, freedom and protection as part of us. A few evil, ambitious and hot-headed emotionalists rebelled, and it suddenly became our duty to correct and repress, to the end that all might finally be prosperous and happy in a future elevated and enlightened condition. To have done less would have been negligent, cowardly and unpatriotic, even though it did cost blood and treasure.

During the Revolution, if we interpret history correctly, there were days of doubt and years of uncertainty, and such we know to have been the case during the Rebellion. In fact, years of anxiety, sometimes made alarming by temporary defeat, would cause the nation's heart to sink, but soon the throbbing influence of patriotic men would clear away the mist of doubt and the fog of discontent and then we would press on with earnest good will until zeal and confidence were again restored. That mystic epoch, dark as it may seem, now tells well the story of self-sacrifice, devotion to duty and true patriotism. The young people know of it only by history; we know it as a fact. Let us point suggestively to the monument, "Our Country," and exclaim: "There it is; do likewise." Let us continue to help the work of construction at home, on and over the sea, and as a unit continue to show the world that we are earnest and just, and finally teach all humanity to look with pleasure on our flag on land and sea.

Many of our comrades were left on the battle field; many have since passed from the civil work, and we, too, after forty years on duty, must rapidly fall one by one. But when one is gone we remember him as almost with us. In fact, they are all here, for the impressions they left help to make our caste, so that we feel the presence in every meeting of those who have gone before.

It would be pleasing to the writer, and interesting, no doubt, to all, if some companion would, as a supplement to this paper, write one with a descriptive narrative of the "then" forty years ago (1860) and the "now" (1900), setting forth the conditions of our nation at that time and the successive events through which it has passed, as well as the gradual growth, development and expansion of all its resources, politically, commercially and socially, giving due credit also to achievements, scientific and literary, from "then" to "now." May we hope that some one will do

this at an early date, to the end that our successors may know that we have taken cognizance of the consequences growing out of the labor of patriots in our age. But, nevertheless, let us continue the affairs of this order that its impressions, effects and good work will be felt, as if individuals were ever present, by those who come after us in immediate and remote history.

CHATTANOOGA TO WASHINGTON AFOOT.

BY

LIEUT. JOHN T. BELL, SECOND IOWA INFANTRY.

(Read May 1, 1901.)

In April, 1864, 100,000 men with muskets and rifles, with cannon and caissons, horses, mules, wagons and ambulances; with blacksmiths to repair broken vehicles and shoe the animals; with surgeons to mend the broken health and amputate the mangled limbs of the soldiers if occasion required; with commissaries and quartermasters, teamsters and hospital stewards—an army supplied with all the necessities and essentials for active service—assembled at Chattanooga, Tennessee, conscious that President Lincoln and Stanton and Grant and Sherman had combined and confederated together in blocking out a campaign of large dimensions for the approaching summer.

Then came the march southward to Dalton and Snake Creek Gap, and Resaca, and Kennesaw Mountain, and the Chattahoochee river, and the investment of Atlanta—May, June and July occupied with skirmishes and desperate battles, bringing much work to the surgeons' hands and to burial details; rapid flank movements and weary night watches. A month of digging and of slow approaches followed and on the second day of September Atlanta was in the possession of the Union forces. Seventy days later we turned our faces southward once more, knowing that a point somewhere on the sea coast was our destination, if we lived to reach it, and that was the extent of our knowledge.

Through the beautiful pine woods, along the pleasant lanes, fording small streams and bridging large ones; marching with flags flying and bands playing, generally the air "The Girl I Left Behind Be;" down the streets of villages, towns and cities and across big plantations, we journey, and thus another month is passed and then we see the smoke and spires of Savannah and learn that that city is our objective point. Following are ten days of picket duty and skirmishing; of chilly, rainy weather;

ten days of rations issued at little better than starvation allowance, when the scanty grain fed to horses and mules is guarded to prevent its being stolen by the ravenous soldiers, while out on the ocean only a score of miles distant rides at anchor a fleet of vessels laden with food, clothing and supplies of all kinds destined for Sherman's army when it shall have emerged from the Georgia forests and rendered itself accessible.

Anxious days were those. Back of us a desolated country; in front a brave, disciplined enemy with General Hardee in command. The capture of Fort McAllister would allow of the distribution to the army of the supplies it so sorely needs, but McAllister is a strongly fortified point with ditches, abattis and concealed torpedoes to render an assault upon it most hazardous. But it is assaulted by General W. B. Hazen and the brave second division of the Fifteenth corps, while Sherman occupies an elevated position on a rice stack in a fever of anxiety as to the result. Victory means rest, food and clothing for his destitute army, the certain capture of Savannah, prestige for the Union cause and a hastening of a final day of peace. Defeat means—what of discouragement, gloom and disaster is not defeat at that juncture the sure forerunner? But it is not defeat—thank God it is not defeat! Hazen's tried veterans rush forward with an impetuosity which cannot be withstood; through the abattis and into the ditch they go, and clambering over the breastworks they force a surrender of the garrison, and the stars and stripes wave over the fort. Then General Hardee covers with straw his pontoon bridges which cross the river (in order to deaden the sound) and during the following night marches his army out of Savannah and we take possession.

A month of comparative idleness ensues and then we resume our advance on Washington City, for since the early April days the capital of the nation has been our real objective point, though we knew it not. Via Columbia, South Carolina; Fayetteville, Bentonville and Goldsboro, North Carolina, we trudge along—fifty-six days in the enemy's country—oftentimes in water waist deep, without a word of information as to what is transpiring elsewhere, and no more knowledge concerning us is possessed by our friends than if we were lost in the Arctic regions. At Goldsboro we come to the surface once more footsore, ragged, begrimed by the smoke of the pitch-pine camp fires, but full of en-

thusiasm for our cause and love for the commander, whose thin, wiry figure, nervous and quick-motoned, the past years have made familiar to us, and with boundless confidence in his ability to lead and our own to follow. Then came the capture of Raleigh, the capital of the Old North State, where gray-haired men welcomed the flag with cheers and tears; the surrender of Johnston's army, and then our faces are turned to the north for the first time since the war began. South, southeast, southwest, east, northeast and due west we have tramped for four years, but never until the last organized army of the Confederacy had laid down its weapons did the army of the west march directly north.

Petersburg and Richmond are reached, and in the latter city Halleck proposes that we shall march in review before him, but Sherman will not have it that way. Even if he had consented it is doubtful if his army would have, for the gross insult he had recently received at Halleck's hands had so outraged the soldiers' sense of justice that groans, hisses and general insubordination would have followed had the proposed review been attempted. Over the battle fields of the eastern army we march from Richmond to Alexandria, and daylight of May 24th, 1865, finds us at the head of Pennsylvania avenue, Washington City, waiting the order to march down that magnificent thoroughfare and perform our part in the Grand Review.

At last the end approaches! From Chattanooga to Washington the distance is not great. In a Pullman, with pleasant companions, the journey is delightful and can be made in a few hours. But with Sherman's army it was different. The route had been round about. A thousand, fifteen hundred, two thousand miles and more many of those regiments had marched amid dangers and difficulties. Barriers, defended by brave and desperate men, had confronted them; bloody battle fields with all their horrors had interposed; wounds, mutilation and agony indescribable had marked the way; comrades, loved as men come to love each other only in the midst of dangers and suffering mutually endured, had been left behind to be seen no more on earth forever; others had been sent to hospitals with limbs amputated or with wounds most grievous, to result in death or permanent disability, blasting hopes and ambitions forever.

These memories and many more come to the minds of the young men and beardless boys from Ohio and Indiana and Illi-

nois and Michigan and Wisconsin and Minnesota and Iowa and Nebraska and Kansas who have been following Grant and Sherman and McPherson and Logan and Thomas for four long years as they await the signal which is to send them down the "Chiefest avenue" of the capital of the great nation they have helped to save, to the end that free government "may not perish from the earth."

The signal is given and in column of companies that magnificent army—the best the world has ever known—with tattered banners blackened by the smoke of battle at Wilson Creek, Belmont, Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain, Atlanta and a score of lesser engagements, keeping step to the thrilling strains of martial music, sweeps past the capitol building, down the wide street densely crowded on either side for the distance of a mile with thousands and tens of thousands; windows, balconies, doorways and roofs packed with human beings—a hundred and fifty thousand people gathered from all portions of the civilized world to witness the splendid display of this and the day preceeding. Cheers, waving handkerchiefs, tears of joy, the sweet singing of children, flowers, banners, triumphal arches, mottoes, shouts of welcome, music—and in the midst of it all the regular tramp of these bronzed western soldiers, in steady lines and firm, elbows gently touching, eyes to the front and turning not to the left or right, with quiet faces, but hearts filled with thankfulness to God that the end of days of battles, turmoil and danger had come.

Presenting arms in salutation they pass the reviewing stand on which are seated the President, his cabinet and distinguished officers of the army and navy. Glorious day of days is this! Faded and ragged uniforms they wear; battered are their equipments; thirty men in companies where once there was a hundred; browned by sun, rain and wind—all this and much more. But these men had marched from the banks of the Mississippi and beyond, and now they are in the nation's capital; their great task done; to their own dear land peace had come again, and not one of them would have exchanged places that day with a king!

THE LAST BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

BY

LIEUT. O. A. ABBOTT, 9TH ILLINOIS CAVALRY.

(Read October 2, 1901.)

The flood tide of the Civil war reached its highest point during the early summer of 1863, when Grant was behind Vicksburg, with Pemberton intrenched on its impregnable heights in his front and Johnston in his rear; the armies of the Tennessee almost in a state of siege at Chattanooga and Lee marching into Pennsylvania.

The decisive battle at Gettysburg sent Lee's beaten, but still fighting, legions back to Virginia. The surrender of Vicksburg sent Grant with his victorious army to the aid of Chattanooga, which was soon relieved and its pent-up army able to resume the offensive. The tide was ebbing swiftly and 1864 saw Grant in command of all the Union forces, with Sherman in command of the army that was moving steadily south from Chattanooga.

The tide was still receding, but only under the influence of vigorous and repeated blows, which were driving Lee steadily southward across the James river and Johnston slowly down through and past Atlanta. When the day came for Sherman to start on that memorable march to the sea Johnston's forces, now under command of Hood, relieved of the pressure from Sherman's veterans, again flowed northward toward Nashville. The Mississippi valley had been cleared of all but irregular predatory bands.

The armies were concentrating eastward. Hatch's brigade of cavalry, the 6th, 7th and 9th Illinois and 2nd Iowa, moved eastward along the Memphis and Charleston railroad to aid in intercepting and delaying Hood on his northward march and assist in driving him back. This march of Hood seemed to cause Grant no anxiety, for Hood's army was moving away from the scene of the final struggle, not towards it, and every mile gained

took it a mile farther away and by so much prevented its joining Lee's forces or harrassing Sherman in his operations.

Hood was still passing steadily northward, pressing back and apparently victorious over those scattering, intercepting forces, giving the stay-at-homes who sat on cracker boxes in country groceries and whittled pine sticks another chance to criticize the conduct of the war.

"Why don't they stop him?" "Why do they surrender such dearly-won territory?" were their earnest and oft-repeated queries that apparently received no answer, save that Hood continued northward, while our forces were as steadily falling back until the sturdy battle at Franklin, under the immediate leadership of Schofield, showed there was still life and fight in those retreating columns; yet Schofield still fell back to Nashville. The eye of the trained soldier saw more than the retreat of Schofield disclosed. If Franklin was a victory for Hood, another such would destroy him. His power to successfully prosecute further offensive operations was already gone, still he followed the retreating Union forces to Nashville, where he must draw his supplies from a distance to carry on a winter campaign. Here were rail and river communications for our army; here Thomas was concentrating scattered detachments drawn from the west into an organized army that should soon stop the further northward flow of this apparently rising tide.

Grant may have been indifferent to Hood's progress thus far, but it was evidently no part of his plan that Hood should go farther north, and while he had great confidence in Thomas' ability as a defensive fighter, he feared Hood might slip by him and cross into Ohio, and accordingly sent the order to attack and destroy.

This order was not instantly obeyed, for a cold rain storm that froze as it fell covered the earth with ice. A movement against Hood, camped on the hills around Nashville, was utterly impracticable. The ice was sufficiently strong to sustain the weight of gun carriages, whose wheels made no impression on it. Thomas' army was ice-bound. Hood could not move. Nevertheless Grant was impatient at the delay and sent Logan to relieve him. He came as far as Louisville and, learning the real situation, refused to take command, leaving Thomas to reap the fruit of the victory he had planned to win. This was a splendid

exhibition of manliness on Logan's part. He could see even at that distance that Thomas' reasons for delay were real reasons—not timidity's excuses.

Meanwhile Thomas' preparations went steadily forward and before the ice had broken on December 13th the cavalry, lying in Edgfield (a Nashville suburb north of the Cumberland river), was pouring into the city. The railroad bridge was planked, a pontoon bridge laid and the wagon bridge closed to all but these marching columns, which moved steadily over these three passageways four abreast, the men leading their horses in close order. From early dawn all day, like some gigantic half-human monster, these blue columns moved steadily on, and were still moving when darkness hid them from view. On through the icy streets of the now sleeping city and out under the shadows of the encircling hills they passed to either flank of that newly-formed army that was to turn back forever this flow in secession's tide. They knew—none better—that the day of action was close at hand, but grim smiles were on the bronzed faces of these veterans and the rude camp jokes were never more in evidence than then.

The 14th was warm and under the bright sunshine the icy mantle of the earth slipped from it like a garment. At daybreak December 15th the horses were sent to the rear (they were useless among these steep, wooded hills) and, moving dismounted, the cavalry advanced quickly, drove the rebel pickets home and soon from both sides the artillery opened. The "Last Battle at Nashville" had fairly begun. The cavalry were not spectators here, but were soon moved towards the center of the line and found themselves lying along and partly concealed by a fringe of willows and underbrush in a hollow between one of our own batteries and the guns of the enemy, protected by hastily constructed earthworks on the opposite hill. The cannonade was furious—at least to our ears. It was our first experience in artillery support, the first time we had listened so close to that modern bird of war, "Steel-rifled Parrott." The eagle may be a more poetical emblem of war, may show better on dress parade, but for effective service there is no comparison between the "fowls." The firing at this point, our right, kept up until about the middle of the afternoon, while we were intently watching the enemy's fort for some evidence of the effect of the cannonade,

when suddenly a caisson inside the enemy's works exploded, sending up a magnificent column of smoke and exploding shells. Had we been connected with the fort by an electric wire our action could not have been more responsive; every man was on his feet and every foot pointing towards the enemy. A second explosion, probably from concussion, followed, and without command we rushed up to the hillside for that fort at top speed and were inside before a gun could be trained upon us. Greeley in his history says the charge was made without orders and apparently without cause. The absence of the orders may be concealed, but the cause must be plain to those who are familiar with the intelligent action of American soldiers.

Early in the history of the 9th Illinois Cavalry provision was made for a battery of mountain howitzers, and a body of men and officers detailed from the various companies took charge of them and was known as Company "Q." As soon as we were well inside the fort Colonel Harper of the 9th ordered Company "Q" to take possession of the captured guns and, pointing to another earthwork to the right and south of us, said: "That's the one we want now, boys." Company "Q" lost no time in turning the captured guns against their former masters, and we started for the other fort more like the wild rush of a mob than an orderly charge. The fort was not far away, yet I never reached it, but close under it lay down with a bullet through my left lung for a long six months' relief from camp and scouting duty, and I remember with what pride and satisfaction I saw the splendid lines of infantry pass on over the field we had fairly won to finish our work; pride in their orderly alignment and satisfaction in their steady swing. A mischance might have sent that wildly charging column of dismounted cavalry back as quickly as they had come and leave me a prisoner in the enemy's hands, a prospect never cheerful and at this late period of the war rather uncomfortable to contemplate. But no mischance occurred. The cavalry captured the second fort without a halt; as a spectacular performance it was immense, but it was not war.

I saw no more of this splendid engagement that not only defeated but destroyed Hood's army as an organized fighting force, stopped the northward flow of the tide of war, which was never to return, and added to the laurels of General Thomas—fitly called the "Rock of Chickamauga." Candor, however, com-

pels me to add that, from my point of view, while his conduct of the engagement was admirable, his pursuit of the flying enemy was not creditable. The "Rock of Chickamauga," while heroic in defense, was impotent in pursuit of a retreating army. Some of Hood's men afterwards found their way east to lay down their arms, some at Lee's surrender to Grant and others at Johnston's surrender to Sherman, when we should have captured them before they crossed the Tennessee, and probably before they crossed Duck river, had the pursuit been as vigorous and well directed as was the "Last Battle of Nashville."

Here this paper might properly end had not your committee urged that I go further and tell some of that part of an engagement which is only visible from the rear after the fighting force has moved forward to other fields.

After the infantry line had passed me a surgeon hastily examined and pronounced my injury "spent ball on the ribs," and I was taken back to an abandoned building in the outskirts of the city, where the reaper Death had piled so many sheaves from his well-garnered field. I knew it was not a spent ball on the ribs. We were much too near the enemy to gather spent balls; we gathered only hot ones that day. But who argues with his doctor? And besides I was not in fit condition for argument had I felt so disposed. I was laid on the floor on my back in a row with others suffering from all manner of wounds. The ambulances were busy bringing in their grewsome freight from the front; the surgeons and their assistants busy preparing temporary hospitals where the wounded could receive better attention, emptying churches of their pews and replacing them with cots where nurses and doctors might minister to human suffering in place of those who had but yesterday been ministers before its altars. I laid all night in this building. In the early morning, before the front had provided more of its grim freight, the ambulances were busy moving the wounded to those improvised hospitals. I was not moved, but heard in silence the surgeon in charge say "Leave him; he will die anyway," and saw him select others who were thought to have a better chance to live. What he said didn't sound cheerful then, and somehow even now I can't seem to get much comfort out of it. Later in the day those ambulances would be needed in front and I must

lie there until the next morning on that bare floor in my bloody clothes and wait my turn, unable to turn over, spread loud or draw a full breath without feeling the ends of those broken ribs grind upon each other.

During these long hours of waiting my heavy Wellington boots became instruments of torture, and I suffered severe pains, especially in my left foot. To have them pulled off would add to my agony. I asked a guard to cut them off and he declined, saying: "It's a pity to spoil 'em." Then I wondered if he had heard the doctor's remark and was waiting for me to die. Possibly it was imagination that helped me to see more than mere brutality in his face. I became afraid he might be tempted to quench the little of life left in me rather than wait for my death to get those coveted boots. I selected a man from out of the crowd of curious sight-seers that came out of the city and got him to cut them from top to toe and lay my feet out of them. It was some satisfaction to me to note the look of disappointment on that guard's face when he next passed and to hear him say it was "too bad to spoil so good a pair of boots." Somehow, I didn't feel guilty. They were my boots.

The end came to my waiting the next day, when I was moved to a clean cot in one of the churches. I told the same story there about the spent ball that the doctor had told me on the field and it passed as good coin, but on the fifth day, in attempting to brush some cracker crumbs from under my left side I ran my thumb into the hole where the bullet had made its exit and called a passing doctor to tell him of my discovery. He changed the ticket at the head of my cot, saying cheerfully: "When they bring in another man in your condition I will find a bullet hole or make one." In the meantime I had been coughing violently during those slowly passing days and nights from the fluids of the body that found their way into the lung cavities. Fortunately the fever from my wound was not enough to make me flighty, and between coughing spells I gave my lungs their much-needed rest. Not so with many another man in the same room suffering from a like wound who would, at the end of his coughing fits, give way to violent screams from the pain, thus allowing his lungs no rest. Therein lies the principal danger from such wounds.

Later I was moved to the Crittenden Hospital at Louisville,

where I remained until April, and left there before my wound had fully healed, the merest ghost of the physical giant that weighed 186 when I halted close under that fort. Hospital fare did not seem to agree with me. Among the relics of that battle I still keep my blood-stained diary that was cut open by that bullet; two letters in it, one from my sister, were also mutilated by the same bullet. Such grim mementoes of that conflict, if not lost, will some day be more highly prized by those who come after us than by those who carry as reminders scars they cannot lose.

THE CAMPAIGNS IN EAST TENNESSEE.

BY

CAPT. ABRAHAM ALLEE, 16TH ILLINOIS CAVALRY.

(Read November 6, 1901.)

That portion of Tennessee, east of a line drawn from Cumberland Gap to the south line of the State, known as East Tennessee was inhabited by a people the large majority of whom never acquiesced in the so-called secession of their State from the Federal Union. Their vote on the so-called Declaration of Independence promulgated in a secret session by the disloyal legislature at the instance of Isham G. Harris, Governor, was 14,780 for and 32,923 against the ordinance of separation, a preponderance of more than two to one.

In deference to this strong Union sentiment the United States mails were continued in twenty-six counties of East Tennessee some time after the State gave notice of secession. The people of this portion of the State held but few slaves and the fallacious doctrine of State rights as preached by the conspirators, who sought to justify themselves for inaugurating civil war for the purpose of destroying the Federal Union, found no lodgment in the ethics of their political belief. They were not cognizant of ever having an injustice done them or having been oppressed by the general Government in mind, body or estate, and hence saw no valid reason for a change.

This section has been aptly called the Switzerland of America, and as the inhabitants of the Swiss cantons of Europe broke away from the despotic rule of monarchy, so these people refused to submit to the rule of an oligarchy forced upon them against their solemn protest by voice and vote. They were a liberty-loving people, reared amongst the fertile valleys and mountains, brave and independent. They believed in the Union and Constitution as expounded by Webster and Clay and squared their patriotism by the doctrine of Andrew Jackson, whose memory

they cherished, and in statecraft he was their patron saint. Many of them were the sons of the men who stood with Jackson in his campaigns against hostile Indians and at New Orleans, and the traditions of those times were well remembered and acted on. The Confederate authorities were alive to the fact of their hostility and stringent measures were at once adopted to coerce them. Many on bare suspicion were arrested, and as prisoners were taken into camp, insulted and abused, and disposed of as the insurrectionary mob thought proper. All the gaps of the Cumberland range were seized and garrisoned to prevent the people from leaving the country on the one hand and relief by Union forces on the other.

The sweeping confiscation and conscription acts of the Richmond government were soon put in force, and squads of cavalry and infantry were scouring over the country, offering the people, male and female, every indignity that ruffian bands are capable of, destroying property and crops of all kinds and taking provisions by force without offering any payment or as much as saying "by your leave," to the owners. There was but one of two courses for the citizens of this distracted section to pursue. One was to be forced into the Confederate army, as their conscript acts were merciless, or to abandon their families and homes and secretly by night cross over the mountains by bridle paths (as every gap was guarded) to the camps of the Union forces in Kentucky. Like the Huguenots in France after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, they fled in hundreds and in thousands to Camp Dick Robinson and other Union headquarters and enlisted in the Federal army, hoping, no doubt, to be enabled to help deliver their families and country from misrule and oppression that they despised and most vindictively hated. How well they were seconded by the general Government and how their country was redeemed we shall notice. In their hasty flight to enroll themselves as Union soldiers,

"They left the plough-share in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn half garnered on the plain,
And mustered in their simple dress
For wrongs to seek a stern redress."

A cry went up from this people to the Government at Washington as from Macedonia, "Come and help us!" and in response expeditions were early set on foot for the relief of these oppressed loyal inhabitants, and although delayed for a time by the exigencies incident to carrying forward military operations on such an immense scale and such a widely extended area, finally culminated in a permanent occupation of East Tennessee by the national army, and although strenuous efforts were put forth by the Confederate forces to recover this country, it was firmly held by the national forces to the end of the great rebellion. The purpose of this paper is to briefly review the campaigns planned and carried forward for the occupation of this section of Tennessee from the commencement of the Civil war, including the campaign of the Army of the Ohio in the summer and fall of 1863 under General A. E. Burnside. In part, this information is derived from the history of these campaigns and in part from my own personal observation.

In the spring of 1862 the seventh division of the Army of the Ohio advanced to Cumberland Ford under General George W. Morgan, who was ordered by General Buell to take Cumberland Gap, fourteen miles south, and occupy East Tennessee if possible; if not, to prevent the advance of the Confederate forces from that direction. During the preceding winter General S. P. Carter, a native of East Tennessee had occupied a position near Cumberland Ford, threatening Cumberland Gap. His brigade was largely composed of East Tennessee troops. Morgan found Carter's brigade in pitiable condition. The winter storms had converted the narrow roads into torrents and practically cut him off from his base of supplies. In spite of all he could do his troops were half famished and suffering from scurvy. General Morgan succeeded, in connection with feints made by the forces under General O. M. Mitchel toward Chattanooga, in maneuvering the Confederate forces into evacuating Cumberland Gap in order to save Chattanooga, which they believed was the point in danger. Cumberland Gap was a position that could not be taken by direct assault without great loss, hence the achievement of General Morgan in securing this important position without the loss of a man was considered of much moment, and the thanks of the President were telegraphed by Secretary Stanton to Morgan and the troops under his command.

The Gap was strongly fortified and large storehouses for quartermaster and commissary supplies were built and an arsenal for 4,000 stand of arms destined for East Tennessee, which had been detained at Nicholasville and Crab Orchard during the winter on account of the impassable state of the roads. Large supplies of ammunition were also brought forward, and it was the hope and ambition of General Morgan and his army to advance against Knoxville and sweep the Confederates from East Tennessee. At that time and until the close of the war a vendetta existed between the Union people and the Confederates. The Union men regarded the Confederates as criminals and were in turn denounced by the Confederates as insurgents. Kirby Smith recommended the arrest and incarceration in southern prisons of leading citizens not in arms as a means to coerce them into supporting the southern cause. On the other side acts of retaliation followed.

A few days after the occupation of Cumberland Gap General Spears, commanding a brigade of East Tennessee troops in Morgan's army, sent out at night and arrested a number of Confederate citizens, and would probably have hung them, for arresting T. A. R. Nelson while on his way to Washington to take his seat in Congress and sending him to Richmond. General Morgan interposed and ordered these citizen-prisoners sent to Indianapolis. The Union women were as hostile to the Confederate cause as the men; they admonished their husbands and sons in the refrain of the old war song:

"Take your gun and go, John,
Take your gun and go,
For Ruth can drive the oxen, John,
And I can use the hoe."

They remained and cultivated their little valley and hillside farms and no doubt offered up nightly prayers for their absent husbands and sons and the coming of the Union army. General Morgan mentions a notable instance of the heroic act of Mrs. Edwards, a noble woman, who mounted a horse and crossed the mountains by a bridle path and by incredible effort reached his headquarters and advised of the advance of Kirby Smith with a large force through Woodson's Gap to cut off Spear's brigade, who were clearing the road through Big Creek Gap. Couriers at full speed were sent with orders to fall back and Smith's plan of

capture was thwarted. Kirby Smith's forces about the 16th of August crossed the mountains south of the Gap into Kentucky and occupied Cumberland Ford, after having left General Stevenson's force in Morgan's front. He demanded a surrender of the Gap, to which Morgan replied: "If you want this fortress, come and take it!"

At this time Kentucky was invaded by three columns of Confederates. Bragg's, Smith's and Humphrey Marshall's armies overran a large portion of the State, and Morgan's small Union force—one division—was in a critical situation and starvation of his troops, completely cut off from their base of supplies, was only a question of a little time. General Morgan had no thought of surrendering his army, although the situation was desperate, as he was apparently completely surrounded by an overwhelming force of the enemy. On the night of September 17th he, after mining his arsenal and leaving a body of picked men to guard the roads leading to Stevenson's camp and to fire the large supply buildings and arsenal mines, retreated through the mountains of Kentucky by way of Manchester, Booneville and West Liberty to Greenup, on the Ohio river, without the loss of a gun or a wagon. But a vast amount of property in buildings and ordnance stores and heavy cannon were destroyed and the mountains were lighted up by the burning buildings as though they were volcanoes of fire and the shock of the explosion of the magazine was felt fourteen miles away. The wreck of ordnance and ordnance stores was fully in evidence when General Burnside captured the Gap the succeeding year.

By the retreat of General Morgan the Confederates were again in possession of Cumberland Gap and for the time undisputed control of East Tennessee. It was determined by the Government authorities the following summer of 1863 to make permanent lodgment in East Tennessee; not only to seize and hold one of the important railway lines of the Confederacy, but also to afford relief to a section where it was well known that a strong Union sentiment existed, as evinced by the number of men who had fled from Confederate rule and were serving in the United States army. In fact, the Government determined to carry forward what had been attempted the previous year by General Morgan. Accordingly it was arranged to seize Chattanooga and Knoxville about the same time. The movement against Chat-

tanooga was intrusted to General Rosecrans' army, then near Murfreesboro, Tennessee. The Twenty-third army corps and other troops were concentrated at Camp Nelson, near Lexington, Kentucky. Later on the Ninth army corps joined the command from General Grant's army. This movement against Knoxville and Cumberland Gap was under the command of General A. E. Burnside, who at once moved his forces across the mountains and occupied Knoxville September 2nd, 1863, and on the 9th captured Cumberland Gap and the Confederate force under General Frazer. About 2,000 prisoners were taken. The Confederate force under General S. B. Buckner, about 20,000, in East Tennessee, retreated south and joined General Bragg's army. Rosecrans moved forward and successfully maneuvered Bragg out of Chattanooga, and if he had stopped then and fortified all would have been well. But instead he moved forward with his army badly scattered, and Bragg having been reinforced by the men he had sent Johnston in his effort to raise the siege of Vicksburg, the paroled men of Pemberton's army, whose paroles were fraudulently declared as expired, and 20,000 men under Longstreet from Lee's army.

Bragg suddenly took the initiative and Rosecrans, caught at a disadvantage, had to fall back. The battle of Chickamauga was fought on the 19th and 20th of September and Rosecrans' army was badly defeated, with a heavy loss of artillery and some 16,000 men killed, wounded and captured. The corps under General George H. Thomas stood its ground and covered the retreat of Rosecrans' army back to Chattanooga. Bragg followed up the retreat of Rosecrans and fortified the commanding heights, completely enveloping Chattanooga from Mission Ridge on the east to Lookout Mountain on the west and holding possession of the Tennessee river, both above and below Chattanooga. The Army of the Cumberland was cut off from its base of supply, both by river and railroad and was practically in a state of siege, with a prospect of being compelled to retreat with the loss of all its artillery if, perchance, it was not compelled to surrender entirely, thereby bringing disaster to the Federal Government that would have offset the earlier successes of the year attained at Gettysburg and Vicksburg.

Mr. Jefferson Davis visited Bragg's army, and no doubt General Bragg had described the situation to him to be as he subse-

quently stated in his report. "These dispositions," he said, "faithfully maintained, we hold the enemy at our mercy and his destruction was only a question of time." Thus having Rosecrans' army, as they thought, disposed of, Davis in his great confidence in his superior military genius no doubt ordered Bragg to detach a force and dispose of Burnside's force in any event. Longstreet was sent against Burnside with his corps of about 20,000 men.

It was at this critical time that the Government authorities created the military Department of the Mississippi and placed that imperturbable soldier, General U. S. Grant, in command. Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, came out to Louisville and had an interview with General Grant, and while there received a dispatch from Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, then at Chattanooga, informing him that Rosecrans would retreat unless prevented. Mr. Stanton was thoroughly aroused by the grave situation and directed General Grant to go forward at once and prevent the retreat of the Army of the Cumberland and wired him to hold Chattanooga at all hazards, and received in reply a characteristic dispatch from Thomas: "We will hold the town till we starve." General Grant hurried to the front in person, and now having command of all troops in the Armies of the Tennessee, Cumberland and Ohio sent forward reinforcements, opened up the communications with Chattanooga, both by river and railroad, and being advised of Longstreet's movement against Burnside he wired Burnside to hold out and he would send him reinforcements as soon as he had disposed of Bragg's army. How he successfully attacked Bragg's army, defeated them and drove them back into the mountains we all know. The movement of Burnside and Rosecrans was part of one general plan hence.

I have noticed at some length the Chattanooga campaign and now recur to the Knoxville campaign. General Burnside did not move direct on Knoxville, but struck the valley of the Tennessee and Holston, near Loudon, in order to save the fine railroad bridge at Loudon; but the army pressing forward by forced marches only arrived in time to engage in a skirmish with the rear guard of the enemy, who burned the bridge and retreated. The army then marched to Leoni Station en route to Knoxville, which was reached by the General on the 2nd of September, the advance having reached there on the 1st. As General Burnside

approached Knoxville the inhabitants turned out to welcome him and his. As we neared Knoxville the evidences of intense devotion to the Union dwelling in the hearts of the people became more and more apparent along the entire route, especially in the last fifteen miles the whole population turned out and gathered on the roadside to welcome the Union army.

On the appearance of General Burnside on the outskirts of the town the news of his arrival spread and everybody, rich and poor, lame and halt, rushed to greet him. It was no vulgar curiosity to see a man famous in the world's history, but it was the greeting of an oppressed people to their deliverer. Uncovered and at slow pace the General rode through the streets to his headquarters. His progress was completely stopped at times and constantly impeded by citizens rushing to his horse's side to seize him by the hand and say "God bless you!" On arrival at headquarters a large crowd assembled in the yard were clamorous for speeches. General S. P. Carter, a native of East Tennessee, came forward and in a few words congratulated them on their deliverance. In response General Burnside said that his profession was arms and not speaking, yet he could say to them it had been his fervent wish ever since he first took command of the Department of Ohio to lead an army into East Tennessee for their deliverance, and he took great pleasure in saying to them he had come with sufficient means, with their assistance, to hold the country permanently and securely.

On the conclusion of the speaking the garrison flag of the United States was flung from the portico and the crowd rushed up and took it in their hands, many of them pressing it to their lips. While this was going on at headquarters the troops, both men and officers, had been waylaid and carried off by violence to be feasted on the best the land afforded. The bounteous hospitality of these people knew no difference in rank among their deliverers. The 16th Illinois Cavalry, the regiment in which I served, was ordered to Camp Nelson, Kentucky, to escort Major McDowell and several other paymasters with about two million dollars to pay off the forces in Burnside's army, who had not been paid for some time, and in addition to the paymasters we were also escorting a wagon train of supplies. The roads, softened by the fall rains, were in bad condition, and as the route is through the wildest mountain section of Kentucky, the march

was slow and dead animals marked the line of march from Camp Nelson to Knoxville.

We finally reached Cumberland Gap and McDowell, being impatient at the delay of the wagon train, took one battalion of the regiment as escort and reached Knoxville by forced marches just a few hours ahead of Longstreet's army. The siege was on and the men were in the trenches, and as the money could not be disbursed precautionary measures were taken to burn it in the event that the enemy carried the defenses. But such a contingency did not occur. An officer of General W. P. Sander's staff told me that he saw at headquarters the money—about two million dollars—prepared for burning in the event the town was captured. On November 17th the siege of Knoxville commenced and was carried forward by the enemy until Sunday, November 29th, when they made a determined assault on Fort Sanders and met with a complete defeat, with a heavy loss in killed, wounded and captured. Though still in their trenches, they did not again assault the defenses. About December 1st Longstreet's forces heard an ominous sound down the valley in the direction of Chattanooga. It was Sherman coming with 20,000 veteran troops and Granger on the flank with 10,000 more, and they retreated into the mountains of the Clinch river. Our forces followed up, and during the winter frequent sharp engagements occurred.

In the spring Longstreet's force rejoined Lee's army and East Tennessee was delivered and firmly held as Burnside promised. The conduct of the troops that stood in the defenses of Knoxville was admirable. They endured great hardship, were scantily clothed and on very meager rations and would have been destitute of food and forage if it had not been for our loyal East Tennessee friends of the French Broad valley taking advantage of the fact of Longstreet's being unable to make a complete investment, sent down at night on rafts under cover of the fogs all the provisions and forage they could gather. Historians have done these loyal people of East Tennessee but scant justice. I served in this campaign beside many of them and later on they stood with us at Franklin and Nashville under that reliable commander, General George H. Thomas, the memory of whose military record is enshrined in the hearts of the American people beyond any adverse criticism. They helped us hurl back across the Tennessee the last Confederate army that invaded their State; and

when the war was done and the great rebellion suppressed these loyal men of Tennessee

“Shouldered their rifles, unbent their brows,
And then went home to their bees and cows,”

satisfied to know that the Government at Washington was supreme throughout the land, and believing they had done their duty to God and humanity in helping to conquer and bring peace to our lately distracted country.

EXPLOSION OF THE SULTANA.

BY

WM. H. C. MICHAEL, LATE OF U. S. NAVY.

(Read May 4, 1898.)

The United States steamer Tyler of the Mississippi Squadron, the vessel to which I belonged, was lying at the Memphis navy yard, undergoing repairs, in April, 1865. The navy yard was located at the upper end of the city. On the 26th of April, about 7 o'clock p. m., the Sultana, a passenger and freight steamer, arrived from New Orleans loaded with over a hundred hogsheads of sugar, a number of horses and mules and 2,300 passengers.

When the Sultana arrived at Vicksburg she had about 200 passengers and crew on board. Here she took on 1,965 Union soldiers and thirty-five Union officers, who had been but recently released from rebel prisons at Cahaba, Alabama, and Macon and Andersonville, Georgia. They belonged to Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Tennessee, Kentucky and West Virginia regiments. In addition there were two companies of infantry under arms, making a total of 2,300 people on the boat. Among the passengers were twelve ladies belonging to the Christian Commission, returning north after finishing the noble work they had been commissioned to do as nurses and in distributing sanitary stores among our troops. There were a number of women and children among the 200 passengers on the boat when she arrived at Vicksburg, where she took on the overload of soldiers. When the Sultana arrived at Memphis her guards almost touched the water, so heavily was she loaded. Every available foot of space was occupied by human beings, horses, mules and freight.

After discharging freight the boat steamed across the river to some coal barges, and after taking on coal she cast loose about 2 o'clock in the morning and started up the river. When she had arrived at a point about five miles above the city, near the group

of islands called "Hen and Chickens," her boilers exploded and the vessel was burned to the water line. I was officer of the deck when the calamity occurred and was first to receive the report of the quartermaster on watch that a vessel was on fire up the river. We watched the flames through our marine glasses for half an hour or so, when we first heard cries for help from the misty bosom of the river. I ordered all hands to be called, and the small boats were lowered away, manned and immediately sent to the rescue.

Of the many heart-rending tragedies of the war witnessed by the writer on land and water, this one remains the most vivid. I never think of it without a shudder, nor am I able to dismiss the scene without having the same horrible sense of suffocation—a commingling of sorrow and cursing—that raged within me during the hours we strove by every means in our power to save some of the scalded and drowning people from the foggy river on that awful morning. My God! How can such a scene be tempered even by time? I can hear the cries rising now from different parts of the river, over which hung a veil of fog that made it almost impossible to find the drowning. "Help!" "Help!" "For God's sake, help! help!" "Oh, is there no one able to come to us?" From the hundreds of despairing souls came up these cries for help.

When the boat was discharging cargo, with other officers of my vessel, I visited the boat and mingled with the living skeletons who had been rotting in southern prison-pens for months, but who were now happy at the prospect of soon meeting the dear ones at home. We cheered them with kindly words and rejoiced with them at the bright prospects before them. Some of the men were too weak to walk without being supported by more fortunate comrades. Others were compelled by sheer weakness to lie on cots or blankets spread upon the decks, while their wants were cheerfully provided for by devoted companions, who loved them because of the sufferings they had passed through together. I shall never forget the touching scene. How in their weakness and lingering bodily sufferings these soldiers forced themselves to appear happy—were happy because the war was over and they were on their way home. Poor men! Little did they realize that ere the sun rose again the larger part of their number would be hurled into the chilly waters of the Mississippi, many of them

scalded and burned and bruised—hurled there, as I believe, by a torpedo, loaded and placed by a devil in human form, who gloated all that night over the thought that he would murder the Yankees before their happy dreams of home were realized.

The people on board were in their berths or wrapped in blankets lying on the decks. The explosion lifted the upper works almost bodily into the air. The hissing steam and scalding water penetrated to every part of the wreck. Men and women were first scalded and then blown into the water. Hundreds were killed outright or sunk into a watery grave soon after the awful plunge. Some caught on to floating debris and held on with maniacal grip. Immediately after the explosion flames burst out in every part of the wreck, and the few who had not been blown into the water were either burned to death or forced to jump overboard.

The small boats were called away and the Tyler's crew, half clad, manned the boats and pushed off into the stream. The wails, cries and prayers could be heard, but the morning fog made it impossible to see any object distinctly. Even when we had reached the nearest to us it was impossible to see the struggling men from whom the cries for help ascended. What a position to be in! Surrounded by piteous prayers for help, and yet unable to save a single soul. The fog lifted a little and we were able to escape the confusion of the wails and moans and prayers and pick up as many as our boat could hold. These were landed as quickly as strong arms and willing hearts could pull ashore, and again we were in the midst of the heart-rending scene.

Thus we worked till all was hushed upon the surface of the river. The boats of the Tyler and the Groesbeck succeeded in saving about 280 of all that cargo of precious human beings. No such loss of life by catastrophe to a single vessel was ever before known. Seventeen hundred and fifty lives were sacrificed to gratify, as I believe, the hellish vengeance of the Confederate, Charles Dales. Curses upon his memory!

The awful loss of life by this explosion was due to the fact that all the boilers were exploded simultaneously, which caused a complete wreck of the vessel. The maximum pressure of steam was being carried in order to make headway against the stiff current caused by high water. The spring rise was at its height and the river banks were full, and in places overflowing. The

accident occurred several miles above any possible succor, and the yawl, lifeboat and life preservers were all destroyed by the explosion. Most of the people were so reduced in strength by disease and long confinement in rebel prisons that they were wholly unprepared to help themselves or render aid, where it was possible, to their less fortunate brothers. The discharge of steam and hot water was of such volume that every part of the vessel was deluged and overwhelmed in an instant and every one more or less scalded. All the conditions were unfavorable, except possibly the trees and debris floating in the river, as is always the case during the spring rise, which afforded the only immediate help to those who had strength enough to grasp hold of and hold on to a floating object. Only those were saved who thus held on to pieces of boards, to limbs of trees and other drift until they had floated down abreast of the navy yard and the boats of the Tyler and Groesbeck came to their relief.

Out of the sixty-five persons saved by my cutter, not one was free from severe bodily bruises or painful scalds. Most of them were nearly nude. One poor boy clutched the limb of a tree so tightly that we could not force him to let go his hold. We took him and the limb aboard together. He was found to have lost his reason and was holding on with maniacal grip. Another was so badly scalded that the flesh sloughed off when we pulled him over the gunnel of the boat. One young lad who had been reduced to a skeleton by his confinement in prison had his sight destroyed by steam. He thanked God that he was saved, and within a few moments breathed his last in the arms of one of my sailors. His last words were: "Tell mother—" How often I have wished some good angel would tell me where to find that poor, bereft mother that I might break to her the unfinished sentence. A woman was rescued who held on to a plank with one hand while she kept her babe above water with the other. The babe was dead, but the half-dead mother did not know the awful truth till hours after she was saved. For days she was a raving maniac. Many of the scalded, chilled and horror-stricken men when we would slow up by them to take them in the boat would utter a cry of joy at the thought of being saved, throw up their hands and, before we could seize hold of them, go down forever. The last man my boat picked up, and, as I recollect it, the last person saved, had lost his reason and, energized by his maniacy,

came swimming down by my boat, swearing and laughing alternately in his madness. We had great difficulty in getting hold of him and greater difficulty in keeping him in the boat after we hauled him in. Within an hour he was dead.

The cause of the explosion was investigated by a court of inquiry which met in Memphis soon after the catastrophe, but it failed to fix the responsibility upon any one. Certain officers were censured for allowing so many soldiers to be crowded aboard the ill-fated steamer, but further than this no responsibility was fixed.

Admiral Porter and many other well-informed officers connected with the Mississippi Squadron believed that the explosion was caused by coal loaded with powder by one of the many fiends in human form who had banded themselves together and taken an oath to destroy Federal gunboats and transports whenever and wherever it could be done. I have a list of the names of men who had thus sworn to do such work.

In 1888 William C. Streater, on his deathbed in St. Louis, stated that a noted Confederate blockade runner and smuggler of mails, by the name of Robert Lowden, known during the war by the alias of Charles Dales, concocted and carried out the demonish plot. Streater says that Dales told him after the war that while the Sultana was lying at the wharf taking on coal the night previous to the disaster he smuggled aboard a lump of coal charged with powder. This he laid on the coal pile in front of the boilers for the purpose of destroying the boat and wrecking vengeance on the "—— Yankees."

This statement, taken with other evidence in my possession, which the limits of this paper will not permit me to give, proves to me that the Sultana was blown up in the manner described.

THE BLOODY ANGLE.

BY

CAPT. EDWARD C. JACKSON, 125TH NEW YORK INFANTRY.

(Read February 5, 1902.)

From the Official Records, War of the Rebellion, Vol. 36, part 1, page 358, daily memoranda taken at headquarters of the Second army corps, Army of the Potomac, I copy the following:

"May 12, 1864—Before daylight the troops formed for assault as follows: Birney's division on the right on two lines of battle but a few paces separated; Barlow's division in column of regiments doubled on the center; Gibbon's and Mott's divisions in the rear of Barlow and Birney in two lines of battle, each division with but short intervals, this making a solid rectangular mass of nearly 20,000 men to hurl upon the enemy's works as soon as it should be sufficiently light for our purpose. A dense fog fell before daylight, and we all stood shivering with cold and wet until 4:30 a. m., when the fog lifted somewhat and the command was given to advance."

In this brief manner was recorded at the time the opening scene of one of the bloodiest engagements of the Civil war, and where we met the enemy bayonet to bayonet. At this time I was a private in Company A, 125th regiment, New York Infantry, Third brigade, First division, Second army corps, Army of the Potomac, and a part of what is above referred to as Barlow's division.

It is somewhat of a task to attempt, after thirty-seven years have passed, and for the first time, to reduce to writing personal recollections of events which occurred so long ago that much of the detail has passed from the memory, but the main facts are as vivid as they were at the time they occurred.

On the evening of May 11th, 1864, the end of seven days' continuous fighting through the "Wilderness," the regiment was drawn up in line of battle. We had thrown up temporary breast-works, finished our supper of fried pork, hardtack and coffee, and

were enjoying ourselves as best we might, considering the drizzling rain and the fact that the ground was so covered with puddles of water that he was a lucky man who had a dry spot to roost on. With our pipes lighted, we were holding a camp fire in front of the shelter tent which we had erected for the Lieutenant commanding our company. It had come down through the lines that we were to remain where we were all night, and possibly a day or two, to rest up, but like many another anticipation it came to naught, for while we were at our merriest along comes the Adjutant of the regiment and gives orders to pack up and get into line as soon as possible, ready to march at a moment's notice, with arms and equipments so arranged as to make as little noise as possible.

About 10 o'clock that night we began to march, and what a march that was—so black that you could not see your file leader, and only knew that he was there when you ran up against him; the trees and brush dripping with moisture, the ground slippery from the rains; through by-paths, down ravines and over hills; march a little ways, then stop, again a little and another stop. However, after much weary marching and counter marching, we were at last in line ready for the charge. Some time during the night, as we were marching through a piece of timber, there came near being a panic through the breaking loose of a train of pack mules laden with intrenching tools. It created quite an excitement for a time. I have seen it stated that the lines were formed that night by the aid of the compass from observations made the previous day. It certainly was dark and foggy enough so that it needed a compass to go about with any degree of certainty, and even as it was we were compelled to retrace our line of march several times.

About 4:30 a. m., it still being very foggy, we commenced to move forward to the charge—slowly and silently. We had been moving in this manner for a short time when we heard the dull reports of a scattering volley of musket shots in our front, and all was still again. As we commenced to ascend a rising piece of ground, the fog lighting somewhat, we caught a dim view of a line of works. At this moment some one in our line, having loaded his gun against orders, fired it and then the whole line broke into a cheer and a double quick at the same time, the line in front parting, some going to the right and some toward the left salient

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point, I moving with those who swung to the right, and being on the left flank of that body brought me about half way between the east and west salient points. The line of works around this angle was very heavy—more like a fort than the usual field breast-works, with traverse works of equal size and strength, with a heavy abattis outside made from the tops of the trees used in the works, well staked down, and it was no light task to get through them. Just how we got through I have no clear remembrance, except that some were cutting, some pulling and lifting limbs to one side, and at every opening thus made a stream of men would rush through.

Having reached the top of the works somewhat in advance of my companions, I paused for a moment to await the coming of my comrades, and I gave a glance backward and saw a sight that neither you nor I will in all probability ever see again—20,000 men *en masse* charging forward with eager faces, surmounted by a waving sea of steel bayonets, and they seemed limitless, for in the dim morning light and foggy atmosphere there seemed to be no end; and the enemy inside of the works as they caught sight of that scene must have been doubly surprised and paralyzed at the sight, so that as our men streamed over the works many threw down their guns and leaped the works without firing a shot, only too glad to get to our rear. Inside the works all seemed confusion—officers rushing here and there rousing the men, who seemed dazed and completely surprised. Some were just crawling out of their shelter tents, others putting on their equipments, and large numbers of them had thrown down their arms or had not taken them up and were jumping over the works, going to our rear. All this, and more, I saw as in a moment; then others of our men coming up, I turned to look closer down into the works, and looked into the muzzles of uplifted guns. There was a roar of discharging guns and we were on to them with the bayonet, for this was one of the times when we charged with the bayonet and did not commence firing until we were in the works. Being inside the works, we proceeded to do as others were doing on our right and left—driving those who still remained over the works at the point of the bayonet.

The charge seemed to be a complete surprise, for up to the time we broke through the abattis I heard but two discharges of a cannon and some scattering shots of musketry. As we charged

out of the section which we had first captured, right at the end of the traverse work, I saw what you might term a picture from still life, which has ever remained with me as vivid as it was at the time. Imagine a shelter tent, somewhat the worse for wear and tear, within the opening of which was disclosed the personal effects, arms and equipments of a soldier. A canteen with the stopper out was propped against the cartridge box; near by was an old haversack open and with flap extended, and lying thereon were two cornmeal hoe-cakes which had been baked in the ashes. Immediately in front of the tent was a small fire smoldering; among the coals a tin cup with some steaming liquid in it, but the soldier owner was not there, and I have often wondered who he was and what became of him. I at least owe him for the two hoe-cakes, which I took with me, and it was probably this which made me remember it so well, for they were very good.

After our capture of the first line, and as the men kept coming over the works into the salient or angle of the works which we had charged, there ensued a scene not easily forgotten. Men were hurraing and shaking hands with friends as they met, some with captured standards in their hands, among whom was Michael Burke of D Company of my own regiment; all formations were gone and the troops of our own First and Second divisions, together with those of Mott's and Birney's divisions, were inextricably mixed up in a howling and enthusiastic mob, with officers on foot and horseback trying to get some kind of order out of chaos; but some one raised the cry "Forward!" and we pressed forward towards the second line of works. We soon met the reserves of the enemy, who opened up on us with shot and shell, and being in such a disorganized condition we retired to the outside of the works we had captured in the first charge, where we took position four and more deep, the men being packed, as it were, on the outside of the works. Very soon the enemy appeared and charged up to the works and then it was a hand-to-hand fight over the works, we being as determined to hold them as they were to retake them, so that the dead and dying were literally piled in heaps on both sides, the fighting continuing with brief intermissions during the entire day. I was at or near the west salient all the time, and it was near this place that the tree was cut down by being literally chewed off by the bullets so that it fell, and I believe that the stump was sawed off and was on exhibition at the

Centennial exposition, being a tree some sixteen inches in diameter.

Our division was not relieved until some time in the evening, having been nearly twenty hours under continuous fire. Of the many acts of bravery displayed, some foolhardy it may be, I will not take up your time to relate, as most of you have been there and know how it is yourself. A very large book might be written about the many scenes that come under one's observation at such a time, some of them so peculiar as to cause you to laugh. Among several such I may mention one, that of a man with his head shot off running for more than a rod. It occurred early in the day, when we had been driven back from the charge on the second line. We retired to the breastworks over which we had charged, coming out pretty well upon our right on that part of the line extending up from the west salient—in fact, it must have been the extreme right, as I saw no troops beyond us to the right. We had been on the outside and had received and repulsed several charges of the enemy, when, they having opened a flanking fire on us, we were ordered to evacuate all that part of the line down to the west salient. Shot and shell were coming in pretty thick. Some of the boys crept down the line and others, with myself, thought that the quickest way was down hill to the rear, the ground being open and slightly descending. We started across it on the jump, Corporal Russell of my company and myself running about a rod apart. Immediately in front of us a soldier, running like ourselves, was struck in the head by a shell or solid shot and his head cut clean from his shoulders, but he continued to run for a rod or more before he fell.

It is a fact that in no other engagement of the war were there so many men wounded or killed by the bayonet; but of the loss in killed and wounded, the men, guns and standards captured you can read in the reports, and are no part of a paper on personal recollections.

BATTLE OF CEDAR CREEK.

BY

LIEUT. DON C. AYER, 1ST. VERMONT HEAVY ARTILLERY.

(Read February 5, 1892.)

The 6th, 8th and 19th corps were the troops that constituted the Army of the Middle Department under General Philip Sheridan and fought the battle of Cedar Creek on the 19th of October, 1864. I was a member of the Second division of the 6th corps and belonged to the 1st Vermont brigade. Captain Lewis, myself and seven men of my company were on the extreme right of the infantry pickets and were on the reserve, having been relieved from the picket line the day before. We were encamped behind a bank about 200 yards in the immediate rear of the picket line; we had log fires and were very comfortable. There were about 200 men in this reserve.

The first thing I heard was a volley of musketry, which awakened me. I clasped the buckle of my belt and raised up. On the bank above I saw a line of rebel infantry and they were the ones who had fired the volley. I jumped for my gun that was stacked about twenty feet from where I lay and started down the line towards the main camp. To get out of the light of our fires I stepped behind a tree and at once began firing. I had fired two shots, when down the line came a couple of horsemen, who passed within twenty feet to the left of my tree. As they passed one of them remarked: "Is them Johnnies?" and fell off his horse, shot dead. They proved to be the field officer of the day and his orderly. The orderly wheeled his horse and went to the rear without telling. The field officer was a Major in a New York regiment, and Captain Lewis has since related to me a talk he had with him the day before, when the Major said that his wife had died since he entered the army, and he also showed her picture, as well as the pictures of two lovely girls, his daughters. His only

prayer was that he might live long enough to return home and see his children once more.

I fired another shot, and when I had another ball half way down the old rifle I looked out from behind my tree and saw that the line of "Johnnies" was advancing and had covered nearly half the distance between them and me. Well, I did not stop to return the rammer, but started down the line at a rate of speed that would have made that orderly (who had preceded me) ashamed of his horse. I think I ran about a thousand yards, when I came to a squad of men that Captain Lewis had gathered from a few picket posts and those who got away from the reserve. As I came up Captain Lewis said: "Don, I never wanted to see you so badly before. I want to form a skirmish line to the right and rear of the main line." I started off with the men in as nearly a straight line as was possible, owing to the darkness of the morning. It was densely foggy, which made it very dark.

When I had posted my last man I retracted my steps, and when I had about reached the center of the line I met Captain Lewis, who said: "Don, stand here until I go down in front." He was gone a few minutes and on his return said: "The Johnnies are advancing slowly; have every man cock his gun and not fire until I give the word." So I gave the order and it was passed from man to man. The Captain waited until the rebels were about 100 yards from the line, then gave the command to fire. Every gun was discharged at once. The "Johnnies" immediately returned a volley, which disclosed a line of battle longer than our skirmish line. Our little line fell back about fifty yards and we came to a rail fence, behind which we formed. Captain Lewis then told me his plan of action and went to the left. It was to fire when advanced upon and then fall back in as good order as possible and he would take the men obtainable from the main line and form them on our little line, and I was to extend the line to the right as fast as possible. We waited but a few moments, when the rebels advanced, and we gave them a volley as before, I giving the command to fire.

Up to this time the rebels had fired over us, but this time they did some execution, many of our men being wounded, but we fell back as before and by this time it had begun to get light. We fell back at least 1,000 yards and reformed our lines. From the right the line ran up a ravine and the country was quite wooded.

In front was a ridge of land, and after consulting with Captain Lewis he ordered the line at that point to advance to the top of the hill, which was done. We were protected by trees and rocks and soon entered into a lively skirmish with the rebels, whom we had no trouble in finding, and we held our own for a time. In the meantime the army in the rear had been attacked by General Early's main lines and the fighting was general. Up to this time we had heard nothing from our main forces, but felt good, because we did not think there were enough rebels in the country to make the attack and whip the old Sixth corps. About 10:30 in the morning I discovered that the troops in our immediate front were supported by a cavalry force and that they were working around our right. Now, at this time our line numbered about 1,000 men, according to my judgment, and we were compelled to fall back to prevent capture. We retreated in good order and at Captain Lewis' command I swung the right of the line towards the rear on account of the danger from the cavalry before mentioned. The country was more than half wooded, interspersed with open fields. The "Johnnies" did not know our true situation or they would have crushed us at once. As I have since learned, we were fighting General Gordon's division.

On my way to New York two years ago I met a gentleman on the train from Dakota who was going to the National Encampment of the G. A. R. We were telling stories of the war—by the way, he was an officer in the 13th Vermont regiment—and while reciting this story he told me that he had heard General Gordon explaining to ex-Secretary of War Redfield Proctor why it was that General Sheridan turned the battle of Cedar Creek into a victory after the whipping General Early gave us in the morning. He (General Gordon) had been ordered to attack our right, while General Early made the attack on the extreme left of our main line, and in the darkness of the morning he had marched farther to our right than he should have done, and when he struck our line he found that we reformed and fought with such persistency and the way we advanced and attacked him he thought he had landed on the right of our main line and that the skirmish line which received him was supported by the main line of battle.

He did not find out his mistake until nearly noon; hence the reason we kept him engaged so long and which enabled our surprised and whipped army to get into position to check General

Early's advance. If we had let Gordon's division down on the right of our main forces there would not have been a victory at Cedar Creek. At about 11:30 Gordon's division commenced a general advance and we could do no better than to fall back in as good order as possible. About noon we were forced out of a piece of woodland and found that the center of our little line had landed on the extreme left of General Early's main line and the cavalry (before mentioned) was on our right to a finish. Nothing short of immediate capture stared us in the face. Early's left was supported by a battery and they gave us a shot of canister and the gunners dropped to the ground. Their support gave us a volley of musketry and demanded: "Halt, you Yankee sons of guns!"

A soldier by the name of James McGaffey, who had acted as my orderly all the morning, stood beside me at the time of the two volleys—one from the battery and the other from the infantry support. All was still for an instant; then he said: "What shall we do now, Don?" I said: "Follow me, Jim, and don't fire off your gun." He remarked: "I will follow you if you go straight through hell!" and then we started to run the gauntlet between Early's line (that we had struck) and Gordon's cavalry that was flanking us. We had not gone 300 feet when I heard this from a little Frenchman of Company C of my regiment that I had not before observed during the day. The Rebs were "hollering," "Halt, you Yankee sons of guns!" when the little Frenchman yells back: "Me no Yankee son of gun; me Peno; me Peno" (Peno was his name). The idea that it made any difference at that particular time who he was, was very amusing.

Captain Lewis, McGaffey and myself got through between the two lines of Rebs and reached the main line of battle. We struck the line near the right of the 6th corps and followed along until we came to our brigade and regiment. We joined our company pretty well tired out, not having had a chance to get anything to eat since the night before. We had barely gotten into line when General Phil Sheridan came riding down in front of us, and such cheering I never heard before. In less than fifteen minutes we were ordered forward and had advanced about fifty yards when we came to a stone wall that was occupied by the skirmishers. We laid behind the wall, firing, for a few minutes and then were ordered to charge. The country in front of

us was an open field and the Reb lines were behind another stone wall running parallel to the one behind which we laid. The distance from wall to wall was about 1,500 yards. We went over our wall and started for the "Johnnies." When we had covered about half the distance we were ordered to halt and lie down, which order was obeyed. This delay was occasioned by the brigade on our immediate left having advanced more slowly and it would have left our flank uncovered.

We always went with a rush in every charge I was in. When the brigade saw us lie down it rather took their courage. They broke and we were ordered to fall back to our stone wall, which was done. When I arose to my feet my canteen strings had been cut by a bullet, so it fell to the ground, and as time was rather precious I did not stop to pick it up, but got over the wall in pretty lively time. We laid there a few minutes, firing, until the brigade on our left had reformed and was up even with our line; then we went forward as fast as we could run. I thought of the old canteen, as it had water in it, and I picked it up between two dead men who were lying on their faces. They had been killed while we were lying there and I had not noticed them at the time.

The "Johnnies" in front made it mighty interesting. Some of our boys did not reach the wall and were left behind; others, with myself, did, however, and we scaled it like a flock of sheep. Nearly half the "Johnnies" threw themselves on their backs and held up their hands, while some made as good a retreat as they could, but I think we captured half of them at least. Our brigade had made better time than the one on our left, and from our position we saw a Reb battery that was pouring it into the brigade on our left. About thirty of us charged on the flank of the battery, but we were not heavy enough for their support, so we dropped down and commenced firing. I directed my fire on a gunner who was sighting his gun not more than 100 yards from me. I missed, but loaded again, taking a rest over the broken rail of a fence, and missed again. Well, I used a little language that would hardly do here, then loaded a third time and fired. I had the satisfaction of seeing the gunner ride off astride of his gun.

By this time Custer's division of cavalry had come up on the left of our position. The ground sloped to the left and there was an open field in front of the cavalry, which was covered with the battery and its support going at its best speed. I saw General

Custer when he gave the command to charge from the extreme right of his column, and a more glorious sight never was beheld by man. This charge started on the left of the pike that ran down the valley. The right of his line was just opposite Middletown; from there to Cedar Creek it was nearly a half a mile, and the rush for the creek was a sight I never expect to see again. Well, I trudged along the pike up to the creek. The bridge over the creek had fallen and in the mad rush referred to ambulance and wagons had gone over the abutment into the water, twenty feet below, until they were a mass of indescribable ruins of horses, wagons, men and guns, and the ford across the creek below the bridge presented a similar appearance. The army was so mixed up that there were few who were acquainted with those about them and the way we straightened out was mounted staff officers rode along the line saying: "Go back to the camp that you were driven from this morning," and that was the way we were collected.

Such a night! Dying and dead men were scattered over the ground; men coming in with battle flags they had captured, taking them to brigade headquarters, and the cheering that was given those who were so fortunate was very gratifying to them to say the least. Thus closes the day of the 19th of October, 1864.

I hate a man that blows his own horn, but in this case I have had to blow mine or it would be forever mute.

NEBRASKA COMMANDERY HISTORY.

The organization of the Nebraska Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion, was perfected December 17th, 1885, at a meeting held at the Paxton hotel, Omaha, on which occasion there was a fine banquet, with toasts and responses and vocal and instrumental music, the latter by the 4th United States Infantry band. The following named Companions from other commanderies were present and took part in the installation exercises: General Ducat and Captain Adams of the Illinois Commandery, Colonel Kebourn and Captain King of the Wisconsin Commandery, General Jennison, Major White, Captain Castle, Captain Braden and Captain Kittleson of the Minnesota Commandery, and Major Ellis of the Missouri Commandery.

Previous to this and on October 31st, 1885, a temporary organization had been effected by a number of the Companions, who had joined the California Commandery for that purpose, to-wit: Oliver O. Howard, G. B. Dandy, Samuel Breek, Henry A. Morrow, Delevan Bates, Robert H. Hall, Jacob Ford Kent, C. I. Wilson, Joseph C. McBride, J. Morris Brown, James W. Savage, C. H. Frederick, Edgar S. Dudley, W. J. Broatch, James S. France, Amasa Cobb, William Wallace, William R. Bowen, Joseph Sladen, John R. Clark, Robert R. Livingston, Henry E. Palmer, George W. E. Dorsey, Lewis Merriam, James H. Peabody, Horace Ludington, George W. Humphrey, William Coburn, Charles H. Townsend, John R. Manchester, John S. Caulfield, William F. Bechel, Frank E. Moores, William H. Ijams, C. M. Terrill, C. Ewen, H. B. Rumsey, Church Howe, Joshua B. Davis, Charles E. Squires, Simeon T. Josselyn, John J. O'Brien, William H. C. Michael.

At the meeting held October 31 the following officers were elected: Commander, Colonel James W. Savage; Senior Vice Commander, Captain W. J. Broatch; Junior Vice Commander, Brevet Brigadier General Amasa Cobb; Recorder, Major J. Morris Brown; Registrar, Captain William H. Ijams; Treasurer, Lieutenant William Wallace; Chancellor, Captain Frank E.

Moore; Council, Lieutenant Edgar S. Dudley, Captain Henry E. Palmer, Captain George M. Humphrey, Brevet Major Church Howe and Ensign William H. C. Michael.

All of the above named were also re-elected to their respective offices when the permanent organization was effected December 17th, 1885, on which date the forty-three Companions above named and sixteen applicants became members of the Nebraska Commandery. Those last mentioned are indicated by stars set opposite their names in the following list, which, it will be observed, contains the names of many distinguished officers.

MEMBERSHIP FROM DATE OF ORGANIZATION.

Commander—James W. Savage, William J. Broatch, George M. Humphrey, T. S. Clarkson, Amasa Cobb, Joseph W. Paddock, John R. Brooke, John B. Furay, Charles W. Pierce, Henry E. Palmer, John H. McClay, William Wallace, Charles F. Mander-son, Horace Ludington, Samuel S. Curtis and Frank B. Lawrence.

Senior Vice Commander—William J. Broatch, John P. Hawkins, T. S. Clarkson, N. G. Franklin, Joseph W. Paddock, John R. Brooke, J. B. Furay, Charles W. Pierce, John E. Sum-mers, John H. McClay, John R. Manchester, John S. Hoover, John B. Dinsmore, Nathan S. Harwood, Louis H. Kory and Ed-ward C. Jackson.

Junior Vice Commander—Amasa Cobb, George M. Humph-ery, N. G. Franklin, Joseph W. Paddock, William L. Wilson, N. S. Harwood, Charles W. Pierce, Henry E. Palmer, D. W. Ben-ham, John R. Manchester, Alvin Saunders, F. B. Lawrence, Abra-ham Allee, Louis N. Gonden, Edward C. Jackson and Thomas C. Shelly.

Recorder—J. Morris Brown Horace Ludington, T. S. Clark-son and Frank B. Bryant.

Registrar—W. H. Ijams, Horace Ludington, John B. Den-nis, Henry E. Palmer, Frank B. Bryant, F. B. Lawrence, L. N. Gonden, Dexter L. Thomas, Thomas C. Shelly and George H. Palmer.

Treasurer—William Wallace, James S. France, John A. Gor-don, John T. Bell and John A. Gordon.

Chancellor—Frank E. Moore, James T. Kinsler, Simeon T. Josselyn, Lyman Richardson and Don C. Ayer.

Chaplain—Robert N. McKaig and Louis A. Arthur.

Abbott, O. A.....	1st Lieut. 9th Ill. Cavalry
*Allee, Abraham.....	Capt. 16th Ill. Cavalry
Ames, Luther T.....	Capt. 2nd Infantry, U. S. A., Retired
Atkinson, C. W.....	By Inheritance
Ayer, Don C.....	2nd Lieut. 1st Vt. Heavy Artillery
Ayers, James C.....	In Succession
Abercrombie, William R.....	Capt. U. S. A. By Inheritance
Armstrong, George.....	Brevet Lieut. Col. 2nd Neb. Infantry
Andrews, E. Benjamin.....	2nd Lieut. 1st Conn. Heavy Artillery
Arthur, Louis A.....	By Inheritance
Barriger, John W.....	Lieut. Col. Sub. Dept.
.....	Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. A.
Barnum, Morgan L.....	By Inheritance
Bates, Delevan.....	Col. 30th U. S. C. Infantry
.....	Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols.
Bechel, William F.....	1st Lieut. 107th Ohio Infantry
Benham, Daniel W.....	Lieut. Col. 7th Infantry, U. S. A.
Bowen, William R.....	1st Lieut. 1st Neb. Cavalry
.....	Brevet Capt. U. S. Vols.
Broatch, William J.....	Late Capt. 40th Infantry, U. S. A.
*Bell, John T.....	2nd Lieut. 2nd Iowa Infantry
Breck, Samuel.....	Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. A.
Brooke, John R.....	Major Gen. U. S. A.
Brown, J. Morris.....	Major and Surgeon U. S. A.
Burnham, Horace B.....	
...Lieut. Col. and Deputy Judge Advocate General U. S. A.	
Brown, Robert L.....	By Inheritance. Capt. U. S. A.
*Burrell, Thomas.....	1st Lieut. 189th N. Y. Infantry
Balance, Charles.....	By Inheritance
Benson, H. H.....	Capt. 8th Iowa Infantry
Briggs, Oliver.....	1st Lieut. 19th Mass. Infantry
Beardsley, S. W.....	1st Lieut. 154th N. Y. Infantry
Billingsley, L. W.....	Capt. 44th U. S. C. Infantry
Brewster, Charles.....	Capt. 13th N. Y. Cavalry
.....	Brevet Maj. U. S. Vols.
Bryant, Franklin B.....	1st Lieut. and Q. M. 12th Wis. Infantry
Casey, Charles B.....	By Inheritance
Clarkson, Thaddeus S.....	Maj. 3rd Ark. Cavalry
Cobb, Amasa.....	Col. 5th and 43rd Wis. Infantry
.....	Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols.

Cochran, John T. Capt. 80th Ind. Infantry
 Coffman, Victor H. Maj. and Sur. 34th Iowa Infantry
 Brevet Lieut. Col. U. S. Vols.
 Cook, George W. 1st Lieut. 179th N. Y. Infantry
 Cowin, John C. Capt. 108th U. S. C. Infantry
 Curtis, Samuel S. Lieut. Col. 3rd Colo. Cavalry
 Caulfield, John S. 1st Lieut. 114th Ill. Infantry
 *Carlin, William P. Brevet Maj. Gen. U. S. A.
 Clark, John R. 1st Lieut. 15th Ohio Infantry
 Cramer, H. W. Brevet Lieut. Col. 7th Iowa Infantry
 Carson, John L. Capt. and A. C. S. U. S. Vols.
 Cobb, M. McK. Second Class
 Coburn, William. 2nd Lieut. 3rd U. S. Infantry
 Carter, J. O. 2nd Lieut. 66th Ohio Infantry
 Deuel, William A. Capt. 12th Mich. Infantry
 Dickey, John J. By Inheritance
 Dilworth, C. J. Col. 85th Ill. Infantry
 Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols.
 Dinsmore, John B. 2nd Lieut. 9th N. Y. Cavalry
 Dorsey, Daniel A. 2nd Lieut. 33rd Ohio Infantry
 Dorsey, George W. E. . . . Capt. and C. S., Brevet Maj. U. S. Vols.
 Dandy, George B. Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. A.
 Downey, George F. Second Class
 Downey, George M. Capt. 21st U. S. Infantry
 Dudley, Edgar S. 1st Lieut. 2nd Artillery, U. S. A.
 Davis, Joshua B. Maj. 122nd N. Y. Infantry
 Dewees, Thomas B. Maj. 9th Cavalry, U. S. A.
 Dennis, John B. Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols.
 Evans, Elwood W. 2nd Lieut. 8th Cavalry, U. S. A.
 Ewen, Clarence. Capt. and Asst. Sur. U. S. A.
 France, James S. Capt. 17th N. Y. Infantry
 *Franklin, N. G. Maj. 45th Ohio Infantry
 Franklin, Carl T. Second Class
 Foote, Dellizon A. By Inheritance
 Frederick, Calvin H. Lieut. Col. 59th Ill. Infantry
 Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols.
 Funke, Oscar F. By Inheritance
 Furay, Edward S. Second Class
 Furay, John B. 1st Lieut. 11th Ohio Cavalry
 Furnas, Robert W. Col. 2nd Neb. Cavalry

Gardner, William H.....	Capt. 30th Mass. Infantry
Gordon, John A.....	Capt. 15th Wis. Infantry
Gonden, Louis N.....	1st Lieut. 2nd Md. P. H. B.
Grant, John.....	2nd Lieut. 38th N. J. Infantry
Gilmore, Melvin R.....	By Inheritance
Goodall, Joseph.....	1st Lieut. 9th Iowa Cavalry
Gageby, James H.....	Maj. 7th Infantry, U. S. A.
Greusel, Nicholas.....	Col. 36th Ill. Infantry
*Harwood, Nathan S.....	1st Lieut. 46th Iowa Infantry
Henry, R. H.....	1st Lieut. 42nd Wis. Infantry
Holcomb, William H.....	Capt. 76th U. S. C. Infantry
Hoover, John S.....	Maj. 31st Ill. Infantry
.....	Brevet Col. U. S. Vols.
Horne, Othniel.....	1st Lieut. and Adj. 100th Ill. Infantry
Howe, Church.....	Capt. 15th Mass. Infantry
.....	Brevet Col. U. S. Vols.
.....	Brevet Maj. U. S. Vols.
*Hall, Delos E.....	Maj. 97th N. Y. Infantry
Hall, Robert H.....	Brevet Lieut. Col. U. S. A.
Hartsuff, Albert.....	Brevet Lieut. Col. and Sur. U. S. A.
*Hawkins, John P.....	Brevet Maj. Gen. U. S. A.
Howard, Oliver O.....	Maj. Gen. U. S. A.
Howard, Guy.....	Capt. U. S. A.
Hubbard, N. M.....	Brevet Maj. U. S. A.
Hyatt, Chauncey W.....	1st Lieut. 38th Wis. Infantry
Humphrey, George M.....	Capt. 42nd Wis. Infantry
Holmes, C. A.....	Capt. 29th Wis. Infantry
Hall, Charles L.....	By Inheritance
Hill, J. E.....	Capt. 111th Ohio Infantry
Holcomb, W. H., Jr.....	Second Class
Henry, Walter B.....	By Inheritance
Ijams, William H.....	Capt. 30th Ohio Infantry
Iler, Jacob W.....	Capt. 49th Ohio Infantry
Jackson, Edward C.....	Capt. 125th N. Y. Infantry
Jensen, John.....	2nd Lieut. 12th U. S. C. Heavy Artillery
*Jones, Samuel B.....	2nd Lieut. 11th Vt. Infantry
Josselyn, Simeon T.....	1st Lieut. 13th Ill. Infantry
Keifer, J. Warren, Jr.....	Second Class
Kell, William H.....	Capt. 22nd Infantry, U. S. A.

Keeffe, Joseph.....Capt. 4th Infantry, U. S. A.
Kimball, Nathan.....Brevet Maj. Gen. U. S. Vols.
Kleutsch, John D.....1st Lieut. 82nd Ill. Infantry
Kent, Jacob F.....Brevet Lieut. Col. U. S. A.
Kelly, Joseph J.....Col. 107th Ill. Infantry
Kelly, William R.....Second Class
Killgore, William H.....1st Lieut. 1st Penn. Light Artillery
Kinsler, James T.....Asst. Sur. 164th N. Y. Infantry
Knappen, Prosper L.....By Inheritance
Korty, Louis H.....Third Class

Lambertson, Genio M.....By Inheritance
Lawrence, Frank B.....2nd Lieut. 99th N. Y. Infantry
Livingston, Theo. P.....By Inheritance
Ludington, Horace.....Maj. and Sur. 100th Penn. Infantry
Lowe, W. W.....Col. 5th Iowa Cavalry
.....Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols.
Livingstone, Robert.....Col. 1st Neb. Infantry
.....Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols.
Lynch, Edward.....1st Lieut. 8th Infantry, U. S. A.

Majors, Thomas.....Maj. 1st Neb. Vet. Cavalry
.....Brevet Lieut. Col. U. S. Vols.
Manchester, John R.....Capt. 97th N. Y. Infantry
Manderson, Charles F.....Col. 19th Ohio Infantry
.....Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols.
*McClay, John H.....2nd Lieut. 47th Ill. Infantry
McClay, William L.....Second Class
McKell, James C.....Capt. 73rd Ohio Infantry
Mercer, G. W.....Second Class
*Mercer, Samuel D..First Lieut. and A. Sur. 149th Ill. Infantry
Montgomery, C. S.....First Class in Succession
Moores, Frank E.....Capt. 8th Ohio Vol. Cavalry
Morrison, Samuel H.....1st Lieut. 2nd Wis. Infantry
Morsman, Westel W.....Capt. 22nd Iowa Infantry
McNamara, Arthur.....By Inheritance
Mercer, John J.....Capt. 78th Ill. Infantry
Morgan, Frank.....Capt. 14th Conn. Infantry
McBride, J. C.....Capt. 48th Ind. Infantry
Mason, Oliver P.....Third Class
Mills, William.....Capt. U. S. A.

Morrow, Henry A.....	Brig. Gen. U. S. A.
*Montgomery, Milton.....	Col. 25th Wis. Infantry
.....	Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols.
Mulcahy, Thomas.....	Lieut. Col. 139th N. Y. Infantry
.....	Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols.
Masten, George G.....	1st Lieut. 80th N. Y. Infantry
Miller, J. S.....	Maj. 11th Wis. Infantry
McKaig, Robert N.....	2nd Lieut. 5th Ind. Cavalry
Michael, William H. C.....	Acting Ensign U. S. N.
McKeever, Samuel.....	Brevet Lieut. Col. U. S. Vols.
McParlin, Thomas A.....	Brevet Brig. Gen. U. S. A.
Merriam, Lewis.....	1st Lieut. 4th Infantry, U. S. A.
Nye, Chester F.....	Capt. 10th Vt. Infantry
O'Brien, John J.....	First Lieut. 4th Infantry, U. S. A.
Paddock, Benjamin S.....	Second Class
Palmer, George H.....	Second Class
Palmer, Henry E.....	Capt. 11th Kan. Cavalry
Park, William Lee.....	By Inheritance
Parker, Charles H.....	Capt. 9th Cavalry, U. S. A.
Patterson, William W.....	1st Lieut. 12th Infantry, U. S. A.
Paddock, Joseph W.....	Capt. 1st Neb. Infantry
.....	Maj. and A. A. G. U. S. Vols.
Paddock, Algernon S.....	Third Class
Patrick, John N. H.....	1st Lieut. 5th Iowa Cavalry
Patrick, Robert W.....	By Inheritance
Peabody, James H.....	Maj. and Sur. U. S. Vols.
.....	Brevet Lieut. Col. U. S. Vols.
Phillips, Rolla O.....	Capt. 85th Penn. Infantry
Pierce, Charles A.....	Second Class
*Pierce, Charles W....	Capt. V. R. C. and Brevet Maj. U. S. Vols.
Potwin, George C.....	1st Lieut. 19th U. S. C. Infantry
.....	Brevet Maj. U. S. Vols.
Powers, T. Frank.....	Capt. 16th Ill. Infantry
Pratt, James H.....	Capt. and Asst. Q. M. U. S. Vols.
Pratt, W. McL.....	Lieut. Col. 8th Conn. Infantry
Pritchett, George E.....	1st Lieut. 126th N. Y. Infantry
Quinn, Thomas F.....	Capt. 4th Infantry, U. S. A.
Rhodes, Darius G.....	Capt. 42nd Penn. Infantry
Richardson, Lyman.....	Capt. 1st Neb. Infantry

Rigg, Charles M.	By Inheritance
Riggs, William H.	^{12th} 1st Lieut. W. Va. Infantry
Russell, W. H.	1st Lieut. 17th Mich. Infantry
Rucker, Louis H.	1st Lieut. 8th Illinois Cavalry
Rumsey, Henry B.	Lieut. Com. U. S. N.
Roe, John H.	Capt. 104th U. S. C. Infantry
Savage, James W.	Col. 12th N. Y. Cavalry
Sarson, Horace B.	Capt. 2nd Infantry, U. S. A.
Strong, Rollin M.	Lieut. Col. 19th Wis. Infantry
Stickel, Joseph H.	1st Lieut. 33rd Wis. Infantry
Shepherd, E. A.	By Inheritance
Sheridan, Michael V.	Brig. Gen. U. S. A.
Sherwood, Thomas H.	Sur. 27th Penn. Infantry
Sladen, Joseph A.	Capt. 14th Infantry, U. S. A.
Smith, S. T.	Capt. 1st Kan. Infantry
Stanton, Thad. H.	Brig. Gen. and Paymaster U. S. A.
Sturgis, Thomas.	1st Lieut. 57th and 60th Mass. Infantry
Sweet, Franklin.	Capt. 62nd Penn. Infantry
Sewell, Thomas.	Capt. 127th Ill. Infantry
Squires, Charles E.	Capt. 20th Iowa Infantry
Sanderson, Ira L.	1st Lieut. 31st N. J. Infantry
Saunders, Alvin.	War Governor of Nebraska. Third Class
Shelly, Thomas C.	1st Lieut. 15th Ill. Infantry
Slaughter, Brad D.	By Inheritance
Summers, John E.	Col. and Sur. U. S. A., Retired
Summers, John E., Jr.	Second Class
*Swobe, Thomas.	1st Lieut. 12th Mich. Infantry
	Capt. U. S. A.
Swobe, Edwin T.	Second Class
Tisdell, James M.	Capt. 95th Ill. Infantry
*Tuttle, Benton.	Capt. 108th U. S. C. Infantry
Townsend, Charles H.	2nd Lieut. 29th Wis. Infantry
Terrell, Charles M.	Col. and Asst. Paymaster Gen. U. S. A.
Thomas, Dexter L.	Capt. 88th Ind. Infantry
Turner, William J.	Capt. 2nd Infantry, U. S. A.
Terrell, Edwin H.	By Inheritance
Thompson, John F.	By Inheritance
Tilford, J. G.	Col. 9th Cavalry, U. S. A.
Ulio, James.	Capt. 3rd Infantry, U. S. A., Retired
Udpike, Edward.	2nd Lieut. 14th N. J. Infantry

Van Gieson, H. C.	Acting Asst. Sur. U. S. N.
Van Horne, William M.	Maj. 22nd Infantry, U. S. A.
Vifquain, Victor.	Col. 97th Ill. Infantry
.....	Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols.
Wallace, George Y.	By Inheritance
Wallace, William.	1st Lieut. and Adj. 4th Ohio Infantry
Webster, Joseph R.	Lieut. Col. 44th U. S. C. Infantry
Wells, A. B.	Maj. 8th Cavalry, U. S. A.
Wheaton, Frank.	Brig. Gen. U. S. A.
Williams, Rees.	1st Lieut. 116th Ohio Infantry
Wilson, Charles H.	Second Class
Wilson, Henry D.	Second Class
Wilson, William L.	1st Lieut. 142nd Penn. Infantry
Wilson, William W.	1st Lieut. and Q. M. 29th Iowa Infantry
Wolcott, Francis E.	Maj. 20th Ky. Infantry
Wright, Henry H.	By Inheritance and Capt. 9th Cavalry, U. S. A.
Wrighter, William D.	By Inheritance
White, John P.	Capt. 1st N. Y. Prov. Cavalry
Wilson, Charles I.	Maj. and Q. M. U. S. A.
Wert, Charles.	1st Lieut. 14th Ill. Cavalry
Wilson, David B.	Maj. 2nd Infantry, U. S. A.
Wildman, William W.	Capt. 88th Ind. Infantry

DECEASED MEMBERS.

Of the foregoing list the following named have died: Companions George Armstrong, Thomas Burrell, William R. Bowen, John R. Clark, H. W. Cremer, John L. Carson, M. McK. Cobb, Joshua R. Davis, Thomas B. Dewees, John B. Dennis, C. J. Dilworth, Wallace B. Gondall, James H. Gageby, George M. Humphrey, N. S. Harwood, R. H. Henry, Joseph Keeffe, Nathan Kimball, John D. Kleutsch, Robert R. Livingstone, W. W. Lowe, Oliver P. Mason, William Mills, Henry A. Morrow, Milton Montgomery, Thomas Mulcahy, George C. Masten, Charles H. Parker, R. O. Phillips, William W. Patterson, Joseph W. Paddock, Algernon S. Paddock, Henry D. Rumsey, James W. Savage, Horace B. Sarson, Rollin M. Strong, Ira L. Sanderson, Alvin Saunders, William W. Wilson.



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